

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW

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(Extract from Salutory, July, 1890.)

VOL. XLI. —JANUARY, 1916—NO. 161

REDISCOVERY OF ULTIMA THULE.

AMONGST the strange surprises which the war in Europe has brought into notice is the sudden emergence of the misty terraqueous region known, or perhaps one ought to say unknown, to the ancient geographers as Ultima Thule. The Greeks spelled the name "Thoule," as they spelled the name Uranus "Ouranus," and so on. The exact location of the shadowy region has not been clearly ascertained, but the balance of belief has leaned to the Orkney Islands, or Orcades, as the true locality. Now it has been given out as a matter of positive knowledge that the hiding place of the powerful British fleet which sailed away for an unknown destination more than a year ago, and has never since been heard from or of, has been the vast harbor of Kirkwall, on the Pentland Firth. This sheet of water lies on the extreme northern point of the coast of Scotland long known as "John o' Groat's House," the limit of the human habitations on the wild Caledonian shores. On Bressay Sound stands a little village or town called Lerwick, which claims to possess one of the finest harbors in all the world, and which is the grand rendezvous of all shipping destined for the Northland and the great whale fishing grounds. This immense water shelter could also easily have been the place wherein the sleeping might of Britain had been lying perdu all the year. That

fleet is so huge that it might easily have been divided in two and still have been strong, in either part, to defend itself against any outside power on the high seas.

The exact spot which the inhabitants on the shores of the Pentland Firth claim to be the genuine Ultima Thule is called Fitful Head. It is a fearful spot to behold when, as is mostly the case, the seas rush around in thunderous billows as if bent on wiping it off the face of the earth forever. The channel which separates the Scottish mainland and the Orkney Islands, one hundred in number, is fifty miles in width—and it is for most of the year an appalling strip of water for any boat to have to face. Then, again, as though there had been a personal understanding between nature and man to render the struggle for existence as difficult as possible for the hardy denizens of those rough places, the methods of crossing from cliff to cliff, along the rugged lines of the coast, are just as primitive and dangerous as though the earth were still in the same condition as it was in the era of Tubal Cain—"the days when the earth was young." Slender bridges, woven of ropes and wattles, spanning chasms choked with boiling cauldrons of yeasty foam, are for the most part the only means of communication between different localities, no matter how weighty the loads which the travelers on these dizzy paths have got to carry, to eke out a living on that wild seaside terrain. At one dangerous point, called the Cradle of Noss, communication with the neighboring island of Hohn was through a cradle or wooden chair running between two strong ropes spanning a ravine between two tall perpendicular cliffs, strong hands on either side pulled the "cradle" back and forth. The process may have been slow, but it was safer than the swinging rope bridge which to-day spans the chasm at Carrick-a-Rede, on the north coast of Ireland, a few miles away from the basaltic piles of rock called the Giant's Causeway, and which is matched on the Scottish seacoast by a similar pile of pillared rocks at a little island called Staffa, the principal attraction of which is the celebrated ocean temple called Fingal's Cave. The rocky connection between the northern coast of Ireland and the southern line of Scotland is not merely a geological tie. A similar race of men inhabited both islands in the twilight period of history—the Celtic.

Cuchulin's name is linked with the early traditions of Scotland, as it is with those of Ulster in Ireland. A range of hills in the island of Skye is called after Cuchullin. Oisín's grave is pointed out at a spot on the banks of the Almond river, in the Lough Tay district. But nearer and dearer to the Christian mind are the evidences of a connection between Ireland's early Chris-

tianity, the ruins of the monasteries, abbeys, churches and schools of the Irish Christian settlements on Iona, Lindisfarne and other sacred spots along the insular seaboard. Besides the Celtic and Gaelic connection, in the northern part of Scotland, and especially in the vicinity of the Firths, there are many souvenirs of a race that was more dreaded than either Celt or Gael—the Norse, devotees of the terrible Thor and Freyga, whose Viking hordes made the seas more terrible than the fiercest tempests of the skies for the dwellers along the afflicted coast from the Baltic down to the Mediterranean. And thrust in between the cycles of the Celt and the Norse were the mysterious centuries which witnessed the introduction, the rise and the decay of Druidism, and left memorials of its cult in the shape of mighty circles of tall monoliths, whose purpose and meaning stand as a riddle of time like the Egyptian Sphinx. As far North as Ultima Thule stand remains exactly like unto those at Stonehenge, in Britain. There is a group of the same class of pillar stones at Callanish, in Lewis, in the Hebrides, said by antiquarians to be the finest in the British Islands. The stones are so numerous as to suggest the idea of a temple, as those of Stonehenge certainly do, and as the sculptured pillars at Baalbek and other places in Egypt and Arabia do. Up to about fifty years ago forty-eight of these stones were still standing, forming a rough cross, with a circle at the intersection; the long limb of the cross extended 392 feet, and the transverse ones 141 feet across. In some of the Druidical remains found in Scotland circular holes were found in some of the upright stones, and these were believed to have been used by the Druids for the purpose of securing with ropes the victims intended for sacrifice to the ferocious and sanguinary deities whom the Druids worshipped. Besides these relics of the Druid cult the islands exhibit others which are peculiarly Celtic of the early Christian period—religious ruins, like the chapel within the enclosure of Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man, which, according to local history, was built under the personal supervision of St. Patrick, who spent several years among the Manx people instructing them in the truths of Christianity and the laws of secular civilization, as he did in Ireland, where he codified the voluminous books of the old Brehon law—an immense labor which occupied many years of his arduous and most useful life.

On the island of Pomona, on the mainland, the largest one of the sixty-seven which compose the Orkney group, is situated the town of Kirkwall, the principal one in that wild maritime region. About nine miles outside the town there is a great collection of pillar stones, the remains of two immense circles which stood, one on each side of the loch or strait on which the mound called Maestrow,

which contained a subterranean hall believed to have been what the Norsemen called a sorcery hall, with runic inscriptions on the wall of the chambers. The figure of a winged dragon, beautifully carved, together with that of a serpent twined around a pole, were found inside the hall, forming, probably, part of the sorcery paraphernalia of the Norse magicians of the later Pagan period, corresponding to the early Christian one, in the region of Ultima Thule. The fact that really fine sculpture has been found amongst the work of Norse artists at such a period is remarkably significant. It shows that the genius of sculpture was not confined solely to the shores of the Ægean Sea, and that some undiscovered and untaught Thorwaldsens, even at the twilight age of the region which was believed to be the very rim of the inhabited earth, were to be found there wasting their art upon the lonely shores of the dim threshold of the Boreal Pole!

At what particular epoch of ecclesiastical history Christianity first struck its roots in Scottish soil is a matter of considerable uncertainty. But of the fact that the first great missionary effort began with the era of St. Columba there can be little doubt. Irish and Caledonian legend dwells so strongly on the presence of isolated hermits, who earned the honorable designation of Culdees (i. e., servants of God), on the lonely coasts of Ireland and Scotland, that no reasonable doubt can be entertained of the truth that neither St. Patrick nor St. Columba was the first actual bearer of the knowledge of Christ to the Pagans who "sat in darkness" beside the borders of Ultima Thule. The pathetic story of St. Columba, although imperishably linked with the history of the holy isle of Iona, does not appear to be so familiar to the readers of early European history as its deep and solemn lessons ought to have made it. He had been adjudged guilty of inciting men to rebellion against the King, Dearmit, according to one story; for that offense he was sentenced to perpetual banishment from Erin by St. Molaise, his confessor—the home which he loved with all the passionate love of his emotional Celtic nature. Another cause was assigned by different authorities—a judgment given in the matter of the copying of a famous Psalter, the work of monks of one monastery by the monks of another, and a consequent dispute as to the ownership, which Columba settled by adjudging that "the calf belonged to the cow." The punishment of perpetual exile was hard to bear, but when the exile's abode happened to be within the range of his vision, as in this case it was, it became too much for the embittered heart to bear. Columbus' first landing place was off the coast of Scotland, a little isle called Oronsay, or Ornsay. There he had intended to settle down with a few companions who accompanied

him from his lost home, and establish a missionary training school, after the manner of those established by Patrick, in order literally to carry out the mission given by Christ to the first Apostles—"to teach all nations" the truths He had made known to them. The first objects that met his eyes, as he rose from his couch at dawn, were the mist-robed headlands of the beloved Irish coast, and the sight stirred his spirit to the depths with anguish that soon became too much for his human nature to endure. So, gathering his companions once more, he set his sails for the remote isle of Iona—sometimes called Hy, and again Iona—where he founded his establishment, destined to be celebrated throughout the world ere long for its lustre as the centre of light and learning, though situated on the border of Ultima Thule, the limit of civilization.

The ecclesiastical and mortuary ruins of the island are even to-day the objects of reverence, awe and wonder on the part of all who visit the sanctified locality. But though these are the feelings with which persons of impartial and cultivated tastes regard them, the bitter and ignorant souls among the Scots—even among educated and bookish men like the former Duke of Argyll, who was lord of the soil of Iona in Gladstone's time—to disparage and misdescribe the work of St. Columba and those who succeeded him in the mission he had founded there, thus making the place a beacon light for the North of Europe, as Patrick had made Bangor and Clonmacnoise, in Ireland, at an earlier period. Speaking to a party who paid a visit to the sainted isle in his company, he said: "All these buildings are the monuments, not of the freshness and the comparative simplicity of the old Celtic Church, but of the dull and often corrupt monotony of mediæval Romanism." It is a favorite plea of the apologists of heresy that early Christianity differed from that of the Middle Ages. The doctrines taught by St. Patrick, they go so far as to maintain, are the doctrines taught by the Presbyterian Church of to-day. Calvin and Knox introduced that bold sophism, and the Huguenots in France and the Puritans in England proceeded to enlarge upon it by stripping the churches of all embellishments and making the external worship of the Triune God as dry and barren an exercise as a journey through the trackless and sandy deserts of North Africa and Asia Minor. In Cunningham's History of Scotland there is an attempt made to detach the Christianity of Scotland from that introduced by St. Patrick and his companions into Ireland and the Channel Islands. Cunningham asserts that Columba and his disciples were called Cul-dees. "They were a kind of religious recluses who lived in retired places; and this is probably the reason why Iona was fixed upon by St. Columba as the seat of his monastery." The recognized

authorities for the apostle's biography show that this assumption is unfounded. He had chosen Oronsay, as much more northerly, a retreat, but felt compelled to move away so as not to be within sight any longer of the "hills of holy Ireland," that land which held his heart, even while his frame was in another place. Cunningham says that there were convents of Culdees at St. Andrew's, Dunkeld, Dumblane and Brechin from remote antiquity. This would seem to imply that at these places Christianity had been housed even before St. Patrick's time. The name Culdees was seized upon by the Scotch apologists for the Puritans and iconoclasts of the sixteenth century, as denoting a distinct form of early Christianity, but such was not the case. It does not appear in connection with Irish ecclesiastical chronicle until long after Patrick's death. The name, or description, seems to have been bestowed as a distinctive token of deep personal appreciation of one highly prized individual, a precursor of St. Francis in sublime humility. Aengus (or Angus), of the princely Ultonian race, because of his excessive love of God and His poor, was designated Kélé-Dé (meaning Culdee, servant or lover of God). Now, this renowned son of "the black North" (as Ulster is often styled) was not born until the middle of the eighth century, whereas Columba was born in the year 521 A. D. His arrival in Iona is assigned to the year 563—that is to say, when he was 42 years old; and he is given 34 years of labor, in the chronology, ere he passed away. During those years his life was very different from that of "the rapt Culdees," as the contemplative eremites who dwelt alone or with a few companions on little islands in the lakes or the estuaries of great rivers, or on the numerous "cashels" (as the solitary stairlike cliffs that stud the seashore by the Atlantic and the Irish Channel were designated, in the Gaelic language). To these retreats, which offered to the men of the spiritual life so inspiring an atmosphere to place themselves in common with the ever-resonant billows and beneath the starry wonders of the boundless heavens, the more ascetic of the Irish recluses were wont to fly in order to study and pray in quiet, remote from the distractions of towns and kingly courts, with their pomps and vanities.

Though the Culdee preferred the solitary life, the injunction left by St. Patrick, to make every monastery and every cell a seat of learning, was observed, as far as possible in the vicinity of a hermit's retreat, as may be learned from the histories of the early Irish Church. Religious and secular education was given freely at the monasteries; and the children of the neighborhood were gathered in the vicinity of the cells and taught in classes on the green sod around the huts of wattles in which the recluses dwelt. The same methods were followed by St. Columba in Iona and other mission-

ary centres as were those instituted in Ireland by St. Patrick and St. Brigid. Education went hand in hand with religion in the work of civilization. While the strictly necessary work of teaching and preaching was carried on in the daytime, at night the cells of the monks in the monasteries were devoted to the pious work of transcribing the Sacred Scriptures and the glorious hymns of the early Church, in characters of penmanship, often embellished with exquisite pictorial initial letters and scrolls and fanciful borderings whose wonderful tracery compelled the remark that one of the works (the Book of Kells) was the work of angels, not of men. Such were the works that occupied the monks of Ireland and Scotland in the early days of Christianity; and it spread in time to England and the Continent of Europe. In those primitive days the trumpet of fame was blown rarely for any other cause than that of the warrior or the monarch; no other glory was dreamed of by the crowd than that of the triumphant hero of the tented field or the martial games. It is strange that so well-read and widely-traveled an observer as Sir Walter Scott—he who had written rapturously of the architectural glories of Melrose and Roslyn and Holyrood Abbeys—should have fallen into the common rut of misjudgment as to the genius of the monasteries and the effects of the religious life on the higher things of the mind and the destinies of nations. As to the effect of the ruins of Iona on his mind, he wrote:

“It has occurred to me in Iona (as it has on many similar occasions) that the traditional recollections concerning the monks themselves are wonderfully faint, contrasted with the beautiful and interesting monuments of architecture which they have left behind them. In Scotland particularly the people frequently learn traditions wonderfully vivid of the persons and achievements of ancient warriors whose towers have long been levelled with the soil. But of the monks of Melrose, Kelso, Aborbrothock and Iona they can tell nothing but that such a race existed and inhabited the stately ruins of these monasteries. The quiet, slow and uniform life of those recluse beings glided on, it may be, like a dark and silent stream, fed from unknown sources, and vanishing from the eye without leaving any marked trace of its course. The life of the chieftain was a mountain torrent thundering over rock and precipice which, less deep and profound, in itself leaves on the minds of the terrified spectators those deep impressions of awe and wonder which are most readily handed down to posterity.”

There was another poet in one of whose works is found an answer to the supposed enigma upon which Scott comments. There was no enigma about it; Scott knew the reason why oblivion cloaked

the glories of Iona and many another retreat of sublime charity and miracle-compelling love of God and the Blessed Virgin Mary. The ruins of Melrose, Holyrood and Kelso attest it. Robert Southey, in his poem, "The Inchcape Bell," tells of what the "lazy monks" of the Abbey of Aberbrothock did for the service of humanity. They fastened to a float on the fierce cauldron of waters that boils about the Inchcape Rock a large weighty bell, which the waves kept swinging incessantly, to warn the mariners to give a wide berth to that fatal piece of coast. That service to mankind was inimical to the interests of Sir Ralph the Rover, a knight who followed the noble profession of piracy and murder; and so he got himself rowed out to the rock and cut the rope that moored the bell, and that impediment to success in his business disappeared from his path. The mariners who had benefited by its sound used to say "God bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock," but no longer could any mariner have cause to join in the note of gratitude, and the murderous pirate who profited by the honest seamen's loss was not likely to waste his breath in unearned blessings. Many centuries the Abbots of the Holy Trinity on the South coast of England had devoted their lives to the vast work of furnishing all the coast line with warning lights, bells and other devices; and their humane achievements are perpetuated even to-day, in the name of the Governmental department of Britain known as Trinity Board. This is a fact which might strike a mind less imbued with respect for the glamor of ephemeral romance than Scott's as worthy of admiration and a place in history. What work those departed monks did in the way of the salvation of souls that would, were it not for their efforts, have been the prize of the Evil One, all around the British Isles, in the early days of Christianity, can never be known on earth, and it little matters that it did not come to the knowledge of such biased chroniclers as Scott and his school.

It has been customary to regard the Culdees as the highest exemplars of the solitary, contemplative and mystical life, shy of contact with men, and seeking communion only with God through nature and the spirit. St. Fursey, whose unique experiences with the supernatural powers gave him a personal knowledge of things of which Dante only dreamed when composing his wonderful "Divina Commedia," is not ordinarily classed among the Culdees, although he was a mystic of the mystics and educated in the monastery reared by St. Brendan and his companions on an island in Lough Corrib (then called Lough Orbsen). The first monk or anchorite to whom the term Culdee applied was Ængus or Angus (above mentioned)—a member of the illustrious royal sept of the Ulster Dalaradians, descendants of Coelberch, monarch of Ire-

land in the fourth century—one of the stock of Ir, third son of Milesius, founder of the Milesian line of Kings. The date of Angus' birth is assigned to the middle of the eighth century. Though his parents belonged to Ulster, some part of Lagenia (Leinster) is said to have been his birthplace. He was sent at an early age to the monastic schools of Clonenagh, in Offaly; and in these he applied himself with much zeal and diligence to the study of the arts and sciences, for which the Irish schools were at that time renowned all over the Continent of Europe, that when his academic course was ended he was a phenomenon of erudition. He was, we are told, well versed in Greek and Latin, as well as the Gaelic lore of Ireland, and moreover a capable student of the Sacred Scriptures. He then joined the religious community at Clonenagh, and made a deep impression on the brethren there by his strict observance of the rules and his intense devotion at prayer; above all, by a humility of bearing and a sweetness of disposition to all those around him, with a cheerfulness in the performance of whatever duty was assigned him, that his companions spontaneously gave him the distinctive characterization, "*Ængus, Kélé-Dé*"—the servant or lover of God. That this was a unique distinction is attested by the fact that although the establishment at Clonenagh was renowned for the sanctity as well as the learning of its teachers—the head of it at that particular time being the holy Abbot Malathgenius—no one had seemed to deserve such a distinction before the appearance of Angus. The name itself (it may be remarked, by the way) must have been long in use in Ireland because of the fact that the oldest military structure, a rath or fortress, situate on the island of Arranmore, the largest island of the Arran group off the Galway coast, is called Fort *Ængus*. It is a structure of the Pelasgian type—that is, of huge untrimmed stones, flung in loose order, in irregular fashion, but still presenting the form of a great circle, as a circumvallation to a military camp—on the edge of the Atlantic Ocean, as an outpost to the defenses of the Emerald Isle. As to what period of Irish history it belongs, there is no use in attempting to surmise, for history is silent on the subject. The Pelasgian or Mycenaean style in fortification work was very common all over the Western regions in the twilight cycle of Western history. The name is frequently met with in Scottish history, as well as Irish.

But to return to the gentle Culdee and his relations to the community whose life he had stirred by the ardor of his desire to promote the sublime cause of God among men. He began to realize a danger in the deep affection with which they regarded him as the servant of the Most High and a model for the religious life. He found people coming to him from many places, attracted by his rep-

utation for wisdom as well as holiness, in order to obtain advice on difficult problems in their daily lives and spiritual direction in the most delicate concerns of the soul as well as worldly affairs. Such a distinction he deemed unmerited—invidious, perhaps, he may have also deemed it, in his own judgment of himself. Remembering the word of His crucified Lord, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart," he shrank from such affectionate notoriety; he determined to withdraw from the situation of temptation and place himself outside the danger zone. He sought permission from his superiors to retire to some sequestered spot where he could continue his studies and devote himself more assiduously to prayer and meditation on the mysteries of God and their relation to the human soul, His most precious creation among all created things. His request was granted. He withdrew to a spot in the woods on the north bank of the River Nore, about seven miles from the monastery in which he had been trained, not very distant from the present town of Mountrath. In a little oratory amid the woods he gave way to his longing for prayer and his desire to dip more deeply into religious studies and become in very truth "the rapt Culdee" that was the dream of his youth and high-soaring young manhood. Three hundred times a day he prayed on bended knees, and between one sunrise and the next he sang the entire Psalter—one hundred and fifty psalms in all—fifty in the little oratory in the wood, fifty under a great shady tree in the open air, and the other fifty while standing in the cold water of the river which ran near his retreat. Such arduous exercises and austerities may seem supererogatory, there can be no doubt, to people of the present day, but the day in which those early apostles lived was very different. They were servants of God, sent into the world for a specific purpose—the highest one that men could be chosen to fulfill—that of making God known to millions who had never the truth as to Him and His purposes. It was an age of miracles—for these were imperative to impress the ignorant Pagan auditory with the fact that those who were sent to enlighten them did not come without credentials from the great Lord of All to prove that He is all-powerful as well as all-holy and all-just. Many miracles were wrought while Patrick was struggling with the Druid priesthood—who professed to be masters of the black arts—as the priests of Bel and the keepers of the dragon that we read of in the Old Testament, at the end of the Book of Daniel.

There are in this hard, materialistic age many, even among the learned professions and among the teaching staffs of great universities, who scoff at the idea of the power of prayer. If they are told of the wonders wrought by the early saints who converted the British Isles and afterwards the European Continent, they pay no atten-

tion. They will not deny that such things had been, but they are content to maintain a cynical silence. Sneer as much as they will, these people of a superior age cannot destroy the facts of history which have been admitted by the most stubborn skeptics, concerning the marvels of the Thebaid, the anchorites of the hills of Palestine and the mountains of Syria. Although these men of exalted piety and profound learning fled from the world for the sole purpose of gaining wisdom by communing with God in the solemn stillness of the desert—the waste which the fancy of the Oriental peoples has happily styled the Garden of Allah—many and many a traveler went forth from the great cities outside the sandy stretches to seek at the hermit's cenobium the help, the counsel, the refreshment, spiritual and physical, which they needed to help them along the dusty road of life. Angus appeared to have studied the life of St. Macarius the Elder, one of the most renowned fathers of the Lower Egyptian desert. The story of his life exemplifies the great truth that conquers all difficulties that beset the path of the Christian who aspires in all sincerity and zeal to follow Christ is the one on which He Himself laid most emphasis—humility. The erudite and delightful Irish essayist, Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, in one of her numerous biographical sketches, believed it was the study of the life and services of St. Macarius that impelled St. Angus to adopt the mode of life he did, in shunning the places where he would be exposed to frequent contact with men and women of the busy world, and the tributes of adulation which such are always—and naturally—ready to pour forth when they have received comfort and consolation in the crises which all mortals must expect to encounter on the checkered highway of life. Humility, then, Macarius had made up his mind so firmly to practice and adhere to in all things. "Satan himself acknowledged that the anchorite defeated all his efforts by this resistless weapon. 'I can surpass thee in watching, fasting and many other things,' he said, 'but humility vanquishes and disarms me.' However, this all-conquering virtue had not been acquired without many a sharp encounter and much long-suffering in resisting temptation. Once he was so beset by the enemy of mankind with suggestions of vainglory, and so worn out in the prolonged warfare, that he implored Almighty God day and night to give him a true humiliation and free him once for all from the tantalizing attacks of the evil spirit. Heaven heard his petition, and he received a command to go to a certain city a considerable distance off, where two persons lived who had reached a higher perfection than the hermit of the desert, and who could teach him the secret of their preëminent virtue.

"The good and faithful servants to whose door the spirit of God

led the anchorite turned out to be two homely married women, who for fifteen years had dwelt in the same house together in perfect peace, attracting no attention, having nothing remarkable in themselves or in their circumstances, but cheerfully obeying their husbands, taking the best care of their children, diligently laboring in their household affairs, speaking no rash or idle words, and making all around them happy. Having learned thus much, Macarius besought those simple souls to disclose to him their way of life. 'Oh, my father, it is not worth the trouble,' they answered. But as he insisted, they told him that their endeavor was to keep themselves in the presence of God while engaged in their household affairs, that in a spirit of recollection they sanctified their actions by ardent ejaculations, striving thereby to praise God and to consecrate to the divine glory all the powers of soul and body. "That is all we can do for love of Him," they added, "and it is, alas! very little."

"This, then, was what Macarius had come out of the desert to learn! But it was enough—a lesson of humble fidelity to duty and constant love—a revelation of the goodness of God, who, by lowly ways no less than by aspiring paths, leads the sincere soul to its heavenly destination, who makes a tabernacle for the children of the kingdom even in the midst of Babylon, and as recompense for the modest sacrifice of a willing soul and a loving heart bestows the crown of life."

Bearing this lesson in mind, the uneasy though most devout Culdee, Angus, grew alarmed when he found that his bosky retreat near the river had been found out by admirers who had heard of his fame from former friends. The adjacent river had been used as a convenient highway by these solicitous friends, who floated their leathern coracles down the stream or paddled them up with the tide, in order to get into communication with one of so great a renown for sanctity. An idea struck him that he would succeed better in his quest of the best way to serve his Maker by foregoing, for the time, his ardent pursuit of knowledge and throwing himself into a life of hard obedience, practical humility and strenuous manual toil. He had heard of an extensive monastery on the eastern seaboard of the island, at the foot of a chain of mountains; and this he set out on foot to locate and seek its hospitality. Having crossed the Curragh of Kildare, then known as St. Brigid's Pastures, he bent his steps toward the Dublin Mountains, and on the open country beyond found the monastery founded by St. Melruan, by the generosity of the King of Leinster, Donnoch. Footsore and travel-stained, Angus appeared before Melruan, the Abbot, and humbly supplicated to be given employment as a menial to do the rough work of the monastery! Though the good Abbot was not a little surprised at the

modesty of the pilgrim's petition, he deemed it best to take him at his word and gratify his strange desire. He appointed him to the charge of the mill and the limekiln, and help in the field and works, in any way he could make himself serviceable. With a sack of grain on his shoulders and trudging along to the mill, to have it ground, his face covered with perspiration and his hair all unkempt, the new-comer looked anything at all but the man of letters, the poet and the master of psalmody that he really was. But that mattered not to him, since his new desire was to be an abject in the house of his Maker and his Saviour, Who had humbled Himself to the shame of the Cross for his redemption. He beguiled his time at his laborious drudgery by singing hymns of praise in Latin or Gaelic, or reciting the poems of St. Columba and St. Coleman, "The Altus" and "Son of Mary, Shield Us," or St. Patrick's great invocation before the Druids, "At Tara to-day, at this awful hour, I call on the Holy Trinity," all of which were very much beloved of the disguised Culdee. It was while laboring at his painful toil that Angus composed his most famous literary work, a Festology of all the saints of the Church, as they were known throughout the world at that particular era. This monumental work is divided into three parts, with subdivisions, making altogether 590 quatrains. It is written in Gaelic, in what is called chain verse, the last word of the first quatrain being repeated at the beginning of the second one, and so on until the end. The following is a literal translation of five of the verses, and they serve to give a good idea of the key in which the work was pitched:

Sanctify, O Christ, my words:—

O Lord of the seven heavens!

Grant me the gift of wisdom,

O sovereign of the bright sun!

O bright sun who dost illuminate

The heavens with all their holiness!

O King who governest the angels!

O Lord of all the people!

O Lord of all the people,

O King all righteous and good!

May I receive the full benefit

Of praising thy royal hosts!

Thy royal hosts I praise

Because thou art my Sovereign:

I have disposed my mind

To be constantly beseeching Thee!

I beseech a favor from Thee:

That I may be purified from my sins,
Through the peaceful bright-shining flock,
The royal host whom I celebrate.

A poem giving in beautiful and touching language an account of the sufferings of the early Christian martyrs and pointing out how these are remembered while the names of their persecutors are consigned to oblivion, follows this magnificent invocation:

Several years passed tranquilly with the disguised Culdee, toiling cheerily at his lowly work, and reciting his prayers and his hymns of gladness, in the fields or in the woods, with no auditory save the browsing kine and the sheep and lambs, and the feathered denizens of the woods, keeping the happy saint company with their untaught melodies. But his identity was at last disclosed to Abbot Melruan, in a sort of miraculous way: A rather dull sort of boy had suddenly become bright and apt at his lessons, after having fled from school and taken refuge with the Culdee. Having soothed and encouraged the boy, the saint got from him the reason why he had played truant, and then went and pleaded with the teacher, so that the lad was forgiven and reinstated. But the change which had been effected in him was so very astonishing that the teacher deemed it proper to mention the matter to the Abbot; and the latter, after pondering the circumstances and remembering many things in the Culdee's manner and speech which had often seemed incompatible with the humble position he had sought for, and mindful also of the tales he had heard of the disappearance of Angus of Clonenagh, came to the conclusion that the very retiring stranger could be none other than the missing anchorite of the West. He sought Angus out and put the question straight unto the wondering culprit! The secret could no longer be kept, and so Angus confessed and begged forgiveness for practicing what seemed a harmless deception. The Abbot was overjoyed at the revelation that he had been entertaining "an angel unawares," as it really seemed to him. He invited his delightful visitor to join formally the community among whom he had been laboring in an obscure capacity and sharing publicly in their services of worship, teaching the people all around the famous monastery at Tallaght. Angus was appointed to lecture on the higher sciences in the upper schools, as well as to teach theology to the young religious. Abbot Melruan had long been engaged in the preparation of a prose martyrology, and he now secured the coöperation of one who had already made a great reputation as a master in that sacred field. The work, when completed, was entitled "*Martyrologium Aengusii Filii Hoblenii et Mel-*

ruanii." It is considered to be one of the oldest and at the same time most copious authorities on the martyrs ever compiled up to that period. Angus also wrote a Festology and a work entitled "Saltair-na-Rawn, or Psalter of Verses" in Gaelic. The renowned Celtic scholar, Eugene O'Curry, wrote, concerning the works of Angus the Culdee, that he doubted "whether any country on the European Continent possesses a national document of so important a character as the Festology of St. Ængus." Matthew Arnold, the eminent Greek teacher and critic, declared that the diction and style of this old Irish saint were not surpassed by any of the old Greek authors.

It has been customary for Scottish writers, when treating of the architectural marvels of Iona and the influence of such men as St. Columba, to endeavor to sustain a theory that such anchorites as he and his companions in missionary labor were representatives of an exceptional caste, and that they were careful to keep themselves immune from temptation by having their cœnaculæ as far removed from the haunts of women as possible. Amongst the ruins on Iona there is a very elegant one called the Nunnery of St. Mary. It is believed to have been erected about the close of the twelfth century. It contains, amongst other monumental remains, the tomb of Prioreess Anna, with the date, 1511. The nuns were driven out, along with the priests, as soon as Knox and his iconoclasts got hold of the reins of power. Iona got into the possession of the recreant Campbell, better known as the Duke of Argyll, whose best monuments, according to the popular verdict, were the milestones which he caused to be erected on the highways, and which were utilized by the drovers' cattle as scratching posts, with a mock benison on the Duke's sainted memory!

The nuns were originally settled, says one Scotch commentator, on a small island near Iona called the Isle of Nuns, "for St. Columba knew the human heart, and that it was well to keep the fair tempters out of the way of the monks." This is just the way with such moralists as Luther and Calvin. These two certainly knew the human heart on its wicked side, and put their knowledge to evil uses. It was by an irony of fate that the latter's own daughter was one of those whom he had to punish for transgressing the laws against immorality which he had enacted in Berne when he was doing heretics to death as dictator of that part of the Swiss Republic. Not less than St. Columba did St. Patrick "know the human heart," and his profound knowledge of it caused him to look to it for his greatest help in winning over the heart of Ireland to the love of God and His Blessed Mother. Brigid is a name not less blest in Ireland than that of Patrick, because of her surpassing graces of

mind and soul, and the intense love of the men and women of her own "holy Ireland," as she was soon justified in styling her native land, as soon as it became acquainted with the story of Christianity as told by Patrick's lips.

Wherever St. Columba and his missionaries went, throughout Dalraida, Strathclyde and the hundred isles of the West, spreading the light of the Gospel, they took the devotion to St. Brigid along with them, and her fame was no less great in Scotland than it was in Ireland. St. Bride, as Montalembert, Alban Butler, Boetius and many other writers on ecclesiastical history attest the fact that St. Brigid was in many places hardly less venerated than Blessed Mary, Mother of Jesus; she was known all over Europe as Brigid, "the glory of Ireland." She was commemorated in the Divine Office in most churches of Germany and France for more than a thousand years. Wherever Patrick began to build a church St. Brigid came along to crown the work by planning a convent and school. With Patrick and Brigid education and religion went hand in hand. The education of women in household duties formed a principal part in Brigid's curriculum.

Scott, in some of his works, approaches in malign bigotry the splenetic fury of Knox himself. Speaking, for instance, of the ridge in the cemetery in Iona, which is called the Graves of the Kings ("Jamaire na 'n Righrean"), he says "that these can now scarce be said to exist, though the site is still pointed out. Undoubtedly the thirst of spoil, and the frequent custom of burying treasures with the ancient princes, occasioned their early violation; nor am I any sturdy believer in their being regularly ticketed off inscriptions into the tombs of the Kings of Scotland, of Ireland, of Norway, and so forth. If such inscriptions ever existed I should deem them the work of some crafty Bishop or Abbot, for the credit of his diocese or convent."

Not very easy would it be for even so erudite a romancer as "the Wizard of the North" (as Scott was commonly referred to in his period) to find any reliable record of an Abbot or Bishop forging a name on a tombstone! There were some reverend persons at the Synod of Argyle who might have been capable of doing bold things for the sake of religion. At that Synod all the crosses and other memorials of the dead and the Crucifixion of Our Lord were ordered to be thrown into the sea as idolatrous relics. The island was at that time covered with these touching memorials; only a few fragments of them here and there remain to tell of the pious loyalty of the past.

The memory of St. Columba still clings around the sacred ruins of Iona. There is a tradition that he predicted its vicissitudes, some

time before he died, in a few lines, of which the English rendering is the following:

O sacred dome and my beloved abode,
Whose walls now echo to the praise of God,
The time shall come when lauding monks shall cease,
And lowing herds here occupy their place,
But better ages shall hereafter come
And praise reëcho in the sacred dome.

A powerful invasion of the Danish sea-robbers reduced the sainted isle to the same conditions as many other holy places on the Irish coast a couple of centuries after Columba died, and so the prediction was in part borne out by history. But the old Church is winning its way back in England, and even in some parts of the more northern island. A few of the ancient families still hold aloft the torch of faith amidst the Highland hills and glens; and the fierce storm of the great war may ere long fan the living sparks into a genial blaze once more by the shores of Ultima Thule.

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TWO MASTERS OF THE BYZANTINE MYSTICISM—DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE AND MAXIMUS THE CONFESSOR.

DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE.

THE decay of Christian mysticism by the overgrowth of an ascetic moralism within the compass of the fifth century does not indicate that interest in the working out of mystical expediences was lost sight of in the Byzantine Church. It is true, no doubt, that the increasing weight of dogmatic controversies at the epoch of the Emperor Justinian I. (527-565) and the gradual disappearance of the Origenistic theories culminated in a blending of theological truths and ascetic rules of life and in the casting away of the speculative element from the systems of Christian mysticism. But the seeds of mystical thoughts, deeply sown into the Byzantine soul, were kept alive, and when, in the first decades of the sixth century, the writings of an anonymous mystic calling himself by the name of Dionysius the Areopagite made their sudden appearance in the Greek Church, they budded and blossomed in a rich harvest and raised up waves of enthusiasm.

The veil of mystery that wraps the name and personality of the Areopagite has not been pierced by the ceaseless efforts of unbiased searchers. We do not tarry to discuss the hypotheses to which gave birth the writings that came down to us under his name. Harnack finds the most ancient reference to them in the Church History of Zacharias Rhetor, Bishop of Mitylene. Severus of Antioch quoted them at a Council held at Tyre no later than the year 513.¹ Dieckamp follows their earliest traces in the writings of Andreas of Cæsarea.² But it is a common belief that their welcome into the history of Christian mysticism coincides with a religious conference held in the year 533 at Constantinople between the Orthodox and the Severians. A complete account of it has been preserved in a poor Latin translation of a letter of Innocent of Mania.³

Whatever may be the date of the composition of the Dionysian writings, it is a recognized fact that, as soon as they were circulated, they awakened a keen interest in the ranks of the most genial representatives of the Byzantine theology. Maximus the

¹ "Hist. of Dogma," iv., 283.

² Koch, "Pseudo Dionysius Areopagita," Mainz, 1900, p. 6.

³ Hefele, "Hist. of the Councils," iv., 176-181; Stiglmayr, "Das Aufkommen der pseudo-Dionysischen Schriften und ihr Eindringen in die christliche Literatur," Feldkirch, 1895; pp. 59-63.

Confessor wrote scholia on them, and from the end of the sixth century onwards their influence became very great in the Eastern Church, partly because their readers felt in them the genius of a master mind and partly because there were found in them cogent arguments and proofs in favor of existing Church institutions and ecclesiastical authority.⁴

In Western Christianity the Dionysian writings were appreciated as oracles of the divine Wisdom and their utterances quoted as final expressions of the Christian truths. For ten centuries their mystical sap nourished legions of high mystic souls. Their genius hovers over the greatest masters of scholastic thought. Their doctrine was the spiritual bee-bread of the whole Middle Ages. One of the sharpest critics of his mystical teaching, Robert Vaughan, says: 'The "Areopagite became the mythical hero of mysticism. You find traces of him everywhere. Go almost where you will through the writings of the mediæval mystics, into their depths of nihilism, up their heights of rapture and of speculation, through their overgrowth of fancy, you find his authority cited, his words employed, his opinions more or less fully transmitted. Passages from the Areopagite were culled, as their warrant and their insignia, by the priestly ambassadors of mysticism, with as much care and reverence as the sacred verbenæ that grew within the enclosure of the Capitoline by the Fetæles of Rome."⁵

It is only at the dawn of the Reformation that the crown of glory glittering around his name began to lose its radiance. Luther dubbed him with the name of Lûger and slurred over his fabulous compilation.⁶ To those who sought to abate his authority it was not a difficult task to put in full light that the pretended disciple of St. Paul was an impostor, "a Syrian monk, who probably perpetrated a deliberate fraud, a pious fraud in his own opinion, by suppressing his own individuality."⁷ A careful study of his teaching made plain that it is "Neöplatonic philosophy slightly sprinkled with baptismal water from a Christian font."⁸ The Athenian converted by Paul came to be a pupil of Proclus, a plagiarist of heathen philosophers ill affected towards Christianity.

No doubt the authenticity of the Dionysian writings in the present state of patristic researches cannot be reasonably asserted, just as the unmistakable stamp of Neöplatonic thought impressed on them cannot be denied. The Christian character, however, of those priceless masterpieces of mystical speculation has never been a matter

⁴ Jones, p. 99.

⁵ "Hours With the Mystics," i., 98.

⁶ Lehmann, "Mystik im Heidentum und Christentum," Leipzig, 1908; p. 75f.

⁷ Inge, p. 105.

⁸ Jones, p. 110.

of dispute. The mysterious Dionysius was a Christian culler of the fairest Neoplatonic flowers. The groundwork of his majestic building is drawn on purely Christian lines. His system is a finished synthesis of Christian inward experiences analyzed in the pale gleams of a rationalistic philosophy. He knew the secret of using piously the writings of Greeks against the Greeks," and took advantage of their experience to light up the arcana of the indwelling of God in the temple of a deified soul.

The importance of the mystic teaching of the Areopagite is so generally admitted that, in spite of the rust of modern prejudices against mysticism, they do not cease to be highly appreciated by competent judges. In many ways this anonymous monk, says R. M. Jones, who was to teach the foremost Christians for ten centuries to come, served the truth. He kindled in multitudes of souls a pure passion for God, and taught very dark ages that the one thing worth seeking with the entire being is God. He iterated and reiterated that God Himself is the ground of the soul, and that there is an inward way to Him open to all men. He insisted on personal experience as the primary thing in religion, and so became the father of a great family of devout and saintly mystics, who advanced true religion in spite of errors of conception. And he did well in maintaining that there is an experience of Reality which transcends more head-knowledge—a finding of God in which the whole being, heart, will, and mind are expanded and satisfied, even though language cannot formulate what is being experienced (P. 111f).

"The importance of Dionysius," according to Miss Underhill, "lies in the fact that he was the first and for a long time the only Christian writer who attempted to describe frankly and accurately the workings of the mystical consciousness and the nature of its ecstatic attainment of God. So well did he do his work that later contemplatives, reading him, found their most sublime and amazing experiences reflected and partly explained. Hence in describing those experiences, they adopted in their turn his language and metaphors, which afterwards became the classic terms of contemplative science" (P. 545f). "His works," says Thorold, "which succeeded in demonstrating that all the truth which the Platonist school had discovered in humanity was found in Christianity in a far purer and more perfect form, gave to mystical speculation a solid basis on which the following centuries did but continue the edifice already begun."¹⁰

The Dionysian mystical schemes are clothed in a tangled envelope

⁹ Ep., vii., 2.

¹⁰ "An Essay on Catholic Mysticism," London, 1900; p. 77.

of new-coined words, of abstruse metaphysical terms, and, as W. R. Inge says, hidden in the mists of a barbarous jargon (P. 106). His style seems to Vaughan to be verbose, turgid and destitute of all genuine feeling (I,97). Due justice has been done to these reproaches by unbiased writers. In coining new words to shape new aspects of the truth or new conceptions of the mind, Dionysius followed a rule that finds its general application in the historic development of each of the sciences. Besides, if in his philosophy he goes to the further **extreme of refinement in definitions**, it must be remembered that the subtleties of the Greek language made possible to him expressions of thought for which Latin is cumbrously inadequate and of which English is incapable.¹¹ In any case his neologisms enriched the style of Christian philosophy and became familiar with later mystics.

The main theses of the mystical teaching of Dionysius are as follows: (1), God, considered in His essential immobility, is an unfathomable abyss of supereminent perfections; (2), God pours Himself through His creatures by the diffusive power of His infinite goodness; (3), Creatures attracted by God return to Him, their first cause and last end. The central conception of Dionysian mysticism is the **abstract perfection of the Absolute**. Of God he speaks as a philosopher rather than as a mystic. He attains to God on the wings of his speculative genius rather than on the wings of his God-loving heart. God is the exhaustless source of all perfections. Assuming all names, He cannot be named. To draw nearer to Him there are two ways, the *affirmative* and the *negative*, because at the same time God is of much utterance, and of briefest utterance, and without utterance.¹² The affirmative way from the above descends to the lowest. The negative way, on the contrary, from below ascends to that which is above, and, in proportion as we ascend to the higher, the expressions meaning God are circumscribed, and after a complete ascent we become voiceless.¹³ The Areopagite does not at all ignore the affirmative way in his mystical experiences. He names God the Super-God, the Super-Essential, the Super-Living, the Super-Wise.¹⁴ He is the essential Source and Middle and End; the Cause, in every way, of things existing, and all things existing are predicated of Him.¹⁵ He is the Almighty, the self-existent Wisdom, the self-existent Life, the self-existent Power. He is named from things existing, and especially from the first existing.¹⁶ But the sympathies of Dionysius are with the negative

¹¹ Jones, p. 93.

¹² "Myst. Theol." i., 3.

¹³ *Ib.*, iii.

¹⁴ Div. Nom., ii., 3.

¹⁵ *Ib.*, v., 8.

¹⁶ *Ib.*, xi., 5.

way, and all the great mystics gave their sanction to his method. The Godhead is above all names, above all expressions, above all created minds. "God has no name nor expression. We lift the soul out of things kindred to itself, and conduct it through all the divine conceptions above which towers that which is above every name and every expression and knowledge, and at the furthest extremity attach it to him."¹⁷ The super-essential illimitability is placed above things essential, and the Unity above Mind above the Minds, and the One above conception is inconceivable to all conceptions, and the Good above word is unutterable by Word. God is speechlessness and **inconception and namelessness**.¹⁸ The words of the Areopagite, newly coined to point out the narrowness and unfitness of human language and mind whenever we attempt to soar into the regions of dazzling light, are often of an uncommon boldness: God is par excellence "nothing in anything at all"¹⁹ "God is the abstraction of all."²⁰ The names common to the whole Deity belong to the superlative abstraction.²¹ God is incomprehensible to all. Of Him there is neither perception, nor imagination, nor surmise, nor names, nor expression, nor contact, nor knowledge; He is without name and above all names.²²

Thus the God of Dionysius' system can hardly be looked upon as a reflection of the earlier Christian faith. It is the off-spring of a laborious evolution of mystical thought. The new Dionysian phraseology clothes Christian theodicy with sheer Neo-Platonism. The conception of the Godhead in the mystical teaching of the Areopagite is truly the fruit of a ripe speculation, the supreme abstraction of a reasoning mind rather than the burning bush of a God-loving heart. Perhaps it might be said that Dionysius descants on God as He reveals Himself in the highest regions of ecstatic experiences, as He shines to souls filled and fired with love in the last state of perfection, in the rapture of the divine contemplation. No doubt, in the splendors of the beatific vision, the deified souls close the eyes to external things, and need no longer the perceptions of the bodily senses to gaze at the eternal fountain of the light of each created intellect. By the divine action in the loftiest stages of the spiritual life, the knowledge that we have of God becomes metaphysical in the sense that it perfects itself in a purely intellectual way of abstraction from earthly things. But it cannot be denied that the emotional element is wanting in the speculative con-

¹⁷ Div. Nom., xiii., 3.

¹⁸ Div. Nom., i., 1.

¹⁹ "Myst. Theol.," 5.

²⁰ Div. Nom., ii., 4.

²¹ Ib., ii., 3.

²² Ib., i., 5.

ception of God, as elaborated by Dionysius, and it would be no wrong to agree here with the views expressed by R. M. Jones: "One sees at once that we are far away from the simplicity and concreteness of the Gospels. We are dealing not with the Father Whom Christ has revealed, but with the *Absolute One* of metaphysics, who is beyond all revelations. We have, too, passed from the Pauline conception of an immanent God in Whom men live and move and are, to a mysticism based on emanations from a hidden centre. The mischief of turning away from the concrete to the abstract, from the God Who is known to an unknowable eity, is fully committed in these writings, and the groping of centuries after a God Who hides is the pitiful result."²³

The metaphysical idea of God, so fully developed in the Dionysian writings, is a preliminary step to the teaching of the mystic communion of God with man and of the gradual development of the Christian's spiritual life. Like all created beings, the soul is attracted by God and sunned in His light. Dionysius employs beautiful comparisons to show that the attractive force that lifts man heavenwards comes from above. "God elevates us to the higher ascent of the divine and good rays. As if a luminous chain were suspended from the celestial heights and reached down hither, we, by ever clutching this higher, first with one hand and then with the other, seem indeed to draw it down, but in reality we do not draw it down, but ourselves are carried upward to the higher splendors of the luminous rays."²⁴ Being attracted by God, the mystic souls hurry after the final goal of the spiritual life, the deification, that is, the assimilation and oneness towards God as far as permissible,²⁵ a divine participation in the divine perfections, the most luscious meal of the banquet of contemplation.

The process of the blossoming and flowering of contemplative light is outlined in a very synthetic passage of the *Divine Names*: "The *Good* is called spiritual light, on the ground that it fills every supercelestial mind with spiritual light, and expels all ignorance and error from all the souls in which they may be, and imparts to them all sacred light, and cleanses their mental vision from the mists which envelop them, from ignorance, and stirs up and unfolds those enclosed by the great weight of darkness, and imparts, at first, a measured radiance: then, whilst they taste, as it were, the light, and desire it more, it more fully gives Itself, and more abundantly enlightens them, because they have loved much, and ever elevates them to things in advance, as befits the analogy of each for aspiration."²⁶

²³ P. 111.

²⁴ Div. Nom., iii., 1.

²⁵ "Eccles. Hier.," i., 3.

The divine nature is portrayed as energetic power, cleansing, illuminating and perfecting. God is a holy purification, illumination and perfection above purification, above light, preëminently perfect.²⁷

In this super-essential light of God all celestial and human minds participate. God's perfections are reflected in the works of His hands, by a wonderful progression from the highest to the lowest degree. The participated perfection of God follows the rungs of a mystical ladder. As far as beings placed on them go down from God, the rays of the divine sun lose somewhat of their intensity without ever dying away in a complete extinction. In a few words, the process of mystical life throughout the chain of rational beings ascent in the scale of the minds that commune with God and long for being lost in His Being. This geometric progression in the pathway of the mystical life is called the *hierarchy*, that is, "a sacred order and science and energy, assimilated, as far as possible, to the likeness of God, and conducted to the illuminations granted to itself from God, in due order, with a view to the divine Imitation."²⁸ The hierarchy is the central thought and the vivifying principle of the mystical scheme of the Areopagite. It gives to it a logical basis and a clue to the multifarious participation in the life of God by rational beings.

The scope of the hierarchy is assimilation and oneness with God, holding Him as the leader of all religious science and energy, looking unflinchingly to His most divine comeliness, and moulding itself as far as possible, and perfecting its own followers as divine images, as mirrors luminous and without flaw, receptive of the primal light and the Divine ray and devoutly filled with the radiance committed to itself, but, on the other hand, imparting this radiance ungrudgingly to those who follow it. Since the diffusive power of God expands both in heaven and on earth, the streams of mystical life pass over through Angels and men; the radiance of God, by degrees, from heavenly summits sinks into earthly valleys. "The system," observes Vaughan, "reminds one of those pictures which are divided into two compartments, the upper occupied by Angels and cherubs on the clouds, and the lower by human beings on the earth, gazing devoutly at their celestial benefactors."²⁹

The mysticism of heaven is loftier than that of earth because angels share in the participation of the divine gifts in a higher degree.³⁰ Angels are divided into three threefold orders by the divine Initia-

²⁶ Div. Nom., iv., 5.

²⁷ "Coel. Hier.," iii.

²⁸ "Coel. Hier.," iii.

²⁹ I., 94.

³⁰ "Coel. Hier.," iv.

tor. At the highest stages of the heavenly mystical ladder we find the most holy thrones and the cherubim and the seraphim, for they are immediately near to the earliest illuminations of the Godhead. The second order is composed of the authorities, lordships and powers. The third, the lowest, of the angels, archangels and principalities.³¹

Man is the central point of the mysticism of earth. Like angels, men are to be purified, illuminated, and perfected in their loftiest aim at a conscious fellowship with God. A hierarchy of ministers achieves that threefold function. Deacons clean the uninitiated through the initiations; priests impart light to those who have been cleansed; bishops complete the partakers of the light by the perfect skill in the illuminations contemplated.³²

The first rank of mystic souls is that of those who are being purified; the next of those who after their purification contemplate the mysteries; the third of those who are illuminated with the perfect science of the divine contemplation.

The purification of the soul, achieved by the baptismal water, is pursued by the throwing off of both sensible perceptions and intellectual efforts and all objects of sense and intelligence.³³

Man ought to live an angelic life, and to go back to God when he has departed from Him by sin.³⁴ It is to be noted here that Dionysian mysticism does not assume an ascetic shape. In his teaching the purification of the soul takes place in the realm of metaphysical truths and abstractions. The Areopagite does not linger on the description of the fierce struggle between mind and senses, between high aspirations and downward inclinations in man. The purification of the soul is an intellectual one. The nearer we approach to God, the purer from the mingling of the perceptions of the senses our mind becomes. Evil itself is spiritualized in the mystical system of the Areopagite. Evil is not in nature.³⁵ Evil is not an actual thing, nor is evil in things existing. For evil, *qua* evil, is nowhere, and the fact that evil comes into being is not in consequence of power, but by reason of weakness.³⁶

"Man is purified when he becomes able to read in the book of nature the symbolism of God, when he looks upon visible beauties as reflections of the invisible comeliness: and the sweet odors of the senses as emblems of spiritual bounties; and the material light, as a likeness of the gift of the immaterial enlightenment."³⁷

³¹ *Ib.*, vi.

³² "Eccles. Hier.," v.

³³ "Myst. Theol.," i., 1.

³⁴ *Div. Nom.*, vi., 2.

³⁵ *Ib.*, iv., 26.

³⁶ *Ib.*, iv., 34.

³⁷ "Coel. Hier.," i.

Purification is followed by illumination. The beauty of the Divine Being shines like the sun in the purified soul, more or less, according to the natural capacity of the recipient. Illumination is an upward flight of the soul that enters into the atmosphere of the Deity. A new field, an unlimited field of vision, stretches out before its spiritual eyes. The atmosphere surrounding the Ineffable One is an impalpable, invisible, super-essential, super-bright gloom, a gloom beyond all and above mind, a deepest darkness.³⁸ In the inscrutable presence of God we stand out of our whole selves and become wholly of God.³⁹ By gradual ascents men pluck from within the infinity of God the hidden meaning and unsurpassed values of the divine things and mysteries: they adore God in a wordless prayer, in a silent adoration. Their contemplation is not a monotonous inertness. They are supremely active in the bosom of God.

The contemplation of God fires the soul with love. The goal of the mystical life, the oneness of God, may be attained only by love.⁴⁰ But the love of God as portrayed by Dionysius is not characterized by those outbursts of passion which are the dominant feature of a deeply religious mysticism. As Jones truly says in the Dionysian writings we hear enough of love, but it is no longer the love which fills the primitive message. The love of this monk is not a word which means self-sharing and self-giving. It is rather an emotional, sensuous thrill, an exhilaration, intoxication even, which the person experiences from divine contact—and it descends easily to unwholesome dreams and pathological states (P. 110f).

By love and contemplation the mystic soul enters into the unitive stage, attains to perfection. Perfection, in the Dionysian mysticism, is the departure of the soul from the visible world and its elevation to the invisible one.

In this final state of mystic perfection the knowledge of God overcomes the powers of the bodily senses. By a resistless and absolute ecstasy it is carried on high, to the super-essential ray of the divine Darkness.⁴¹ It gazes at the Divine Being in a full agnosia. The agnosia is "a gloom veritably mystic, within which man closes all perceptions of knowledge and enters into the altogether impalpable and unseen, being wholly of Him Who is beyond all and of none, neither himself nor other: and by inactivity of all knowledge he is united in his better part to the altogether unknown, and by knowing nothing, knowing above minds."⁴² On this highest rung of the mystical scale the deified soul loses its power of reasoning, its pene-

³⁸ Div. Nom., v., 2; "Myst. Theol.," I, 1, 2; II, 1; III, 1.

³⁹ Div. Nom., VII, 1.

⁴⁰ "Eccles. Hier.," I.

⁴¹ "Myst. Theol.," I, 1.

⁴² *Ib.*, I., 2.

tration of mind. Its spiritual eyes are blinded by the exceeding intensity of the divine light. But its ignorance is not to be considered as a want of perfection. Man does not longer either see or understand God: but he feels His all-absorbing presence; in the night of his mind, he tastes God in his burning heart. As melted by love, as fired by light, he seeks for an intimate union with God.⁴³ He dismisses himself and makes himself one with the super-luminous ray.⁴⁴ He shares in the divine nature, but this participation has no bearing whatsoever on pantheism, because God is not in being, although being is in Him.⁴⁵

Dionysian mysticism, as it appears from the little sketch which we have attempted, bears undoubtedly the deep impress of a powerful speculative mind. It blends harmoniously the sublimest theses of theodicy with a psychological analysis of inward Christian experiences. At first sight, it seems not to be the spontaneous offspring of a profoundly felt love for God; but rather the vagaries of a philosopher who sets forth the results of his musing on God. The mysticism of the Areopagite is indeed too spiritual, too misty, so to speak, to be appreciated and tasted by a tame mediocrity. Therefore, it exerted a momentous influence at a time when the chief aims of mankind were metaphysical subtleties and theological abstractions. It permeates scholastic thought, which, by the dryness of its speculation, little by little evaporated the fresh and limpid water of religious mysticism. Dionysius became the guiding light of mediæval mystics because he uplifts man to heaven on the wings of reason, and mediæval mystics were first of all dialecticians. But, as Vaughan remarks, "his system as never appropriated by the West. The Areopagite was reverentially dismembered, and so mixed up with doctrines and questions foreign to him, by a different order of minds, of another culture, and often with another purpose, that I would defy his ghost to recognize his legacy to the Church."⁴⁶

In the Greek Church Byzantine thought never ceased to vibrate with Dionysian mysticism. No doubt, from the very outset the lovers of traditional mysticism looked upon Dionysius' system as frozen Christianity and speculation, as a mysticism slavish, symbolic, creeping under sacerdotal vestments. But Byzantium had ever a fondness for symbolism and ritualism, and of course more heartily welcomed a teaching that enhances the hidden meaning of ecclesiastical rites and the lofty mission of the priesthood. If the suggestion of St. Epifanovitch is true, the sudden appearance of the

⁴³ Div. Nom., iil., 1.

⁴⁴ Ib., vii., 3.

⁴⁵ Ib., v., 8.

⁴⁶ I., 108.

Dionysian writings was soon followed by heretical reaction. The Gnosimachoi are mentioned by St. John of Damascus as stating that God may be reached without any speculative search for Him. Simplicity and good works are the wings on which man is triumphantly borne to heaven. Other heretics, asserted that the soul, like the body, is doomed to death.⁴⁷ These sporadic voices of protest, however, did not lead astray the deeply religious body of Byzantium. The Dionysian writings focused the mystic yearnings of the Byzantine soul, and the admiration which they excited on their coming to light increased in a great measure when the genius of Maximus the Confessor set himself the task of disclosing their hidden beauties.

SAINT MAXIMUS THE CONFESSOR.

Maximus, surnamed the Confessor (obit. 672) is a mystic of the purest water, the inheritor of the spiritual legacies of the Areopagite, a genius who marks a new era in the historic development of Byzantine theology. Eclecticism is the dominating characteristic of his scholarship. In his mind he centers the various and often conflicting tendencies and results of both Byzantine theology and Byzantine philosophy, and builds up a new system that in its inner spirit and in its outward shape perfectly mirrors the outstanding features of the Byzantine soul. In his writings we trace back to their sources the rivulets of Neo-Platonic thought carried to him through Dionysian mysticism; ascetic rules mingle there and meet with deep speculation, outbursts of passionate love, and glowing dogmatic controversies. Briefly, the teaching of Maximus mixes the various elements of Byzantine culture.

It is true, indeed, that the popularity of Maximus and the weight of his influence on the mystics of later times is beyond all comparison with that exerted by St. John of Damascus. The reason of it we find in this fact, that, carried away by the heat of his polemics, Maximus had no leisure to blend together in an organized system the elements scattered in the writings. But, as concerns his mystical teaching, he truly became a master of a long line of Greek mystics that reverently followed in his steps. His chief meaning was to vivify the dry speculation of the Areopagite by the ethical element of contemplative asceticism. Thus, he created a new type of Byzantine mysticism, upon which later mystics rested their own experience. No wonder, if competent judges call him a creative genius of Byzantine mysticism,⁴⁸ whose influence on the Greek Church vies with that of Augustine on Western Christianity.

⁴⁷ "De Haeresibus, PG.," xciv., 757.

⁴⁸ "Krumbacher-Ehrhard, Geschichte der byzantinischen Litteratur," p. 141.

The main basis of Maximus' mysticism is an ascetic one. His method of treating spiritual matters greatly differs from that of the Areopagite. Maximus lays stress upon the purification of the soul, the struggle against the passions and the removal of the moral hindrances from souls straining after perfection. In man, by a felicitous symbolic phraseology, he finds a temple of God, that is the body, a sanctuary, the soul, and the altar of deity, the mind. Mystical life goes on from the portal of the soul to the altar concealed in the inmost recesses of the sanctuary. To reach the symbolic altar, where man is placed before the dazzling radiance of the Divine Being, it is necessary to pass through three stages and to exert a threefold activity. As a sheep gives wool, a lamb and milk, so our nature needs food, clothes and riches. The first aim of the mystic soul is to be cleansed from the grime and filth of sin, and it is practical philosophy that achieves the purification of the conscience⁴⁹ and maps out the way to the contemplation of God.⁵⁰ A purified soul crushes all animal desires, walks on in the road of a higher spiritual life and enters in the illuminative state by the contemplation of the divine being.⁵¹ Contemplation enables us to pluck from the heart of God the spiritual meaning of the things that are the objects of our knowledge⁵² and to invade the field of mystical theology or theological philosophy.⁵³ By the latter God reveals Himself to us in a multiloquent silence and in His atmosphere of infinite light.⁵⁴

Thus in the spiritual life he distinguishes a progress that consists in the dispelling of those mists that put our soul out of all touch with God, an ascension that raises up our soul to a brighter knowledge of divine and human things, an assumption that makes us grasp the meaning of mysteries, and the marvels of the divine life.⁵⁵

A soul that would concentrate itself within God ought to contend against the world of passion, and to slay the sinful self that intercepts for us the vision of the divine glory⁵⁶ are to be placed under the leadership of God. True happiness to man is afforded by his victory over sensuous passions.⁵⁷ The spiritual healing of a soul clogged by sin requires a hierarchy of virtues that are headed by

⁴⁹ "Quaest. Thal.," vi., PG., lxxx., 281.

⁵⁰ "Ambigua, PG., xci., 1300, 1369, 1393.

⁵¹ *Ib.*, 1277, 1297.

⁵² *Ib.*, 1357.

⁵³ *Ib.*, 1297.

⁵⁴ "Mystag.," iv., PG., xci., 672.

⁵⁵ "Ambigua," 1240.

⁵⁶ "Quaest. Thal.," 39, PG., xc., 393.

⁵⁷ "Ambigua," 1196.

the fear of God, and crowned by love.⁵⁸ The ascetic discipline, by a ceaseless exercise, establishes the soul in a state of apathy, a state of inner peace and immunity from evil,⁵⁹ that implies a detachment from the visible world and an insatiate longing for God. The love of Gods glows in the purified soul, which is borne upward to a higher state of perfection. Instead of being a loving-God soul she becomes a deified soul.⁶⁰ The radiance of love is followed by a ecstatic experiences. The soul gives itself entirely to God, who embraces it and makes it like to Him.⁶¹ It feels the stirring of a super-natural love. A new life sprouts through the clods of his body and expands into the mind in the sunshine of the eternal light. Man is attracted within the sphere of the divine life. He craves for a deeper knowledge of God. His chief aim is contemplation. Under the guidance of practical philosophy he has been crucified into apathy. He has been nailed to the cross and made worthy to share in the sacrifice of Calvary by the inward crucifixion of himself. From the sight of the body of Christ he is carried on to His soul and delights himself in contemplating his Saviour. As soon as a whirlpool of new energies brushes away the sinful self, the beams of the divine glory dispel his mists of spiritual ignorance.⁶² Contemplation makes man tower up to God,⁶³ conquer death, partake of the angelic life.⁶⁴ This heightening of the spiritual faculties is the best fruit of the flowers of grace, the final point or an inward illumination, coming from above in the perfect rest of apathy; it is a spiritual knowledge that changes the fibres of the heart,⁶⁵ a supernatural gift that effects an inexpressible and inconceivable union and fellowship between God and man.⁶⁶ A sun rising and pouring streams of light on earth reveals itself and, in the radiance of its glory, makes visible the beauty of within the sanctuary of a purified soul, shows Himself, and in the mirror of His divine mind are reflected the essences of the beings that He called into existence or that will be called by His almighty power.⁶⁷

By a progressive enlightenment man draws nearer and nearer to the transcendent Light, to the effulgence of God. The vision of the abstract Infinity runs before his admiring gaze.⁶⁸ Natural contemplation fades away. His insight into the world of the senses

⁵⁸ Ep., v., PG., xci., 421.

⁵⁹ "Quaest. Thal., liv., 512.

⁶⁰ Ep., 2, PG., xci., 397.

⁶¹ "Ambigua," 1249.

⁶² "Quaest. Thal., liv., 512.

⁶³ Ib., ix., 617.

⁶⁴ "Mystag.," 24.

⁶⁵ "Ambigua," 861.

⁶⁶ "Quaest. Thal.," i., 252.

⁶⁷ "Cap. de Char.," i., 95.

becomes a deeper insight into the world of intellect, and of the beings perceived by the intellect alone.⁶⁹ An immaterial science is bestowed upon him. The contemplation of the visible things is a preliminary step to the grasping of the treasures of the divine Wisdom,⁷⁰ to the strictly theological vision, when man sees and enjoys God face to face.

Standing then on the highest rung of the spiritual ladder, man is initiated into the mysteries of God. His mind swims in the radiance of God above all material things and forms.⁷¹ The yawning abyss between God and man is bridged over. In a constant thrill of love the shining soul is entirely carried into the immensity of the divine Being.⁷² It enters into an ineffable fellowship with Him;⁷³ it merges itself in the Ocean of the Godhead; it is imbued with the spirit of God; it becomes the perfect mirror of the Infinite Beautiful, the faithful echo of His unspeakable silence. United to God by the knot of love, it enjoys bliss far beyond aught that we can imagine in the mystic embraces of the Deity.⁷⁴ Still living on earth, he is hearing the super-celestial harmonies of the angels that magnify God.⁷⁵

With Maximus the Confessor we are at the end of the golden era of Christian Greek mysticism. When compared with the teaching of the Areopagite, **the mysticism of Maximus** marks a coming back to the noblest tradition of genuine religious experiences. Maximus is aware that the soul cannot in a single bound ascend the mountain heights of perfection. Hence he quickened his mystic sayings with that spirit of deeply felt religion and love for God which made his writings a luscious spiritual food for the mystics of later times.

Considered from this point of view, the system of Maximus in a certain sense soars higher than that of the Areopagite, because it establishes a link of connection between heaven and earth, while that of Dionysius evaporates in the realm of the driest abstractions. To Maximus the perfection of the mystic life does not stop the upwelling tides of the divine love, and the practical exploitation of that principle by him lays open to us the reason of the great influence of his writing upon the later mystics of the Greek Church.

If St. John of Damascus is followed closely by the Areopagite,⁷⁶

⁶⁸ "Ambigua," 1360.

⁶⁹ "Quaest. Thal.," x., 292.

⁷⁰ Ep., xxxvi., 629.

⁷¹ "Mystag.," xxiii., 700.

⁷² "Ambigua," 1113.

⁷³ Ib., 1220.

⁷⁴ "Ambigua," 1241.

⁷⁵ Ib., 1124, 1220, 1361.

the Greek mystics of the eleventh century, as Simeon, the New Theologian, and Nicetas Stethatos, tread on the heels of Maximus.

The mystics of the fourteenth century, as Gregory the Sinaite, Callistus Xanthopulos, Callistus Kataphygiotes, Nicholas Kabasilas, are the pupils of Maximus, the followers of his method, the inheritors of his phraseology, the borrowers of his mystical rules, the admirers of his symbolic interpretations. While the exaggerated speculation of Dionysian mysticism paved the way to the faddism of Hesychasts, the ascetic mysticism of Maximus never ceased in the Greek Church to nourish the souls straining after perfection, firmly convinced that God is not a cloudy abstraction, but the beating heart and the animating reality of our religious life.

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SOME EARLY EXPLORERS AND MISSIONARIES IN THE
TERRITORY NOW KNOWN AS THE
UNITED STATES.

THESE is no page of American history that is more pregnant with romantic situations and dramatic incident than the one devoted to the pioneers and missionaries of the period of discovery and exploration. The soldier with his sword and the priest with his Cross and his Rosary have given repeated examples of the most remarkable daring, the most patient suffering and the most indefatigable and self-sacrificing effort for the salvation of souls.

After the fall of Granada and the expulsion of the Moors from a Christian land they had ruled for nearly eight hundred years, the death-knell of chivalry seemed to have sounded for Spain. Thus it came to pass that many of the youthful cavaliers who had flashed their swords along the walls of the Alhambra crowded the ships of the discoverers of the New World in the hope that a new career of arms was about to be opened to them—a sort of crusade into splendid and unknown regions of infidels. The very weapons and armor they had used against the Moslem were drawn from their resting places to equip the heroes of these remote adventures, and some of the most noted of the early commanders in the New World will be found to have made their first essay in arms under the banner of Ferdinand and Isabelle, in their romantic campaigns among the mountains of Andalusia.

In the singular cruise of the brave but credulous old cavalier, Juan Ponce de Leon, who fell upon the flowery coast of Florida in his search after an imaginary fountain of youth, only to meet the arrow of death, and also in the checkered fortunes of Cabeza de Vaca and de Soto, we find some of the most striking incidents in the history of the New World, and their fate might furnish a theme of wonderful interest for a poem or a drama.

Let us follow a few of these personages in their expeditions and thus gain an insight into early American Catholic history not to be found in the average histories that come within the reach of the general reader.

Pamfilo de Narvaez, a Spanish adventurer, was born at Valladolid about the year 1482. After holding various positions under Velasquez, he was sent to Mexico to compel Cortez to renounce his command. Failing in this and having suffered defeat at Cempoalla, he returned to Spain. Later on he succeeded in obtaining

from Charles V. a grant of the Floridian peninsula as far as Rio de Palmas, and in 1527 he sailed with five ships, on which he had, besides some secular priests, five Franciscan Fathers, with the celebrated Father Juan Juarez as their superior, and a force variously estimated at from three to five hundred men. He landed somewhere near Tampa Bay on April 12, 1528, and by June 25 he reached "Apalache." His perilous journey proved to him that all his fabulous dreams of wealth were illusory and he decided to return to the coast. In the following month he reached Bahia de los Caballos (so called because of the number of horses killed here for food) at or near San Marcos. Here he built boats and, with his much reduced company sailed thence for Mexico, but his vessel was driven to sea by a storm and he perished.

His lieutenant, Cabeza de Vaca¹ with three companions escaped. These three were Dorantes, Castillo and Estevan (or Stephen), a Negro. After years of suffering and privation they reached Petatlan, in Sinaloa, April 1, 1536.

This expedition of Pamfilo de Narvaez would hardly merit a place in the pages of history had it not paved the way for the wonderful adventures of Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions. These four Catholic laymen, while heroically battling for existence and a return to civilization, found themselves at times forced to act as missionaries, physicians and almost everything else, for the Indians into whose hands they fell insisted upon them performing cures, and when the Spaniards endeavored to convince them that they did not possess supernatural powers, not even the healing art, they were deprived of food. "At last," says Cabeza de Vaca, "we found ourselves in such great want that we were forced to obey. The method we practiced, was to bless the sick, breathe upon them and recite a *Pater* and an *Ave*, praying with all earnestness to God our Lord that He would give us strength and influence them to do us some great good. In His mercy He willed that all those for whom we supplicated should directly, after we had made the sign of the Holy Cross over them, tell the others that they were sound in health. For this the Indians treated us kindly, depriving themselves of food that they might give it to us; they also presented us with some skins and some trifles."

With this reputation of great "medicine men," the four captives made their escape while their masters were on a hunting ex-

¹ Cabeza de Vaca, or the Cow's Head. His family derives its origin and not very euphonic name from Martin Alhaja, a mountaineer of Castro Ferral, who, placing the bones of a cow's head as a landmark, was instrumental in gaining for the Christians the decisive battle of Las Navas de Tolosa (1212) and was ennobled in consequence.

pedition, and journeyed in a northerly direction to the Tennessee River, thence westerly and crossed the Mississippi River, which Cabeza de Vaca described as "a mighty river running from North towards South." They seem to have crossed this river about the mouth of the Arkansas and continuing in a westerly direction they probably crossed the latter river near the Canadian. The Indians in the villages through which they passed would bring their sick to them to be healed, and this done, they would manifest their gratitude by bestowing all their personal property upon their benefactors. When the three white men and their negro companion left their villages, the Indians invariably escorted them to the next. At this next village the same healing of the sick would take place, the same offering would be made to the wonderful "medicine men," and they would turn it over to their escort.

Cabeza de Vaca, in his *Rebacion* tells us that up to this point he and his companions left all the land through which they passed, in peace, and that they even taught the inhabitants by signs that in heaven was a "Man called God, who had created the sky and the earth," that the white men worshipped Him and had Him for a Master, that we did what He commanded and from His hand had come all good." The Spaniards found these people so "ready of apprehension" that it was only a lack of the knowledge of their language that prevented them from effecting their conversion.

While the Spaniards sojourned in the village of these Indians, Castillo noticed the buckle of a sword-belt on the neck of an Indian and stitched to it was the nail of a horseshoe. When questioned about them, the savage replied that they were from heaven. Further questioning elicited the statement that "certain men who wore beards like us have come from heaven and arrived at that river, bringing horses, lances and swords, and that they had lanced two Indians." It was further learned that these men had gone to sea and had sailed towards the sunset. This was cheering news, and the Spaniards resumed their journey.

From the account given by Cabeza di Vaca,² he and his companions would seem to have crossed the Rio Grande del Norte some distance above the mouth of the Pecos River, and no one can fully realize the extraordinary character of their journey or appreciate the sufferings they must have endured. From the Rio Grande they seem, from his description of the country, to have gone through the

²"La Relacion del governador Aluar Nuñez, Cabeza de Vaca de lo acaecido en las dos jornadas que hizo a los Indios." This narrative, written after his journey, is at times somewhat confusing as to his exact itinerary.

Guadalupe Pass to the head waters of the Yaqui River, passing probably through the Misilla Valley. Here he described the people as having "permanent habitations and an abundance of maize," and they gave him a large quantity of "grain and flour and calabashes, beans and blankets of cotton." Of these he loaded the people who had guarded him there, and "they then returned the happiest creatures on earth."

The Spaniards continued their march by the junction of the Rios Chicos and Yaqui and thence down the course of the latter stream one day's journey, after which they struck south and crossed the Mayo and Fuerte Rivers, where Cabeza di Vaca was rejoiced at meeting a party of Spanish soldiers under the command of Captain Diego di Alcaraz. Cabeza di Vaca reached the City of Mexico in July, 1537, nine years from the date of the setting out of the expedition to Florida, and he is the first white man to have crossed North America from East to West—and that on foot.

Don Antonio di Mendoza, the wise and honorable viceroy and successor of Cortez in Mexico, having heard the strange story of Cabeza de Vaca's adventures from his own lips, conceived the grand idea of sending zealous missionaries into the country now known as Arizona. The Franciscan Fathers had long been yearning to plant the cross in this far-off portion of the American Continent. Vasquez di Coronado was to be sent out as Governor of Sinaloa, and Father Marco, from Nice, Italy, sometimes called Father Nizza, started at once to survey the country. The Negro, Estevan, sometimes called Estevanito, who had accompanied Cabeza de Vaca from the East, was to act as guide, and the Indians were given to understand that they were no longer to be made slaves, and that nothing was desired save the salvation of their souls. Viceroy Mendoza's instructions to Father Marco were as follows:

"If God Our Lord is pleased that you find any large town where it seems to you that there is a good opportunity for establishing a convent and sending religious to undertake their conversion, you are to advise me by Indians or return in person to Culiacan. . . . You are to give notice so that provision may be made without delay, because the service of Our Lord and the good of the people of this land is the aim of the pacification of whatever is discovered."

Father Marco, taking Estevan as his attendant, made a long journey, passing through Sonora and beyond the Gila River, and penetrated the villages of the Pueblo Indians, north of the Gila, where he found a people who raised cotton and wove cloth of that material, which cloth they used as garments, and they had also vessels of gold. The houses were of stone, three and four stories high, the doors adorned with turkey-stones or turquoises. "The Indians

along the way brought their sick to him to be cured, over whom he read the Gospels."³ . . .

Father Marco, having made all the observations he thought necessary, prepared to return to Culiacan and report as directed. Before doing so, however, learning that he was near a large town, he sent Estevan to reconnoitre and bring him a report, but the Negro, behaving indiscreetly with the people, they lynched him. (See Herrera, "Historia General.") This seems to have been the first case of lynching on this Continent. Father Marco laid together a heap of stones, erected a cross upon it, took possession of the region for the King of Spain, and after ascending a hill and looking over into the promised land, returned alone to Culiacan without accomplishing the object of his mission.

Father Marco's report on the wonders he had seen and the miraculous things he had heard about the "seven cities of Cibola," etc., induced the Viceroy, Mendoza, to hasten preparations for a large expedition to Arizona. This expedition, which left Mexico in 1542, was placed under the command of Francisco Velasquez de Coronado and moved in a northeasterly direction. It was composed of cavalry, infantry and artillery and was accompanied by several Franciscan Fathers, among whom we find the names of Juan de Padilla and that "very holy person, Brother Luis Descalona" (sometimes written de Escalona). After meeting with considerable opposition on the part of the Indians and worn out by a two years' campaign, Coronado resolved to return to Mexico with his troops. But his journey had been by no means fruitless. He had first "set out across the plains in search of Quibira, more on account of the story which had been told him, . . . and after proceeding many days by the needle (i. e., to the North), it pleased God that after a march of thirty days they found the River Quibira, which is thirty leagues below the settlement. While going up the valley they found a people who were hunting and who were natives of Quibira. What there is in Quibira is a very brutish people, without any decency whatever in their houses nor in anything. These (houses) are of straw like the Tarascan settlements; there are 200 houses together in some villages. They have corn and beans and melons; they do not have cotton nor fowls, nor do they make bread which is cooked, except under ashes."⁴

During the expedition Coronado traversed the present States of New Mexico and Arizona and discovered the Colorado and Kansas

³ "Relation au voyage à Cibola, entrepres en 1540 où l'on traite de tous les peuplades qui habitent celle contree, de leurs mœurs et coutumes," par Pedro de Castañeda de Nagera.

⁴ Coronado's letter to Mendoza.

rivers. The whites also made their first acquaintance with the American bison or buffalo. Finding it impossible to spend the winter in these regions on account of the *extreme cold*, "because there is no wood nor cloth with which to protect men, except the skins (buffalo robes) which the natives wear and some small amount of cotton cloaks," and having explored the country for 200 leagues and more around Cibola, and having reached a point 400 leagues from the North Sea and more than 200 from the South Sea, with which it was impossible to make any connection, Coronado resolved, as we have seen, to return to Mexico.

But Father Padilla and good Brother Descalona were not disposed to abandon a field that promised so many spiritual triumphs. They besought and obtained permission to remain and evangelize the country; they hope to improve the condition of the poor people they had found and to baptize at least a small part of the numerous population living in ignorance of the truths of Christianity. Thus we find that Arizona and New Mexico possessed native Christians and that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up daily within their borders *nearly eighty years* before the Mayflower anchored off Plymouth Rock.

But good Father Padilla's missionary career was not destined to be a long one, for one day, while on his way to Quibira to visit another wandering tribe, he was attacked by hostile Indians on the plains. He thought not of himself, but of his companions, and urged them to save themselves as best they could. As for himself, realizing that escape was impossible, he fell upon his knees and commended his soul to God, in Whose service his life had been spent. While yet in this position a shower of arrows pierced his body and he fell, the first martyr of Holy Church in this portion of the American Continent.

Father Padilla is, strictly speaking, the proto-martyr of the American missions. Others before him have fallen by the way overcome by disease and the hardships inseparable from expeditions engaged in exploring new countries or from the effects of savage cruelty, but these had not as yet entered upon the real work of the missionary.

The history of the early missions in Arizona is not without interest. With the Spanish conquerors, even from the very first, missionaries were not slow in going into the wilderness to engage in the heroic work of evangelization. The warrior went forth to conquer new lands, but the missionary sought only to win souls to Christ. Their weapons were as different as the ends they sought. The one carried the sword with which to strike down the aborigines he could not enslave; the other held aloft the Cross to console and

set him free. The missionary and the soldier moved with rapid strides. Scarcely thirty years had passed after the conquest of Mexico by Cortez when all the missions in New Mexico, from Paso del Norte to Taos—that is, nearly the entire extent of Arizona, from north to south and extending to the Rio Grande—were fully established and amply provided with priests to attend them.

The march of civilization was not so rapid to the west of the Sierra Madre. Nearly a century elapsed after the martyrdom of Father Padilla, before the Jesuits (1567) undertook to revive the old missions and preach the Gospel to the Papagos and Pimas along the banks of the Gila and also to the Cocomarcopas and others in this vicinity. Prominent among these Jesuit Fathers was the famous Eusebio Francisco Kuhn (who was always known among the Spaniards as Padre Kino). Father Kino had associated with him Father Ignacio Xavier Kelier and Juan Jacobo Sadelmayer. Their missionary field extended from Culiacan to San Xavier del Bac, more than 200 leagues.⁵

Father Kino was a native of Trent and was at one time professor of mathematics at the University of Ingoldstadt. He was a man of great learning and of remarkable powers of endurance and was highly esteemed by the Elector of Bavaria. On one occasion, when dangerously ill, he made a vow that if he recovered he would devote the rest of his life to the conversion of the Indians of America. His prayer was answered; he enlisted under the banner of Loyola and served as chaplain in Admiral Otondo's expedition to the coast of Lower California. On May 13, 1687, he established his first mission, Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, at Upper Pimeria. He likewise urged and aided in the establishment of missions in Lower California. In 1684 Father Kino paid a visit to a tribe of Indians known as Pimas, who dwelt along the shores of the Gila as far as Casas Grandes. There were two missions here—one known as the Incarnation and the other as San Andres. Father Kino gave instructions and baptized quite a number of the natives. Year after year he visited these regions, taking missionaries with him, when he could get them, and founding permanent missionary stations wherever he found suitable places.

On February 7, 1699, Father Kino took another journey towards the Gila and visited the Yumas and Cocomarcopas. These Indians told him about the different neighboring nations, especially about the Iguanas, the Culganans and the Achedunas. These three tribes have since disappeared or changed their names while amalgamating with others.

⁵ "Provincia de Sonora; sus terminos y confines," 1761-62; San Agustín de la Florida, Año 1863.

This band of Jesuits had pushed their explorations along the whole western coast as far as the Gulf of California. In 1701 Father Kino proved that the old Spanish maps of the Gulf of California made by Cortez were correct in representing Lower California as a peninsula and not as an island, as European geographies of the latter half of the sixteenth century had declared on the testimony of Sir Francis Drake and others.⁶

The prediction of persecutions made by the Redeemer of the world to His disciples was destined to be verified even in the far-off missions of the New World. The zealous Jesuits had already made a very considerable number of converts to Christianity, and the indications were that they would gain many more, but all of a sudden the Pimas revolted and murdered the father attending their mission at Cabonca. Shortly after the missions were called upon to bear another trial no less severe, but independent at least of human action. It was the death of Father Kino, the very life of the missions. He died at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, at Magdalena, to the dedication of which he had gone at the invitation of his devoted co-laborer, Father Campos. "Praying before the altar over which hung a picture of his patron, the Apostle of the Indies, Father Kino felt that his life work was over and he prepared for death, which was the holy crown of his devoted life."⁷

Father Kino was a most extraordinary man. He is said to have traveled more than 20,000 miles and to have baptized more than 48,000 children and adults. He never failed to say Mass daily and never slept in a bed.⁸

The restlessness of the Indians and the death of good Father Kino had a depressing effect upon the work already undertaken. In 1727 Monseñor Benito Crespo, Bishop of Durango, Mexico, to whose jurisdiction all the Jesuit missions in New Spain were subject, after having visited a portion of the Province of Sonora, made a report of the condition of the missions to King Philip V. This resulted in such pecuniary aid as to enable the missionaries, in 1731, to found three new missions.

From this time on until 1750 the reports are very meagre and in the main confined to a few incomplete registers at the Papago Mission of St. Francis Xavier, some nine miles south of Tucson. From these enough can be gleaned, however, to show that the mission had been supplied with priests from its very beginning, which must have been in 1690, the time when the missionaries arrived among the

⁶ This map was published in the "Lettres Edifiantes," Vol. V., in 1705. It was reëngraved in Paris in 1754 by the geographer Buuche, and still later by Sayer, of London.

⁷ Shea's "The Catholic Church in Colonial Days," Vol. I., page 527.

⁸ Clavigero's "Storia della California."

Sobahispuris. From the number of baptisms registered, the mission must have been a very large one.

But the period of trials was not yet ended. On November 21, 1751, the Pimas, together with the Seris and all the Indians of the northwestern portion of the province, again rose up against the missionaries. "The Alta Pimeria Indians, being still new in the faith and coming in daily contact with the pagans of the tribe to which they belonged, were unstable, aggressive, obstinate and very strongly attached to their old superstitions."⁹

The uprising lasted two years and resulted in the death of three missionaries, Fathers Francisca Xavier Saeta, Enrique Ruen and Tomas Tello, while others were obliged to abandon their churches and allow the Indians to drift back to their former superstitions.

It was not until 1754 that the Jesuit Fathers were able to resume their labors at such of the missions as had escaped the general destruction. Father Francisca Paner, who took charge of the San Xavier mission, has left the following record:

"On November 21, 1751, the entire Pima nation revolted; for this reason this church was without fathers from that time until the year 1754. In testimony whereof I here affix my signature: Francisco Paner."

This same father had also charge of the missions of Tucson, Tubac and Tumacacori, all in the valley of Santa Cruz and along a line **extending some sixty miles, and he records 177 baptisms** during his administration. After the visitation of peace the missionaries began the work of restoration, and in 1761-62 the Jesuit Fathers had within the territory of what is now Arizona twenty-nine missions, divided into four rectorates, viz., St. Francis Borgia, with eight missions; Holy Martyrs of Japan, six missions; St. Francis Xavier, seven missions, and Nuestra Señora de la Pimeria Alta, eight missions, comprising sixty-three pueblos of Christian Indians.

No sooner did the missionaries begin to feel secure in their work and from revolts among their own Indians than they found themselves threatened from without. The terrible Apaches roamed along the entire northern frontier of the province and made constant incursions upon the missions. The records of the missionaries repeatedly show that these savages were not merely the cause of trouble and losses to their Christians, but that they were the cause of the death of several of their fathers, and also of the entire extinction of the Sobahispuris tribe of San Pedro. Nor was this the only trial these good apostles were destined to endure. Jealous and unprincipled men in Europe had been plotting for some years past to deprive the Jesuit Fathers of the support their missions had

⁹ "Provincia de Sonora," already quoted.

been receiving from the Spanish Government, until finally, in 1767, they succeeded in securing the suppression of the society. A year later the Jesuits were driven away from their missions in Lower California and some were even lodged in jails. They were accused of no crime and condemned without trial, perhaps for the same reason that they were later on suppressed in Europe, "not in punishment for any fault, but as a political measure."

During the same year the Marquis de la Cruz, Viceroy of Mexico, at the command of King Charles III., applied to the Franciscan Fathers at the Colegio de la Santa Cruz, at Queretaro, for twelve or fourteen priests to take the places of the exiled Jesuits. The guardian responded favorably to this appeal and sent fourteen fathers to conduct the missions of that part of Sonora within the present territory of Arizona.

It would seem that Pimeria Alta was the part of the province that suffered least since the departure of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. This is, doubtless, due to the military posts established along the frontier at the time of the Pima revolt. The Franciscans established their headquarters at San Miguel de Horcacitas, and from here Father Francisco Garcez attended the mission of San Xavier, which he continued to do up to 1781. This zealous priest repeatedly visited the tribes scattered along the banks of the Gila and the Colorado for a distance of more than 300 miles.¹⁰ The knowledge he had acquired of the country on his numerous journeys in almost every direction naturally led to his selection as guide in a military expedition organized in 1774 to open the way that would bring the Sonora missions in communication with those of Monterey, in California. In the following year he was sent to guide another expedition as far as the port of San Francisco. From the various *Relaciones* left by Father Garcez concerning the tribes along the Gila, it appears that their number reached somewhere about 25,000 souls.

On his return from one of his visitations this zealous missionary, encouraged by the friendly disposition of the Yumas, applied to his superiors for assistance with which to found new missions among them. Three priests were sent to him—Fathers Juan Diaz, Jose Matias Moreno and Juan Antonio Bereneche. With their assistance he succeeded, in March, 1778, in establishing two missions on the right bank of the Colorado—that of the Immaculate Conception, at the junction of the Gila and the Colorado, and that of St. Peter and St. Paul, nine miles further down.

At first these missions gave great promise of future benefits, but

¹⁰ The knowledge he had acquired of the country on "Corona Serafica y Apostolica del Colegio de Santa Cruz de Queretaro."

these hopes were not destined to be realized. On Sunday, July 17, 1781, the Indians, under pretext of some damage done to their crops by the horses of the soldiers, and for which they felt they had not been adequately compensated, fell upon the churches while the faithful were hearing Mass and massacred the priests, the soldiers and every one present. Father Garcez and his three assistants, Fathers Diaz, Moreno and Bereneche, ended their apostolic labors with the crown of martyrdom.

That the missions flourished under the care of the Franciscans as they did under the Jesuits is evinced by the monuments these zealous apostles have left all over the country, notwithstanding the fact that many of them are now in ruins. San Xavier, Termacacori, el Pueblecito and Taborca are places in which the traveler loves to wander and ponder over the ruins of works which modern civilization has not yet been able to imitate in these regions.

As indicated by the date, 1767, found in the Church of San Xavier, and as borne out by the tradition still existing among the Papago Indians, the present church is not the one erected by the Jesuit missionaries, but the one built in its place by the Franciscans. It is a handsome edifice of brick and stone, of the Roman-Byzantine style, ornamented with bas-reliefs and paintings. It has (or had at one time) over forty statues, many of which are regarded as models, the most remarkable being those of the apostles. The others, besides those of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, represent nearly all the saints of the Franciscan Order. This church, until a quite recent date at least, was still in a good state of preservation and is still used.

The churches of Tumacacori and Pueblecito, although of more recent date, are no longer in use. The Franciscans attended these missions until December 2, 1827, the period of the Spanish expulsion.

The early Franciscan missionaries in the field, like their Jesuit predecessors, were men worthy of remembrance in the annals of the Catholic Church in America. Father Tomas Hermegild Garcez (sometimes called Francisco) was born at Morata del Conde, in the Kingdom of Arragon, in Spain. Having enlisted under the banner of St. Francis in a zealous community, he was sent to Mexico and began his labors in the Apostolic College de Propaganda—that of the Santa Cruz, at Queretaro, as stated above. Here he was distinguished for his zeal in the confessional—he was essentially the children's confessor. When the suppression of the Jesuit missions took place and the Franciscans were called upon to replace them, Father Garcez, as we have seen, was sent to San Xavier del Bac, in Arizona, a mission so severe that even the Jesuits regarded

it as a novitiate. Few of the fathers, it is said, could endure its hardships more than a year. Father Garcez labored here for twelve years among the Papagos, Sobaipuris and Pimas, sharing the life of his flock, "living on Indian corn, with no bed but the earth and often with no shelter of any kind." Things that were not of prime necessity, such as chocolate, tobacco, etc., which were sometimes given to him by the whites, he always gave away.

He had been but three months in his mission when, in 1768, he began those apostolic journeys which have made his name famous even in the secular history of our country. We learn that his first exploration was in 1768, to the nations lying to the west of his mission. The following year found him carrying the banner of the Crucified to the east, toward the terrible Apaches, and penetrating several hundred miles into the territory held by these fierce people. In 1770 he visited the tribes of the Gila, everywhere proclaiming the truths of the Gospel. The next year he went some hundreds of miles to the west, and by 1772 he had reached the new settlements in California.

The sixth journey undertaken by Father Garcez extended from October, 1775, to September, 1776, and during this time he crossed an immense district to the north, visiting the mission of San Gabriel, in California. The object of these journeys was the founding of a series of missions to connect Sonora with California, New Mexico and Texas. It was with this in view that he visited the natives, gaining their good will and such knowledge of their position, numbers and connection with one another as would make his plans possible. His aims were not attained without great hardship and even hunger, nor without dangers from wild beasts, frightful precipices and savage and hostile tribes; but his devotion to the cause of Christ made him weigh all these trials as light when compared with the great advantages he foresaw.

Father Garcez often traveled alone, without guide or guard, living on roots, seeds or any animal he could capture. It is related that on one of these occasions his horse ran off, leaving him alone and destitute. On another occasion his horse fell dead and he was soon surprised by a band of Apaches, who, providentially and to his surprise, no doubt, recognizing the good missionary, asked what had become of his horse, and on learning his loss sent some of their party to get the saddle and other articles the good missionary was obliged to abandon, and placing them on a new horse allowed him to continue his journey.

On another occasion, while kneeling on the ground absorbed in prayer and reading his office, he was surrounded by a party of Indians, and immediately their bows were bent and their arrows were

ready to take the life of this solitary servant of God. A mysterious awe restrained them. When at last the priest perceived them, he continued his devotions and after he had concluded won them by his affectionate words.

In 1780 Father Garcez was sent to found two new missions on the Colorado among the Yumas. He reached his destination and soon succeeded in establishing the missions of the Immaculate Conception and of St. Peter and St. Paul. The plan adopted was a new one in Spanish missions. The Jesuit Fathers had followed the system of "reducciones,"¹¹ or the bringing of neophytes and converts into a kind of community directed by the missionary. The Franciscans adopted the same plan, but as the Jesuit system had been the object of violent attack, it was resolved not to have on the Colorado any *presidio* or post occupied by troops to defend the mission village, but to place in each mission eight soldiers and eight married settlers, in whose hands all temporal affairs were to be left, the missionaries confining themselves to spirituals alone. Moreover, the converted Indians were to remain among their pagan countrymen.

The missions were founded with the usual ceremonies and the fathers began their labors. Father Garcez devoted himself to the mission of the Immaculate Conception, assisted by Father Juan Antonio de Bereneche, a native of the Basque Province of Navarre, in Spain. He was a man of most exemplary life, a model of religious observance and rigid penance. Like many other youths, he had gone to Cuba in quest of a fortune, but at the age of seventeen, like the good Las Casas before him, he abandoned a promising business future and donned the coarse habit of the seraphic state. His virtues were soon recognized, and after edifying the Cuban capital for three years, he spent seven years in the college at Queretaro, to which he traveled on foot from Tampico. Of him it was said: "His habitation was the choir; his breakfast, abstinence; his rest, watching and prayer; his delight, a discipline of blood; his visits, paid to the Blessed Sacrament; his whole care, to continue through life the punctual, scrupulous observance of the practice of his novitiate."

Father Juan Diaz, who had charge of the mission of St. Paul, was born at Alaxer, Archdiocese of Sevilla, in 1736, and received the habit of St. Francis at the age of eighteen. He came to America in 1763 and labored zealously, never heeding the hardships that fell to his lot.

Father Juan Matthias, born at Almoza in 1744, took the habit at Logroño when but seventeen years of age. He was known as a man of great modesty and humility and as a profound philosopher

¹¹ Neophytorum oppidum.

and theologian, but he longed for work in foreign lands. In a letter written to his sister and dated March 26, 1769, he describes the missionary college of the Santa Cruz at Queretaro, and concludes as follows: "It is true that there is much hardship, hunger and thirst, intolerable heat and painful journeys, but what is this in comparison with what the souls cost Christ and the benefits which I have received from Him?"

Nine months had scarcely elapsed since the foundation of the missions in the Colorado when the evil effects of the Government's system produced their fruits. The settlers and soldiers occupied fields the Yumas had for their scanty, ill-raised crops of maize, beans, squashes and melons, while their cattle consumed a large portion of the grass seeds on which the Indians subsisted. This was aggravated by an injury done by a soldier. The Indians were aroused and they resolved on a general massacre. The missionaries, who were constantly visiting the Indian huts instructing the neophytes, encouraging them amid temptation and inviting all to the general instructions, had some suspicion of danger. They sent Father Diaz to Sonora to lay the case before the authorities. His visit was fruitless; he returned with his companion and, gathering his people together as if at a mission, he prepared them for death.

On July 17, 1781, the storm broke. Father Barrenecke had just finished Mass and Father Garcez was about to celebrate another Mass, when the yells of the Indians and the shrieks of the wounded and dying burst upon their ears. The mission of the Conception was doomed; the missionaries hastened to the dying; Father Barrenecke, though wounded and maltreated, heard the confessions and gave absolution to all who came within his reach. The Indians in the meantime, having completed their bloody work here, hastened to the other mission, ten miles away. Here Father Diaz had just finished Mass and was about to give the last sacraments to a sick woman when the Yumas arrived. He and Father Moreno were the first victims. Father Diaz was beaten to death and Father Moreno was cut down by a blow on the head with an axe. The murderers then set the churches on fire, leaving the bodies of the missionaries there, and continued the massacre until, satisfied with their work, they retired to an adjacent woods.

Fathers Garcez and Barrenecke, though suffering from their wounds, remained at the mission all that day and the next, preparing the survivors for the death that awaited them. The latter proposed to Father Garcez to take refuge at the other mission. As if light had come to him from above, he replied: "It is useless; they have already destroyed our people there." Finally they set out, hoping to get their little band of followers to a place of safety. At a

lake, where they halted, Father Barreneche heard a wounded Spaniard calling to him from the opposite side. Forgetting his own condition, the good Franciscan swam across the lake and, crucifix in hand, administered to the wants of the dying man. Father Garcez shared his clothing with some of the band who had lost their all and then swam across the lake to join his brother in religion. These two holy men reached the wigwam of a pagan Indian, where, on the 19th, they were discovered by a band of Yumas, who soon put them to death.

Five months after these dreadful events a party of Spanish soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Pedro Fages, started for the missions. They found all in ruins and the bodies of Fathers Diaz and Moreno still unburied. They lay some distance from each other and they were placed in coffins. Search was made for the bodies of Fathers Garcez and Bereneche. After a long search their graves were found and the bodies, strange to say, were perfectly intact. The expedition of Colonel Fages returned with the bodies of the four martyrs, worthy sons of St. Francis, and they were delivered to the superior of the Sonora mission. It was not, however, until July 19, 1794, thirteen years after their martyrdom, that these **precious relics found their last resting place**. They were carried to Queretaro on this day, a Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated and a sermon on the virtues of these heroes of the faith was delivered in Spanish by Father Diego Miguel Brigas de Manzaneda and another in Latin by Father Jose Maria Carranza.

An ancient father of the Church says that "the place where a martyr dies is his native place," and this statement made it desirable that the exact position of these two missions be established beyond all doubt. Much of the territory once held by Spain is now within the limits of the United States, and as these missions were near the mouth of the Colorado, there was some doubt as to whether the American Church could claim these martyrs or whether the honor belonged to Mexico.

Father Zephyrin Englehardt, a zealous Franciscan, who labored for many years on the Indian missions until impaired health made it necessary for him to find a more congenial climate, was sent by his superiors to labor in the region. The stories he heard of the old missionaries inspired him with the desire to identify their missions.

"I gladly undertook," he says, "to find the mission which I was told was on the west side of the Colorado, ten or fifteen miles north of Fort Yuma, as Father Chancot, of Yuma, insisted, though he had never been there, and though all the Indians who preserved any tradition of the mission agreed with him. They knew, however,

only one mission. Some old Mexican women contended that one mission was 'right on the hill where Fort Yuma stands,' which is exactly opposite the Gila river and ten miles from the Mexican border on this side of the river.

"The Yumas insist that they 'have always lived right here' so that the missions established among them could not have been in Mexico. The reservation at present extends five miles south of Fort Yuma and two miles north, running six miles west, and the Indians maintain that this has always been their home. They have not even any tradition of having come from any other place. Well, two miles north of Fort Yuma is a ridge of mountains, running from west to east, and on the east sloping down to a level with the Colorado. Just at this point on the river I found vestiges of some large stockades and of buildings that must have stood there. It is a beautiful place. On the north and west it is shut in by mountains; on the east are the Colorado and Arizona, while to the south a wide plain on both sides of the river extends to Mexico, with only here and there a solitary mountain. It is just such a place as the missionaries would have selected. I found only one piece of a post projecting about two inches from the ground. The whole place is now perfectly bare. It is rocky, and the rocks and indeed the whole surface is still blackened, showing that the fire must have swept over it. This, the Indian explained to me, was the case. The ground or rocky soil was dug up in various places, and the Indian explained that this had been done by the Mexicans, who came after the priests had been killed. They came to find the gold which the fathers were said to have buried there. This is his version of it; probably it was to find the bodies or sacred vessels. The breaking of the ground might have been done by miners, however, as well, as there are silver mines not far away. The Indians could not tell me where the priests were killed, unless it was right here, or where buried at first. In fact, they know or want to know very little about it. Now if, according to Spanish accounts, one mission was only three leagues north of the other, then the place I describe above was the mission of St. Peter and St. Paul and Fort Yuma was La Concepcion. The place at the end of the mountain ridge is the boundary of the Yuma reserve north and is just ten miles from Fort Yuma. This is their sacred ground."

In connection with this report Father Engelhardt made a little map giving the exact surroundings. He marked the site of La Concepcion with a cross a little above Fort Yuma. St. Peter and St. Paul appear on the Gila.

In summing up the events related in this article the writer may be permitted to add a few explanatory notes.

The wonderful journey accomplished by Cabeza de Vaca and his companions—a journey, as we have seen, performed on foot, occupying nine years in its accomplishment and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through an unknown and frequently a hostile country—is fraught with many interesting details, which, when we consider the times and circumstances under which they occurred, assume an added importance. A careful reading of Cabeza de Vaca's "*Relacion*" and "*Coronado's Letter to Mendoza*" will afford occasional references to the inner life of the aboriginies. For instance, we learn that the Indians of some of the tribes the Spaniards encountered gave the strangers an insight into their domestic life. "They gave us," on one occasion, says the "*Relacion*," "beans and pumpkins for our subsistence. . . . The *method of cooking* is so very new that for its strangeness I desire to speak of it. . . . Not having discovered the use of pipkins to boil what they wanted to eat, they filled the half of a large calabash with water and threw in the fire as many stones of such as were most convenient and readily take the heat. When hot they are taken up with tongs of sticks and dropped into the calabash until the water in it boils from the heat of the stones. Then whatever is to be cooked is put in and until it is done they continue taking out the cooled stones and throwing in hot ones. It is thus they boil their food." Verily, "necessity is the mother of invention."

In another account we are told that the Spaniards met a people who "for a third part of the year eat nothing but the powder of straw." We wonder whether the German food scientists of to-day are indebted to the poor American Indians for "some points" in this direction. The *houses* of the aborigines, we are told, "are of earth, the rest all of cane mats," which indicates a certain knowledge of trades and handicraft.

Among the people the women are treated "with decorum. They wear a shirt of cotton that falls as low as the knees and over it half sleeves, with skirts reaching to the ground, made of dressed skin. They soap this with a certain root that cleanses well, by which they are enabled to keep it becomingly. Shoes are worn." I wonder what these Indian maidens would think of the street dress worn by many of the highly civilized ladies of to-day!

On another occasion we learn that the Indians brought the Spaniards gifts of "grain and flour and pumpkins, beans and *shawls of cotton*." Although cotton is especially mentioned here, in many parts of the country there is no cotton and the *shawls* are made of the feathers of fowls raised more for their feathers than for food. Cloaks or shawls are also made of *henequen*, a fibrous plant, and the skins of deer and sometimes of "curs." The Spanish word *mantas*

is variously used for capes, shawls and coverings of skins—i. e., cow (*vaca*), which here means the bison or buffalo.

Cabeza de Vaca makes frequent reference in his "Relacion" to meeting "Christians." The natives in many places expressed "great fear at their approach." It must be borne in mind that the epithet *Christianos* so often met with in Spanish works of the period of discovery and explanation is intended to mean white men, Europeans, and does not necessarily refer to men noted for their resplendent Christian qualities. So, too, the word *corsario* does not necessarily mean a corsair or pirate, but a cruiser or coaster.

The "Seven Cities of Cibola" seems to have been a sort of charm word among the early explorers of the Sonora region. In place of being a sort of centre of civilization—a group of cities supplied with all the modern improvements, including an economical and patriotic Board of Aldermen—let us see what Coronado has to say on the subject:

"Father Marco de Nizza understood, or gave us to understand, that the location and neighborhood in which there are seven villages was a single village, which he called Cibola, but the whole of this population and region is called Cibola. The villages have from 300 to 200 and 150 houses; some have the houses of the village all together, although in some villages they are divided into two or three divisions, but for the most part they are all together, and within their courtyards; and in this are their hot rooms (*estufas*, sometimes called *kivas*) for winter, and they have their summer ones outside the villages. The houses have two or three stories, the walls of stone and mud and some with mud walls. . . . For Indians the houses are too good, especially for these, since they are brutish and have no decency in anything except in their houses."

In speaking of the religious condition of these people, Coronado tells us that their rites and sacrifices were somewhat idolatrous, and that "water is what they worship most, to which they offer small painted sticks and feathers and a yellow powder made of flowers, and usually this offering is made to springs." This worship of water seems to be an act of gratitude, for they say "it causes their corn to grow and maintains their life, and that they know no other reason but that their ancestors did so."

Some authorities claim that the Zuni Indians have preserved the tradition of the coming of Fra Marco di Nizza and of the killing of the Negro Estevan, whom they named the "black Mexican" at the ruined pueblo called Quaquina. They even go so far as to claim a tradition relating to Coronado's visit and another concerning Cabeza de Vaca.

MARC F. VALLETTE.

JEAN HENRI FABRE—THE HOMER OF THE INSECTS.*

* "The Fighting Wasps." New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1915.

"Social Life in the Insect World." Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1914.

"The Life of the Fly," with which are interspersed some chapters of autobiography by J. Henri Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, Fellow of the Zoölogical Society of London. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1913.

THESE excellent translations make available for English readers a few of the great chapters in science which Jean Henri Fabre has contributed to the ever more and more important scientific department of entomology in his "Souvenirs Entomologiques" during the past fifty years. Those who can read French will find an inexhaustible mine of information with regard to the insects of the world in Fabre's some twenty magnificent volumes. I understand that most of this material is to be made available in English, but those who can only read English will have to await the convenience of translation and publication, as is always true of the student of science who cannot read more than one language. In the meantime the death of Fabre within the year makes a review of his work not only opportune, but quite demanded by his importance in modern science.

Probably the most interesting work that has been done in science, certainly the scientific writing that has attracted most popular attention all over the world in recent years, was that of M. Jean Henri Fabre, who died, at the age of ninety-two, October 11, 1915. His work belonged in its great beginnings at least to a preceding generation, for Darwin spoke of him as "an incomparable observer" and Victor Hugo gave him the title of "the Homer of the insects," a designation that has been popularized by Maeterlinck's use of it in our own time. The title is most appropriate, for that was literally what Fabre was, the epic poet of the lives of the insects. While he was thoroughly scientific, he was not at all a mere dry-as-dust accumulator of facts and classifier of observations, and yet he gathered together an immense amount of information about his loved insects and presented it in charmingly readable form. Gladstone once said that there is more information about the Greeks in Homer than would have been found in a many volumed encyclopedia written about them at that time, and yet Homer is poetry. Fabre has given us the lives of the insects in minutest detail and yet made genuine poetry of it, or at least real literature, so vivid is his vision and his power of portraying it.

Indeed Fabre wrote so interestingly that some people, and especially some dry-as-dust scientists accustomed to ordinary scien-

tific books and their arid style, suspected the thoroughly scientific quality of his underlying observations. This did not disturb Fabre, however, who continued to write his delightful prose with flashes of fancy and bits of humor here and there and some eminently human reflections, and in addition did not hesitate to declare that he detested the barbarous argon and utterly austere statements of fact which made science so thorny and repellant to the young. This unjust scientific suspicion faded in the course of time, while Fabre's literary reputation constantly grew. Edmund Rostand, the famous French poet, characterized Fabre as "this great scientist who thinks as a philosopher, sees as an artist and feels and expresses himself as a poet." Maeterlinck called him "one of the most profound and inventive scholars, one of the purest writers and one of the finest poets of the century that has just passed."

It is sometimes said that an adequate yet thoroughly definite and concrete definition of genius is that it is an infinite capacity for taking pains. If this be so, then surely Jean Henri Fabre was a genius almost beyond compare. No amount of trouble was too much for him to take in order to secure absolutely first hand knowledge with regard to insects. It was nothing for him to watch patiently for hours in order to determine a single apparently quite unimportant point with regard to insect activities. Nothing but actual observation would satisfy him. Sometimes, so minute are the organs of insects that he was studying, he was compelled to use a glass in order to determine just what it was that he was seeing, but all of the pains necessary only added zest to his search after what was as yet unknown in these matters.

Fortunately for Fabre, the vogue of nature study books began to awake about a generation ago and the sale of his works afforded him the meagre support which was all that he demanded in order to be able to continue his investigation. Even with this, however, toward the end of his life he felt the severe touch of poverty and had for a time to be cared for in the Sisters' Hospital until Mistral, the well-known Provençal poet, learning of his destitution, appealed to his friends and brought Fabre's case before the French Government, who allowed him a pension and this enabled the old man to go on undisturbed once more with his work. It is the way of this dear old-fashioned world of ours to give its largest rewards and to give them very readily to those who amuse, not to those who instruct and above all, not to those who merely devote their lives to finding new truths for us.

All his life, however, Fabre wanted only the opportunity to pursue his studies without too much distraction. Money meant literally nothing to him and he was absolutely blessed in having found his

work and needed only the chance to go on with it. He illustrates very well in his career the fact that genius makes its way in spite of obstacles and discouragements, for there was almost nothing to encourage him in the course of study and a great many things to discourage him. Very probably few men have had happier lives. He was constantly occupied with problems, some of which looked insoluble, and yet most of which he succeeded in solving by patient observation. He was constantly finding some new thing or lighting quite unexpectedly on some novel significance of an old fact. It is easy to understand under these circumstances how much of happiness must have been his.

Fabre had none of the advantages that are often supposed to be helpful in the pursuit of scientific studies. In the chapters of his autobiography which he included in "*Souvenirs Entomologiques*," and which have been printed in English with his papers on "*The Life on the Fly*,"* Fabre has argued out the question of the influence of heredity and environment in his own case and leads inevitably to the conclusion that it is nature and not nurture that counts, though the nature does not necessarily seem to come from the family stock, but is a free gift accorded the individual. Those who are interested in this world-old dispute as to whether heredity or environment counts the most in helping human beings will find these chapters of Fabre's autobiography very interesting, but rather disappointing if they hold any sides in the matter.

Fabre's maternal grandfather was a process-server who knew how to read and write and spell in "primitive fashion," but nothing more. His maternal grandmother "looked on the alphabet as a set of hieroglyphics only to spoil your sight for nothing." His paternal grandfather was a herdsman farmer, who would have been dumb-founded to learn that one of his family became enamored of those insignificant creatures, the insects, to which he had never vouchsafed a glance in his life. His grandam, by whom Fabre was brought up, because there were so many children at home, could not read or write, though she could tell the children wonderful stories of the animals that Fabre remembered to the end of his life. As the youngest of the household he "had a right to the mattress, a sack stuffed with oat chaff; the others had to be content with straw. His mother was quite illiterate. His father knew how to write, though he took the greatest liberties with spelling. He was

* "*The Life of the Fly*," with which are interspersed some chapters of autobiography by J. Henri Fabre, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, Fellow of the Zoölogical Society of London. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1913.

the first of his line to allow himself to be tempted by the town and he lived to regret it. Badly off, having but little outlet for his industries, making God knows what shifts to pick up a livelihood, he went through all the disappointments of the countryman turned townsman. Persecuted by bad luck, borne down by the burden for all his energy and good will, he was far indeed from starting me in entomology. He had other cares, cares more direct and more serious. A good cuff or two when he saw me pinning an insect to a cork was all the encouragement that I received from him. Perhaps he was right! Farther back all Fabre's "ancestors were sons of the soil, ploughmen, sowers of rye, neat-herds," and yet before he was six Fabre's power of observation had wakened up and he was beginning to make experiments for himself.

He tells the story of his first experimental scientific observation, made when he was between five and six. He saw the sunrise one morning and looking at it wondered why it gave him so much pleasure. His only pleasure before this had been that of taste for food, though poverty had not permitted much of that nor any great variety, still he thought that perhaps the sun affected him through his mouth. He opened his mouth then and shut his eyes and the sun vanished. When he shut his mouth and opened his eyes, all the glory of the sun came to him. "I had learned by deduction that I see the sun with my eyes. O what a discovery! That evening I told the whole house about it. Grandmother smiled fondly at my simplicity, the others laughed at it. It is the way of the world. Subsequent discoveries were not published for fear of the great laughter that greeted my story about the sun."

Just as heredity furnishes no clue as to why this boy in the midst of his sordid poverty-stricken conditions should become interested in insects and nature study with an ardor that could not be quenched, so the story of his education would seem to furnish many reasons why he should not have become interested in nature study. How a modern educator would sniff at the idea of teaching children anything in the crowded distracting conditions amid the utterly inadequate facilities of the school to which Fabre went. Besides being schoolmaster, the teacher was barber, bellringer, choirmaster, clock-tender to the village and also had charge of the estate of an absentee landlord in the neighborhood. "He was an excellent man, who could have kept school very well but for his lack of one thing, and that was time," and yet Fabre's taste for nature-study and his love for the insects was not stifled, but he snatched every opportunity to learn more about the little creatures around him. "The rustic school even in the heart of winter furnished continuous food for my interest in things." He was slow to learn his letters until they came to be represented for him as the initials of the names of animals and insects. Reading was difficult until he got hold of

Fontaine's "Fables" with the crow, the magpie, the fox, the wolf and the insects, all persons of his acquaintance, and then reading came easy.

Like many another man who was later to be famous in the annals of science, Fabre owed the opportunity to get more than an elementary education to the interest of his parish priest. With the help of the curé he entered as a serving boy in the chapel at Rodez College, and for his services he was entitled to free instruction as a day boarder. Virgil, with his stories of the bee, the cicada, the turtle dove, the crow, the nannygoat and the golden broom, made Latin easy, just as Fontaine had made French reading like play. All his leisure time was spent with insects, though he was only ten.

Then suddenly failure came to his father in his little business and Fabre had to turn in to earn his own "peneorth of potatoes" as best he could and help in the support of the family. "Life became a hideous inferno of hunger and hard work." "Amid this lamentable chaos my love for the insect ought to have gone under, but it did not." He found his consolation at odd moments in the discovery of what were to him new and wonderful insects, which "were as a ray of sunshine in the gloomy wretchedness of the day." Finally, when he was about fourteen, he got a position at a school that assured him food—"dried chestnuts and chick peas." His penchant for nature-study kept dragging him, but he pushed it aside and took up mathematics, because *there* seemed the hope of rising above the primary school, whose staff could barely earn their bread in those days.

Fabre has described how he learned his mathematics and physical sciences for himself. "Mathematics remained, with its very simple equipment a blackboard, a bit of chalk and a few books."

"So I flung myself with might and main into conic sections and the calculus—a hard battle, if ever there was one, without guides or counsellors, face to face for days on end with the abstruse problem which my stubborn thinking at last stripped of its mysteries. Next came the physical sciences, studied in the same manner, with an impossible laboratory, the work of my own hands."

Then for a time Fabre suppressed all his aspirations after knowledge of nature, for natural history could not bring him anywhere in the educational system of the time and he devoted himself to mathematics. He taught for some years at Ajaccio, in Corsica, but he could not quite resist the temptations of the treasures in biology of the Mediterranean lying all around him. He says of these years: "We are the wisp of straw, the plaything of the winds; we think that we are making for a goal deliberately

chosen. Providence drives us towards another. Mathematics, the exaggerated preoccupation of my youth, did me hardly any service, and natural science, which I avoided as much as ever I could, is the consolation of my old age." He was discovered by visiting naturalists, who recognized his talents for observation and encouraged him to broaden his knowledge of biology. One of them, Moquin-Tandon, professor at the University of Toulouse, showed Fabre one day the anatomy of a snail in a soup plate filled with water, using a pair of scissors from the family work basket and a couple of needles stuck into bits of vines. "This was the only never-to-be-forgotten lesson in natural history that I ever received in my life," says Fabre.

When it is recalled how much money has been spent in the last half century in the training of embryo-scientists and in the supplying of proper facilities for scientific investigation, this simple tale of the boyhood and scientific training of Fabre, one of the greatest of our scientists, becomes doubly interesting. All that was needed for him in anything was a start, and then he did the rest for himself. He received that start as a rule only after he had manifested a special talent for the work. We are constantly talking in our time about the necessity of *interesting* young folks in their educational work. Everything in the world was done consciously and unconsciously to discourage the beginnings of Fabre's life-work, and yet his nature brought him back to it and worked out its purpose. He talks himself of his liking for the insects and his faculty for observation as a quality resembling the instincts that are such prominent features in the lives of all manner of insects. His observations and studies on these little creatures brought him to the conclusion that instincts were gifts. He suggests then that human abilities of a special order are practically always gifts, and that without this precious basis, opportunities and a favorable environment mean very little.

Fabre sums up the influences at work in his life in a single paragraph as follows:

"After the details which I have already given about my ancestors, it would be ridiculous to look to heredity for an explanation of the fact. Nor would any one venture to suggest the words or example of my masters. Of scientific education, the fruit of college training, I had none whatever. I never set foot in a lecture hall except to undergo the ordeal of examination. Without masters, without guides, often without books, in spite of poverty, that terrible extinguisher, I went ahead, persisted, facing my difficulties, until the indomitable bump ended by shedding its scanty contents. Yes, they were very scanty, yet possibly of some value, if circum-

stances had come to their assistance. I was a born animalist. Why and how? No reply."

Very probably the most interesting result of Fabre's long life of studies is the demonstration that any and every insect is a marvelous being, with instincts and habits, organs and functions that represent simply wonderful adaptations of means to ends. All the world has known that certain insects, as the bees and the wasps, were possessed of the most delicate instincts that had been favorite subject of study for years. What Fabre has shown, however, is that every insect when studied deeply enough presents the same sort of wonderful picture. There are mysteries of function and organs and habits of life that only the most patient careful study elucidate, but which illustrate very clearly the mysteries that exist even in the smallest and apparently most trivial beings in the world around us. It is this calling to popular attention of the universality of the underlying mysteries intricacy of insect life that has made Fabre's reputation. He has made the grasshoppers and beetles and the flies and every other minute flying thing a subject of profound interest. He does not think for the moment that he has learned all about them, but, on the contrary, he confessed that he was only beginning to know how little he really knew about them, in the face of how much remained to be known, as the term of existence approached for him.

The cricket would not seem to be ordinarily a very promising subject for study, and yet by the time Fabre gets through with his researches, the cricket has taken on an interest quite equal to that of the bee or the ant. Indeed, it is apparently only because the bee and the ant are more familiar to man and have been more studied that they seem to be of so much more interest. Manifestly none of these little creatures are without wonderful exhibitions of the adaptations of means to end that require all of human ingenuity and patience to elucidate and that respect wondrous mysteries, the origin of which can only be attributed to an Overseeing Power that cares as marvelously for the least as for the greatest of His creatures. The growth of the cricket's wings, for instance, seems to Fabre to present a marvelous summary of the processes of growth in general, which usually pass unperceived, because growth is so slow that it is obscured beneath the veil of time. Here by exception growth is accomplished with a swiftness that forces the attention. "The wing of a cricket, that wonderful piece of lace work emerging from a tiny sheath, speaks to us of another Architect, the author of the plan according to which life labors." Fabre adds:

"Whosoever would gain, without wearisome delays, a glimpse

of the inconceivable dexterity with which the forces of life can labor, has only to consider the Great Cricket of the vineyard. The insect will show him that which is hidden from our curiosity by extreme deliberation in the germinating seed, the opening leaf and the budding flower. We cannot see the grass grow, but we can watch the growth of the cricket's wing."

Long ago Pliny said: "*In his tam parvis, fere nullis, quae vis, quae sapientia, quam inextricabilis perfectio!*" In these humble creatures, so small that they are almost nothings, what power, what wisdom, what inconceivable perfection! After contemplating what even the vineyard cricket has demonstrated, though every one from the oldest times to our own who have studied insects has noted it, Fabre grows impatient with those who think to explain the world of life as merely so many chemical forces, or as summed up in some combination of chemistry and physics for which a long Greek name is secured. George Eliot said we map out our ignorance in long Greek names. After making his marvelous minute observations, Fabre, whose long life of study has given him the right to express himself with regard to life's problems, has this to say to the over-confident theorist with regard to the origin and significance of vitality:

"I have heard that a learned inquirer, for whom life is only a conflict of physical and chemical forces, does not despair of one day obtaining artificially organizable matter—protoplasm, as the official argon has it. If it were in my power, I should hasten to satisfy this ambitious gentleman.

"But so be it; you have really prepared protoplasm. By force of meditation, profound study, minute care, impregnable patience, your desire is realized; you have extracted from your apparatus an albuminous slime, easily corruptible and stinking like the devil at the end of a few days; in short, a nastiness. What are you going to do about it? Organize something? Will you give it the structure of a living edifice? Will you inject it with a hypodermic syringe between two impalpable plates to obtain were it only the wing of a fly? That is very much what the cricket does. It injects its protoplasm between the two surfaces of an embryo organ, and the material forms a wing cover, because it finds as guide the ideal archetype of which I spoke but now. It is controlled in the labyrinth of its course by a device anterior to the injection, anterior to the material itself. This archetype, the coördinator of forms, this primordial regulator, have you got it on the end of your syringe? No! Then throw away your product. Life will never spring from that chemical filth."

No form of insect, no matter how trivial or commonplace it

might appear, has failed to be of interest to Fabre if it came within the sphere of his attention, and invariably when he investigated, he was sure to find wonderful instincts at work and his patience elaborated the explanations of them. One of his classic studies is on the elephant beetle, that grotesque-looking insect, a living caricature in the insect world of the elephant, the beetle with the prodigious snout. It was very hard to understand for a long time just why this creature had to carry "this embarrassing pike, this ridiculous snout, stiffly outstretched like a lance, in rest in order to keep from stumbling." When Fabre began his study he could not help but feel that for most people the answer to the question that he was posing was of so little importance that all they would do over it would be to shrug their shoulders. His reflection is, "Well, if the only end of life is to make money by hook or by crook, such questions are certainly ridiculous." He answers his own reflection, however, with the counter reflection:

"Happily there are some to whom nothing in the majestic riddle of the universe is little. They know of what humble materials the bread of thought is kneaded—a nutriment no less necessary than the bread made from wheat, and they know that both laborers and inquirers nourish the world with an accumulation of crumbs."

Fabre soon found that this trunk-like appendage in the elephant beetle was an awl for boring into acorns. He worked out that its length was adapted to penetrating into the cup of the acorn in such a way as to provide a place for the larvæ that would hatch from its egg just in that portion of the acorn where the new-born grub will find light and juicy and easily digested nutriment. Though the process of boring the acorn with a slow to and fro motion, such as men use in inserting an awl, often takes the better part of a day, mother will try many acorns in order to assure herself that the food provided for the young is of just the proper kind. The surprise is that the long canal shall be made through the full length of the acorn in many cases instead of boring directly through the cap, which would be much easier, and depositing the egg there. In the making of the long canal, however, mother provides an amount of finely divided food material which the young grub after feasting on the succulent material at the base of the acorn consumes from day to day, gradually growing in strength until it is able to tackle successfully the harder and less digestible material of the solid acorn itself and complete its growth by the nutrition thus obtained.

In a word, this grotesque-looking beetle mother possesses instincts that enable her to anticipate very exactly the need of her

unborn offspring and to provide for them, even though it takes her comparatively quite as much trouble as any human mother to provide for her little ones. No trouble is too much to take, and with tenacious perseverance the ovum is placed just where the new-born grub can drink from a living spring of nourishment in the acorn, and at the same time mother prepares for the next stage of nutrition a long tube of fine easily digested meal.

"But these are trivialities! Not so, if you please, but high and important matters, speaking to us of the Infinite pains which preside over the preservation of the least of things, witnesses of a superior logic which regulates the smallest details."

Fabre's studies of insects have led him above all to question the ordinarily accepted explanation of odor as being invariably due to minute particles of the substance which contains or causes the scent floating in the air or else to gaseous products which are given off from it. His studies particularly of such butterflies as the so-called peacock butterflies make it very clear that this explanation of the power of scent which they exhibit is altogether inadequate. Within twenty four hours after the great peacock female butterfly is born dozens of males come from miles around to visit her, though none of them had been noted before in that neighborhood. Manifestly there was some lure in the atmosphere that attracted them. There is not the slightest odor that is in any way discernible to human senses connected with this great moth. Not only that, but if the creature be surrounded by a whole series of strongly smelling materials, they do not seem to disturb in any way the attraction which the moth has. In a room that is full of strong scents and rank odors of all kinds the male moth will go straight to the door of a closet in which the female moth is confined and beat against it till exhausted. If the moth is confined, however, within a closed bell jar sealed with a glass plate, even though it is placed in the open window in the light where its magnificent colors are very striking, the male moths will pass by this apparently unescapeable object to seek the wire cage in which the female was previously confined and to which manifestly still clings the lure that has attracted them.

Fabre argues then that while many odors doubtless are due to emission processes, **some of them undoubtedly are due to vibrations**, and he insists that smell has two domains, that of particles carried in the air and that of etheric waves. We human mortals know only the first category of odors. The second category of odor, far superior in its action through space, escapes us completely because we lack the essential sensory equipment. The moth does not emit molecules, but something about it vibrates, causing waves

capable of propagation to distances incompatible with an actual diffusion of matter. The great entomologists conclusion is: "Like light, odor has its x-rays. Let science, instructed by the insect, one day give us a radiograph sensitive to odors, and this artificial nose will open a new world of marvels."

Some of Fabre's observations have revolutionized the traditional significance of insects and their ways very strikingly and not infrequently modified profoundly also the scientific knowledge with regard to these little creatures. Perhaps one of the most striking revolutions in popular science came with regard to the cigale, a word that may be translated grasshopper, though Fabre's studies were with regard to a species not usually classed as grasshopper in English. Nearly every one remembers the fable of the cigale, or the grasshopper, and the ant. According to this story with a moral the cigale spends its time all during the warm weather of the summer singing idly for its own satisfaction, careless of the future and apparently forgetful of the fact that the cold weather is coming, when it will not be able to obtain food and therefore must perish if it has no store of provisions. According to the fable, the cigale in its extremity in the winter weather goes begging to the ant for food and is refused in the famous words, "You sang all summertime, now you can dance during the winter."

Fabre in his book "Social Life in the Insect World" has traced this fable or legend back to the distant classic literature. Æsop has it and probably it is even older than that. It has been one of the means of teaching children thrift among many nations and will doubtless continue to serve that same useful purpose, though Fabre has shown that it is entirely false to the realities of nature. According to the old story, the cigale begs for grain, though any such diet would be absolutely incompatible with her delicate mouth arrangements, which are meant only for drinking in the sap of trees, for this is the only food that the cigale takes. The child is the best guardian of tradition and Fabre suggests that "he will doubtless preserve for future generations the absurd nonsense of which the body of the fable is constructed; the cigale will always be hungry when the cold comes, although there were never cigales in winter; she will always beg alms in the shape of a few grains of wheat, a diet absolutely incompatible with her delicate capillary 'tongue' and according to the story, in desperation 'she will hunt for flies and grubs although she never eats.'"

As a matter of fact, as Fabre proceeds to show in his article on the cigale, it is the ant that comes to the cigale for food, not the opposite that is ever the case. There is just exactly a corresponding reversal of significance to that which has taken place

with regard to the spider and the fly. Children used to be taught to look upon the spider as an awful ogre, who laid in wait for and devoured the innocent flies. Many a fable has been constructed in which there was a warning of the dangers of life for young folks represented by the story of the spider and the fly, who is invited to walk into the spider's parlor and meets her doom there. Feelings of abhorrence were created for the spider, while the fly was looked at as an innocent victim of her enemy's wiles. As a matter of fact, instead of the spider being an enemy of mankind, deserving in any way to be dreaded, recent knowledge shows him constantly a helpmate of mankind, while the fly is perhaps man's worst enemy in the insect world. More diseases and death are due to the fly than to any other of the winged creatures. At last we are getting to know something of the realities of insect life.

The ant is not only a shameless beggar from the cigale, but even does not hesitate at theft from the cigale's private well which that creature is wont to bore, especially during the season of drought, through the bark of some suitable shrub until she reaches the little rivers of sap within the branch. Fabre has seen ants gnaw at the claws of the cigale, tug at the ends of her wings, climb on her back, tickle her antennæ, try to move her in any possible way in order to get some share in the liquid that she was drawing out of the branch. The great French entomologist still further reverses the action described by the fable by the observation that when the cigale dies, as it does toward the end of the summer, the ants often discover the remains, dissect it into tiny fragments and store it away in their stock of provisions. They sometimes do not wait for the death of the insect, and Fabre has often seen a dying cigale whose wings were still trembling in the dust drawn and quartered by a gang of bandit ants.

A good old story with a fine moral to it is thus spoiled, but a series of true observations comes in to take its place. One of the younger Provençal poets has told the newer story in verse of the real grasshopper and the ant, and the terminal stanzas carry that other moral, that the practical man of affairs is always prone to think of the artist as doing nothing, though it so often proves that the artist's work is ever so much more enduring than that of the self-sufficient maker of money and storer up of "unconsidered trifles;" for the dreamer lives forever and the toiler dies in a day."

"Here is the tale related duly,
And little resembling the fable, truly!
Hoarders of farthings, I know, deuce take it,
It isn't the story as you would make it!

Crook-fingers, big bellies, what do you say,
Who govern the world with the cash-box—hey?

“You have spread the story, with shrug and smirk,
That the artist ne’er does a stroke of work;
And so let him suffer, the imbecile !
Be you silent! ’tis you, I think,
When the cigale pierces the vine to drink,
Drive her away, her drink to steal;
And when she is dead—you make your meal!”

Fabre himself emphasizes over and over again that the insects far from being unthrifty or sluggards, are usually workers of the most strenuous kind and accomplish purposes that seem quite beyond them. Nature has little room for drones of any kind and usually they are disposed of without much ado by those around them. Indeed, the great purpose of insect life seems to be that there shall be no waste in the world. Whenever there is anything lying idle, apparently there is an insect provided to use it up in some way. As soon as the fruits are ripe, many different kinds of insects find their way into them to lay their eggs, and the larvæ then hatched are thus provided with a plentiful store of food. If wool garments are put aside, it requires the most careful precaution to keep them from being eaten by moths. Meat that is unprotected soon becomes the home of various crawling things, whose own purpose is their nutrition in the meat, but whose place in the scheme of things in general is to help dispose of something that is not being used. Nature has no use for the accumulation of materials that may be stored away where they accomplish no good purpose. Insect life was especially designed to prevent such idle accumulations and there are some wonderful ingenuities in the process.

Fabre discusses what seems to be at first glance the awful cruelty of the insect world, needless apparently or at least often gratuitous, quite purposeless. As in the case of *philanthus*, which after killing the bees by stinging them in the cervical ganglion, presses the honey out of the bee’s stomach and greedily laps it up, gluttony sometimes seems to be the only impelling motive. More careful study, however, always reveals other purposes and often redeems nature from the charge of cruelty. Indeed, this has so often proven to be the case when the subject was carefully investigated that it seems almost sure that whenever enough is known about the events, there is some much deeper justification for what seems needless cruelty than could possibly be imagined from superficial information.

Fabre found that *philanthus* after killing the bees by a sting, which brought practically instantaneous and therefore quite painless death, fed the bodies to her larvæ. These little creatures are exclusively proteid eaters, are quite incapable of digesting honey and the slightest amount of that material or anything resembling it, if it is mixed with their food, leads them to refuse it, or, if they are hungry enough to eat it, causes them to sicken and die from it. The mother insect *philanthus* then in removing the honey entirely from the bee's stomach is in reality saving her offspring from being poisoned. Men in the preparation of foodstuffs have learned how to eliminate a number of materials that would prove harmful if allowed to remain. How *philanthus* learned to do this and came to the knowledge that food material which she herself liked very much would be fatal to her young we do not know. The whole procedure, however, of providing food for her young and seeing that toxic material was not allowed to contaminate it is so completely reminiscent of what men do in their preparation of animal food as to constitute a very striking compliment to the instinct of the insect.

Much has been made of the presence of cruelty in the animal world, and particularly among the insects, as if this argued the absence of Providence or any spirit of kindness in the universe around us. Fabre's investigations, however, show clearly that while in poetic phrase nature may be "red in tooth and claw," there is always something behind the apparent needless cruelty that justifies it. Above all, his studies demonstrate that even the animals and insects are "cruel to be kind." It is almost as a rule in the exercise of the maternal instinct of providing food for their young that the insects seem to be most cruel. They deprive others of life, but it is surprising how often this is done under circumstances that make the death agony as brief and as painless as possible. These little creatures know how to find the vital spot in the armor of their prey and to attack that portion which will most surely cause rapid death. How they learned their lessons in comparative anatomy is indeed difficult for us to understand, but such facts represent some of the most wonderful mysteries that there are in the science of living creatures.

The principle of the struggle for existence so often quoted in justification of cruelty among men, or at least of egotistic striving and forgetfulness of others, has its true significance illustrated very well among the insects. The various species do not quarrel among themselves, though they may sacrifice members of other species for their own benefit and particularly for their children. What is particularly found among the insects is mutual aid. A

great many of them live in communities and prove by their helpfulness to each other how much can be accomplished in this way. Above all, the instincts for the care of the young are developed to such an extent as to make the study of this phase of insect life one of the most interesting in biology. Nowhere is the Scriptural phrase that the weak may confound the strong so well illustrated as in the results of the studies of insect life. These little creatures would seem to present only the most childish interests and traits of the simplest possible description, but, on the contrary, their lives are very complex and are full of a wisdom far above anything that man had imagined in their regard.

Commenting on the fact that *philanthus* larvæ is so exclusively carnivorous that even small amount of other food material proved disturbing and even fatal to it, suggests that believers in transformism, that is, in the theory of descent according to which species become gradually transformed into others, would explain it on the evolutionary principle that all of the very early animals were carnivorous, as man was himself at the beginning, but that such creatures as the bee have learned in the process of evolution to dispense completely with chance won aliments, and renouncing the chase forever have acquired a degree of moral and physical prosperity that the predatory species are far from sharing.

Fabre says, "This is what I should say if I were a transformist. All this is a chain of highly logical deductions and hangs together with a certain air of reality, such as we like to look for in a host of transformist's arguments which are put forward as irrefutable. Well, I make a present of this pretty deductive theory to whosoever desire it and without the least regret; I do not believe a single word of it, and I confess my profound ignorance of the origin of the twofold system of diet."

Over and over again Fabre insists that the spinning of theories means very little for real advance in science, and that it is the making of observations that count. While Father Wasmann, S. J., after Fabre perhaps the best known of European entomologists, though his labors were more particularly confined to the ants and their hosts and guests, has come to be persuaded that there is not only a possibility, but an actuality of the transformation of certain species into others, Fabre, whose knowledge is ever so much wider, whose powers of observation are, if possible, more acute and whose years of study far exceed those of his Jesuit colleague, has no patience at all with the theories of evolution. Like Virchow, Fabre did not hesitate to say that the spinning of theories of evolution has wasted an immense amount of time in the science of the last half century, and that we are not nearly knowing enough as yet to

understand anything about the matter and that it is quite futile to speculate until we know ever so much more.

Fabre's greatest work is his "*Souvenirs Entomologiques*," which has gone into many editions. A few of the volumes of this series have, as we have said, already appeared in English and others are about to appear. The best known is his "*Social Life in the Insect World*," but practically any of his books is intensely interesting and has a certain sympathetically human point of view that is almost sure to attract attention. One need not be an entomologist or even much interested in insects to find these marvelous stories a real wonder book. The tales of insect life are as interesting as fairy stories for children, and in many ways and cases quite as surprising as those fables for childhood; but Fabre's stories are all realities of actual observation in the little creatures around us that seem to be of such little importance and yet prove to have been the subject of the most loving care, the most beneficent wisdom and the most ingenious adaptation of means to end.

With all his wonderful knowledge of details in his science, so far surpassing other men in his department, Fabre was one of the humblest of men. What he craved was not recognition, but the chance to do ever more and more of his beloved work. He had to work as hard in the midst of poverty and trial for himself and his family as Millet, the great French painter, had to and with as marvelous success. Indeed, a striking parallel between the lives of the two men might very readily be drawn, and probably the most interesting feature of it would be the fact that these two of the greatest geniuses of France in their generation lacked anything like appreciation until toward the end of their lives. When one looks around and sees the trivial accomplishments, especially if they provide superficial entertainment for the multitude, that are richly rewarded and then considers that Francois Millet and Jean Henri Fabre had to be rescued from poverty by friends or they might have perished in the midst of their work, and that Millet's life was probably shortened by the sufferings he had to endure, then indeed the supreme trivialty of popular estimation is brought home to us. If you can use your heels in some novel way, there is a fortune in it. To have something in your head, however, that sets you far above the rest of mankind, so that what you accomplish in life may be a precious heritage for all future generations, in no guarantee against starvation.

It is a long while ago since Publius Syrus, himself probably a slave, who had been brought to Rome, yet whose reflections on humanity probably represent as profound insight into human ways as were ever written, declared "*Ingenium laudatur et alget*"—

"genius is praised"—and starves. Fortunately neither his trials nor his hard work shortened Fabre's life. On the contrary, his constant occupation of mind with his beloved insects and the new discoveries that he was ever making and the pleasant surprises of unexpected knowledge that were ever coming to him gave a zest to existence that made life supremely interesting even beyond fourscore and ten. Until the very end Fabre was able to go on with his work and his writing.

It was not until he was seventy that he was able to give up all other work and devote himself to his insects. By that time his writings brought him the meagre income that was all sufficient for his modest wants. He wrote at this time: "The wish is realized. It is a little late, O my pretty insects! I greatly fear that the peach is offered me only when I have no teeth wherewith to eat it. Is the time remaining enough, O my busy hymenoptera, to enable me to add yet a few seemly pages to your history? Or will my failing strength cheat my good intentions?"

His cottage was not in the midst of lovely gardens and with the romantic surroundings that one might readily anticipate in Southern France. On the contrary, it was on one of those sun-baked wind-swept wastes which the Provençals call *harnas*—nothing but weeds grew around him. Land was cheaper in such surroundings and economy had always to be a compelling motive with Fabre, but the principal reason for his location was that in the weeds all round him insects swarmed in great profusion and that made it a paradise for Fabre.

With all that he knew toward the end of his life and, above all, all that he had added to human knowledge, the one deep impression that had been produced by him was how little he knew. He had learned so much, had undone so many false impressions of his own, had found the facts that he discovered so often to contradict the theories that he had formed, that he came to realize what an immense amount remains still to be known. This he emphasized over and over again, and above all was impatient with those who because they knew a few things, or had learned a new fact or two about life, wanted to theorize about the whole subject of vitality and dictate their theories to others. He once said:

"Because I have stirred a few grains of sand on the shore, am I in a position to know the depths of the ocean? Life has unfathomable secrets. Human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we possess the last word that the gnat has to say to us. Scientifically, Nature is a riddle without a definite solution to satisfy man's curiosity. Hypothesis follows hypothesis; the theoretical rubbish heap accumulates and truth

ever eludes us. To know how not to know (what is not so) might well be the last word of wisdom."

Fabre is one of the men whose serious studies would give him a right, if any one were to have it, to spin theories. Ordinarily, however, it is exactly those who have least right from their personal studies who insist on making theories supposed to fit into nature studies in various ways and which often seem logical enough until some small newly discovered fact or other completely revolutionizes our knowledge and shows that nature usually does things much more simply than man imagines. For a time, Fabre, because of his refusal to pay any attention to the various theories of evolution and their many developments, which were supposed to explain so many things otherwise inexplicable, was looked upon among scientists as being old fogyish or influenced by some extraneous consideration to oppose what they were sure represented the last word in science. Virchow, the great German pathologist, as I have recently shown in a sketch of him in "Makers of Modern Medicine," suffered some of the same scientific disfavor for the same reason. Vitalism, that is, the belief in a principle of life independent of physical and chemical forces, became unpopular and its adherents were looked upon as exhibiting some senile attributes of impossibility of advance in thought. The wheel of opinion has swung round in science, however, and now vitalism is in favor once more, conservatism has become the rule and the decade from 70 to 80 in the nineteenth century, when so many superficial scientists were sure that they could explain "everything under the sun and a few other things besides," is now often spoken of as "the silly seventies."

Fabre lived long enough to see this change of opinion. A great many of the older scientists of the nineteenth century, however, including particularly our own Agassiz, who always stood out against natural selective theories of the explanation of evolution and insisted that the world would some time come to recognize how utterly superficial they were, did not have that privilege. Now that those theories are nearly two generations before the public without any proof being afforded of their doctrinal character, it is much easier to understand on what dubious grounds they were presented and how well it was for science that at least any of the older scientists stood out against them. The objection of old fogyism so often urged against the conservative scientists is now seen to be only an expression of impatience on the part of superficial students of subjects who think that they have exhausted all knowledge with regard to it when they are as yet only on the threshold of their knowledge. Fabre's death closes the

roll of the scientists who lived through the stormy period, and it is a consolation to know that he lived to see the reaction toward conservatism in full swing before his passing.

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OUTLINES OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE MYSTICAL LIFE.

THE MIRACULOUS.

"Vere tu es Deus absconditus," says the Prophet. "Thou, O Lord, art indeed a hidden God." (Is. xlv., 15.)

GOD is hidden behind the veil of natural causes as far as His natural presence and action are concerned. He is hidden behind the veil of faith and the sacraments as far as His supernatural action and presence of love in the soul of the just are concerned. During the thirty-three years of His life on earth the Son of God was hidden behind the transparent veil of His sacred flesh, taken from the most pure womb of the Virgin Mary, and He is now totally hidden behind the veil of the sacramental species in the sacrament of His love. Hidden! hidden! hidden!

Is then God without the power of showing forth His presence and His action? Is He deprived of the means of raising or drawing aside from time to time one or the other of these veils which are of His own making? Cannot He, when He so wills, intervene directly in the affairs of this lower world and manifest Himself to men? It would be absurd to admit it, for it would be setting bounds to the Infinite power of God, which would amount to a denial of God, pure and simple. Besides, we have positive evidence of such an interference of God in human affairs. History, both sacred and profane, that of our own times as well as that of all past centuries, bears witness to the fact that God has a way of His own of showing forth, when He so wills, His presence and His action. God has a sign all His own, which, when it appears, men, even the most obtuse or the most obdurate, are compelled, unless they deliberately stultify themselves, to exclaim: "Digitus Dei est hic!" Here surely is the finger of God, the mark of God, the sign of God, the unmistakable sign of His presence and of His action!

That sign is *the miraculous*.

What is a miracle? What place does it hold in the economy of religion? What place does it obtain particularly in this department of religion which we call the "Mystical Life?" Is the miraculous the all in all of mystical life, as some modern writers would fain have us believe? Or is it but an exception, or at least an accidental adjunct to mystical life proper?

It is time that we should at last grapple at close quarters with this question, which is not difficult in itself, but which has been terribly obscured by the rashness of some writers. I propose to

do so in this and the next (two) chapters. I want to show (clearly) that the miraculous is not an essential element of the mystical life, and that it is a grievous mistake to make the two terms *miraculous* and *mystical* synonymous. In order to do this successfully, I have thought of nothing better than of offering first (in this chapter) a summary of the doctrine on miracle as I have gathered it from the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas. However, in order not to be taxing the patience of the reader by incessant quotations, I will give here all at once, for the use of the diligent student, the references in their proper order. Prima: 9. 105, a 6, 7, 8. 9, 110. 4.—111, 3, 4.—114. 4.—117. 3 ad 1. Prima Secundæ: 9. 111. 1, 4.—113. 10. Secunda Secundæ: 9. 171-178. Tertia: 9. 13.—27-36,—38. 2 ad 2.—40. 2 ad 1.—43-45.—76. 8.—84. 3 ad 4.

What then is a miracle?

A miracle is an event of the sensible order, which totally exceeds the capacity of created nature, and therefore can have but God alone for its secret cause. It is a marvelous sort of event, calculated forcibly to draw upon itself the attention of men and excite their admiration. It is a kind of a sign, the special sign of God, which He employs in order to give to men an extraordinary demonstration of something supernatural, as, for example, of His divine attributes—infinite power, justice, mercy, love, etc., or of some mystery of religion, as the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, the Redemption, the glory of Christ in heaven, His real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament; or, again, in order to give some glimpse of the Church Triumphant, or of the Church Suffering, or of the present or the future state of the Militant Church, or of the awful secrets of the world of sin and damnation, or, finally, in order to set in its proper light the wonderful sanctity of some servant of God, even during the days of his pilgrimage on earth, or to enable him to accomplish some special mission. This was the case, for instance, with St. Catherine of Siena when she brought back the Papacy from Avignon to Rome, and with Blessed Joan of Arc when she delivered France from the yoke of the English, to the greatest weal of both nations.

From this description of miracle as a marvelous sign of God, totally exceeding the capacity of created nature and given to men to teach them something supernatural, it will be easy to determine and useful to point out what is no miracle.

First. The work of the six days of creation was not a miracle properly speaking, though indeed the immediate work of God and stupendous beyond expression, because it was no exception to the laws of nature, but their very institution, and there was no man as yet to be a witness of the process. Secondly, the immediate

creation of souls by Almighty God day by day, generation after generation, throughout all centuries is no miracle, since it evades the direct observation of man and is inviolably linked with the natural laws which rule the propagation of the race. Thirdly, the purely spiritual effects of grace, under all its forms, of the Sacraments, of Prayer at all its degrees, of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the justification of the sinner, the internal illumination and invigoration of a soul, the transformation of the fervent Christian into Christ, the wonderful ascent of the same Christian, from virtue to virtue, even to the highest peak of heroic sanctity—all these purely spiritual effects are not miracles, because, in themselves, they are out of the sphere of the direct observation of men. Fourthly, the intervention, on the one hand, of our guardian angel, on the other of the devils in the affairs of our soul, have nothing of the miraculous as long as they do not take some tangible or visible form. Fifthly, the illusions of the devil, as is obvious, cannot be called miracles. Sixthly, the tricks of clever mountebanks, the frauds of sacrilegious scoundrels, be they never so inexplicable to the simple-minded, are not miracles. Seventhly, nor are miracles those natural phenomena of rare occurrence and the cause of which may happen to be unknown, such as an eclipse of the sun or of the moon, the aurora borealis, comets, shooting stars, etc., which have the privilege of exciting intense wonder, especially among the unlearned. Finally, though most of the ecstasies of the great servants of God are genuine miracles, some, however, are not, as we shall explain in its proper place, in Part II. of these "Outlines."

There are three degrees of miraculousness—the lowest, the higher and the highest. The lowest degree of a miracle consists in the manner in which an event took place, as, for instance, when a sick person is suddenly cured, as is related of St. Peter's mother-in-law (Mat. viii., 15), or when a conversion from unbelief and sinfulness to sanctity is made, as that of St. Paul, in an instant, all gradual process being dispensed with. The higher degree is the miracle called *in the person*, as, for instance, when a dead man is made to live again, or one born blind to see. The highest degree of miracle is when the *whole substance of the event* totally exceeds the forces of created agencies, as when the shadow on the clock of Achaz was made to go back so many degrees, or when two bodies are made to occupy the same space, as was the case in the virgin birth of Our Lord, and in His coming out of the tomb without removing the stone, and in His coming into the room, the doors remaining closed; as will be the case also with all the predestined, after the resurrection of the bodies, whenever they will

encounter material obstacles and go through them with the ease of a ray of light passing through clearest crystal.

Not all miracles are public. Some are accomplished in secret, so that he only that is the object of miraculous intervention knows the fact and can give testimony of it. Such miracles have very often happened in the lives of the saints. Some hidden miracles are articles of faith; thus the conception of our Lord from a virgin and His virgin birth. But those wrought in confirmation of the truth faith are necessarily manifest; such were the many miracles performed by our Lord during His public apostolate, as also those in favor of the people of God in the Old Testament and those which the Apostles, the first Christians, the martyrs and the saints of all centuries have performed in order to establish or to consolidate the religion of Christ.

Although the gift of miracles is of the kind of graces called "*gratis datæ*" and therefore must not be confused with the grace "*gratum faciens*," which is properly sanctifying grace, nevertheless, certain dispositions, such as a lively faith, either in the performer of the miracle or in him who is the object of it, perseverance in prayer and fasting, chastity and an heroic spirit of mortification contribute greatly to the operation of miracles, as our Lord has taken pains to inculcate time and again in His Gospel. Except in the blessed Soul of our Lord, Who had it in its fullness to exercise it for Himself and to communicate it to men as He willed, the grace of miracles is not an habitual possession, but only a passing impression.

To what sort of the presence of God is the performance of miracles to be ascribed? Simply to His natural presence; God suspends the laws of nature by the same power that He established them. The invisible ministrations of the angels are pressed into service for the carrying out of miracles, just as it is pressed into service for the government of this material universe. "*Nonne omnes sunt administratorii spiritus?*" Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister for them who shall receive the inheritance of salvation? (Hab. i., 16).

Almost innumerable are the varieties of miracles that have been wrought out by Almighty God at various times in the sky, on the earth, on the sea, on the persons of men, in beasts and plants and rocks and all the elements, in all departments of this material universe, as was fitting indeed to show forth His absolutely sovereign dominion over the works of His hands.

Here, now, are some of the most common miracles:

The marvelous command given to some men over brute nature, animate and inanimate. This was very conspicuous in Moses,

Elias, Elisæus, Our Lord, His Apostles and certain privileged saints—the gifts of tongue, of healing, of casting out devils, of prophecy, of reading the secret thoughts of men and the hidden state of their conscience.

Seeing God face to face in bodily form, as did Adam, Abraham, Moses; or after the Resurrection of Our Lord, seeing Him in some incident of His earthly life and dolorous passion, or in His glory, or in the Blessed Sacrament also seeing the saints in glory, or the poor souls in purgatory, or angels or devils in bodily form and having speech with them.

The constancy of martyrs in the midst of the most horrible tortments. Certain extraordinary diseases of the saints, as, for instance, those of St. Lidwine of Shiedam. Living a considerable time without food or on no other nourishment but the Holy Eucharist. Bearing the Sacred Stigmata or a Crown of Thorns, sometimes visible, sometimes invisible, etc.

Levitation of the body in the air its instantaneous transportation at enormous distances, apparent bilocation.

Visions, revelations, locutions, either imaginary, i. e., perceptible to the senses or purely intellectual, raptures or the like extraordinary phenomena met with in the lives of the saints.

The rules for discerning genuine miracles from apparent or spurious ones will find their proper place in the third part of these "Outlines," when we shall have to treat of the "Discernment of the Various Spirits." Suffice it to say that the Church is the supreme, infallible judge of the genuineness of miracles, because she has received from our Lord, together with the Holy Ghost, the fullness of teaching authority and the promise of His own personal assistance: "Behold," He said to His Apostles on the day of His Ascension, "I am with you even till the consummation of the world."

MIRACULOUS VERSUS MYSTICAL.

How it ever came into the mind of some modern Catholic writers to make mysticism synonymous with miracle passes my understanding.

Compare the two notions; they are simply contradictory with one another. The essence of mysticism consists in its pure spiritualness and secrecy; on the contrary, that of miracle in its manifestation, its coming into the order of things perceived by the senses, its striking wonder in the mind of those who witness it.

Mystical life, as we must by this time have realized, is nothing else but the intercourse of a loving soul with the loving God in the secret of the heart. It is something hidden, secret, hence

the name. Now, as long as God is blindly perceived by the loving soul in the secret of her heart, there is no miracle, because it is a purely spiritual fact; but the moment the vision of God takes a definite aspect, or words either intellectual or articulate are spoken and a distinct message delivered to the mystic, or some extraordinary, sensible token of what is passing between God and him is given to the outside world, then we are in the miraculous.

I am not far from thinking that if all Christians lived the fullness of Christian life, lived the mystical life, pure and simple and common, as I am endeavoring to describe it in these "Outlines," lived it to the best of their ability and to the fullest extent of the grace that would undoubtedly be given them—they all would be favored, at some time or other of their pilgrimage, publicly or in secret, oftener in secret, with some miraculous communication from God. I am inclined to believe that whenever God meets with a truly faithful and generous soul, He cannot restrain Himself, and in the impetuosity of His love, He feels compelled to lift a corner of the veil and allow His servant a glimpse, just a passing glimpse, of heavenly things, or to deal out to him, now and again, one of those entrancing, heavenly delicacies which fill a soul with unutterable, unearthly delights.

The wonder perhaps is not so much that this should occur now and again, as we see in the lives of the saints, but that it should, even with the saints, be but the exception, and not the constant rule. The wonder is that the supernatural presence of the loving God in the loving soul and its body should not betray itself oftener by miraculous effects, and that this marvelous new being, the fervent Christian, this true child of God, this little God, should go through life appearing in no way different physically from the other men, abandoned to sloth and sin and infidelity. But there is good reason for such being the case. A comparison will help us to understand this.

During the earthly life of Our Lord for obvious reasons it was not desirable that the glory of His hypostatic union should break forth openly and habitually upon His human countenance and shine in the eyes of all. It would have interfered with the plan of God as to the way of our redemption, made the Passion of Christ an impossibility and rung from men, by a sort of moral violence, the assent they ought to have given Him only freely. Still, the divine glory was, even then, by right due to His sacred Humanity, and it was, no doubt, in order to teach us this truth that the incident of the Transfiguration took place. Was the Transfiguration a miracle? It was rather the momentary cessation of a long continued miracle. It was by a miracle that the divine glory did not

shine all the time around our Saviour, from the moment of His virginal birth to that of His entombment and the transfiguration was but a short respite, an interruption for a brief space of time, of that life-long miracle.

Now, very much in the same way we may assume that, for obvious reasons, it is desirable that during the days of their pilgrimage on earth the essential glory of the mystical union of the saints with God should not be allowed to shine in the eyes of men continually by miraculous phenomena, such as visions, revelations, raptures, the gifts of healing, of prophecy, of command over nature, etc. Otherwise it would gravely interfere with the conditions of our present life of trial, during which we are to walk by faith. It would put an earthly premium upon sanctity, tamper with the purity of our intention, take away the merit of faith and threaten the solidity of the whole supernatural order. It would so glorify the true Church in the eyes of men as to interfere, by a sort of moral violence, with their free will. Moreover, it would have within the Church the grave inconvenience of revealing not only who are mystics, but also by contrast who are not; of publishing to the world the secret of consciences, since we would have in our hands a test whereby to tell who is a saint and, by implication, also who is a sinner. Furthermore, it would make the lives of the saints unbearable, by reason of the many who would gape at them, dog their footsteps everywhere, in order to see miracles, crowd around them, importunate them. Finally, the constant gift of visions and revelations would make lives of the saints unbearable also by reason of the too intense joy and proportionately intense revulsion of sorrow which would be their lot; intensest joy at what they would be made to see and taste of the heavenly mysteries, and immediately after, sadness unspeakable at being compelled to live yet a while in such a world of sin and to mix with men who love not God.

From all this it clearly follows that we must look upon it as one of the laws of the general economy of grace that with the saints, as well as with Holy Church and the world at large, miraculous phenomena are the exception and not the rule.

Is it not evident in view of all this that those modern writers who now talk of mystical states, meaning thereby only extraordinary and miraculous states, make themselves guilty of an intolerable misuse of language? The mystical states are the following: First, that of a beginner, which is called also the way of Purity; secondly, that of one making progress or the Illuminative Way; thirdly, that of the Perfect or the Unitive Way. There are in reality no other mystical states but these three, and they are so irrespective of the

presence or absence of any miraculous element. If some miraculous phenomena are occasionally superadded, these are something absolutely accidental, distinct from the mystical state as such and must not be confused with it.

Some miracles may, indeed, be a manifestation of the mystical life within, but they are not the mystical life itself, nor are they essential to it; they are simply an overgrowth, a sort of divine *superfetation* or ornament, as ivy on the wall of a beautiful castle or on the rugged trunk of a giant of the forest. It is not because of some miracles wrought in their favor or performed by themselves that the saints are mystics, but just the reverse; it is because they are mystics that some miraculous phenomena happen to them occasionally. The saints are mystics first; and for some of them, at some time of their life, miracles are thrown in by Almighty God, according to His Will, for some wise purpose of His own, over and above the measure of common mystical life.

In fact, one can very well be a mystic without any miraculous adjunct, as, on the other hand, one may happen to be no mystic at all, and yet, for some wise purpose of God, be the subject of miraculous intervention or even a performer of miracles. Thus the Fathers of the Church are agreed, on the evidence of the Gospel, that Judas exercised, as well as the other Apostles, the gifts of healing and of casting out devils. Thus also at Lourdes, among the many persons miraculously cured, have been found infants and adults in the state of actual sin, and even downright infidels. Ivy is found also on crumbling walls, and through it adorns them and the scenery at large, it is no sign of their solidity.

THE TWO DEFINITIONS OF MYSTICISM.

Now, then, we find ourselves confronted with the two definitions of mysticism; on the one hand the more modern or narrow definition, very much in favor of to-day, both with Catholic and non-Catholic writers, which confines mystical life within the circle of extraordinary, miraculous phenomena; and on the other hand, the wide definition, the truly Catholic, traditional one, which places the essence of mystical life in the secret intercourse of a fervent soul with God.

I could name a mighty host of witnesses in favor of my contention that the broad definition of mystical life, as simply the life of union with God, is the Catholic, traditional one. Let a few suffice for the moment. The "Theologia Mystica" and other treatises of Dionisius the Areopagite, the "Scala Paradisi" of St. John Climachus, the "De Quantitate Animæ, Epistola De videndo Deo" and other works of St. Augustine, "The Conferences of

Cassian," the "Holy Rule" of St. Benedict, the "Moralia" of St. Gregory the Great, the mystical works of Hugh and Richard of Saint Victor, the treatise of Albertus Magnus, "De adhærendo Deo," the second part of the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas, the "Vitis Mystica" attributed by some to St. Bonaventure, the "Following of Christ," the many and marvelous treatises (alas! hardly known to-day) of John Gerson on mystical life, the "Via Compendii ad Deum" of Cardinal Bona, the "Exercises of the Spiritual Life" of Abbot Cisneros, the celebrated "Exercises" of St. Ignatius Loyola, the treatise of the "Love of God" of St. Francis of Sales, the deep and luminous treatises of St. John of the Cross, the spiritual work of Blossius—all these, (and I may repeat it, hundreds of others), every one of which is in its own way a practical introduction to the mystical life, make no mention whatever of miraculous manifestations as an essential part of the mystical life. It is true that a contemporary writer of no small repute informs us that "The Following of Christ" is not a mystical book.¹ Well, well; what next? Perhaps we shall be told soon that the Epistles of St. Paul or even the Four Gospels are not mystical books. I suppose the Sermon on the Mount will not be considered as very mystical; there is no mention in this "Magna Charta" of Christianity of any miraculous states or miraculous phenomena. We only read there: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, the clean of heart, they that suffer persecution. If thy right eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. Let your speech be yea, yea, no, no! Love your enemies, that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven," and such like things.

There is one saint in the Middle Ages who towers above all others as a mystic—St. Bernard. Let us single out this well-known and universally appreciated master. Now what is for him the main thing in mystical life? For St. Bernard the only thing that matters in the long range of spiritual life is *loving union with God*, no mention being made of miraculous manifestations of any sort in favor of the loving soul, spouse of Christ. Read his "Sermons on the Canticle of Canticles" and all his other sermons and treatises and letters and you will remain convinced that for him mystical life is the loving intercourse of the soul with God in the secret of the heart, simply that and nothing else. Here is a real master of the spiritual craft and (do not fail to note this) one so highly favored with the gift of miracles, who brings back for us the notion of mystical life to its true and only legitimate meaning.

How mischievous the modern idea of mysticism is will readily appear when we consider that it has a tendency to make us lose

¹ R. P. Aug. Poulain, S. J., "The Graces of Interior Prayer."

sight of the real value of the most wonderful gifts of God, which are not the extraordinary and miraculous ones, but the common ones. The best gifts of God in themselves, if we only knew how to appreciate them, are Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, Holy Communion, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the Real Presence, day and night, on our altars. No other gifts of God here below can come in comparison with these.

It has also a tendency to make weak-minded, superficial Christians desire the extraordinary favors for themselves, not indeed for any spiritual good there is in them, but only for their exterior *éclat*, and the admiration of men, which they conciliate to one. And it has given occasion not infrequently to bad men to play on the credulity of people and to pretend spurious miracles, thus making themselves guilty of sacrilegious charlatanry.

Let us understand, once and for all, that what is greatest and most admirable in the saints who have visions, revelations, raptures and perhaps stigmata and who perform miracles is not these things, but their union with God; yes, just what they have in common with us—their union with Christ through Baptism, their official enrollment in the active militia of Christ through Confirmation; and if they are priests, this stupendous fact of their sharing in the eternal priesthood of Christ, and whether priests or laymen, the marvelous privilege of eating the flesh of Christ and drinking His blood in Holy Communion. Only the saints knew how to coöperate with the grace of these Sacraments and make them yield the fruits of sanctity.

They make me laugh, those men who, like Father Poulain, write treatises "strictly for the guidance of those who are favored with extraordinary and miraculous graces." They seem to me to be acting just the reverse of the Good Shepherd. They do not leave on the mountain ninety-nine good sheep in order to run after one single erring one and bring it back to the fold; they seem rather to abandon the many erring ones, the enormous number of tepid, unsatisfactory Christians, to their sad and dangerous condition, instead of shepherding them back to mystical life, pure and simple, to the mystical life that is meant for all in common with the saints, to the mystical life of Faith and the Sacraments, of the Theological Virtues, of the Seven Gifts, of the Beatitudes, of unmiraculous mental prayer, of unmiraculous contemplation and of Good Works. And they labor uselessly in the endeavor to establish the rules of miraculous mystical life for just a few souls here and there who do not need such direction and will never read their book. I feel tempted to tell them: "O my friends, *'Æmulamini charismata meliora.'*"

Need we add that the saints never desired the extraordinary favors of God? They feared them. They knew that the safest way, because the one where there is no room for illusion, is the common way, the unmiraculous one, where one walks by faith under the steady guidance of Holy Mother Church. They knew that private revelations, though they may come from God, may come also from quite another sort of spirit, either from the devil or from one's own hallucinations, and that even when quite genuine and coming from God, a private revelation may be unconsciously wrought upon, added to or distorted by the recipient's own bias of mind and imagination. Hence the extreme reserve of the Church in receiving and approving visions and revelations, even the most authentic, vouchsafed to the greatest servant of God and related by them in obedience to their confessors or superiors or moved thereto by the Holy Ghost. The personal element is so subtle and so difficult to eliminate. Hence also the absolutely child-like obedience of the saints to the directions of their spiritual fathers, even when these went counter to their revelations, well knowing that obedience is more pleasing to God than sacrifice. The great St. Theresa is an example in point.

Before leaving this question of the respective merits of the two definitions of mysticism, the broad, traditional one and the modern, narrow one, it may not be amiss to call the attention of the reader a last time to what may be considered as the logical aspect of the case. In his "Doctrine on Development," ch. i., sec. 3, Newman lays down seven distinctive tests whereby one may be enabled to distinguish between true and legitimate *Development* of an Idea, and what is no development, but a downright *Corruption* of it. In a genuine development of an idea there is always to be found:

1. Preservation of type or Idea.
2. Continuity of Principles.
3. Power of Assimilation.
4. Early Anticipation.
5. Logical Sequence.
6. Preservative Additions.
7. Chronic Continuance.

Now the idea of mysticism in the Catholic Church up to the sixteenth century has been that of a secret intercourse of love between God and Christian man. Can we say that the modern idea is a desirable substitute to this primitive, traditional idea of mysticism? Can we say that it is a legitimate development of this primitive idea? In the light of the above seven tests does it not rather appear as a deviation, a rash, unwarranted and mischievous deviation, from the traditional idea, a corruption of it? A volume

could be written in proof of this. Let it suffice to call the attention of diligent students of philosophy and theology to this line of observation. It would repay the labors of any one to work it out for himself.

My present task is quite different. It is not contentious or controversial, except within the strict limits of absolute necessity. My purpose in these "Outlines" is to state the traditional notion, to formulate it, to show it forth under all its aspects, set it in its proper light and let it speak for itself. In the very harmoniousness of the development of this doctrine, in its weight and depth and unity and logical sequence, there is, I trust, a sort of persuasiveness that can hardly be resisted.

TEPIDITY IN THE LIGHT OF MYSTICISM.

Thus far we have been considering the part played on the one hand by the loving God, on the other hand by the loving soul, in the joint affair of the mystical life. Now for these *Preliminaries* to be complete, we have to consider also the case of the bad servants, of those, that is, who, in some way or other, refuse themselves to the loving advances of God and will not work with Him.

There are three different ways or degrees of being a bad servant—first, Tepidity; secondly, False Mysticism; thirdly, Mortal sin. They will help us, as shades in a painting, more clearly to set forth and bring into its proper light, by contrast, the idea of mystical life. For one thing, they serve at once to show us the essential requirements of a mystic, namely, *orthodox faith* as against false mysticism; the *state of grace* as against mortal sin, and *fervent love* as against tepidity. No one can be called a mystic to whom any of these three gifts is lacking. Indeed, he that has suffered shipwreck of the faith through heresy, or even never had the faith, who consequently is outside the pale of the Catholic Church, how could he lay claim to the most exquisite familiarities of God? He is not of the family; he is not even yet born to supernatural life. As for the man, even if he be a Christian, who is fallen into mortal sin, he is dead to God; there is an abyss between him and God which must be bridged and passed over before he can have again with God the intercourse of love. The case of the tepid Christian, though not so desperate in itself as the other two, is bad enough, as we shall now see, and is perhaps the most puzzling of all.

What is tepidity?

We may define it a certain state of the Christian soul which our

Lord declares most unsatisfactory to Himself; that of being "neither hot nor cold," neither greatly criminal, nor at all fervent.

A Christian in that state provokes the divine nausea. Our Lord says of such a one: "I know thy works, that thou art neither hot nor cold. I would thou wert cold or hot, but because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will begin to vomit thee out of My mouth." (Apoc. iii., 15-16.)

The tepid Christian does as little as he possibly can for God. He has no relish for heavenly things. He grudges all the time given to pious exercises, reduces his Confessions and Communions, Sunday devotions and daily prayers to the strictest minimum and finds all religious functions tedious and irksome. The fact is his heart is elsewhere. Without perhaps owning it to himself, he secretly worships at the altars of the world. He has tried that compromise of which our Lord speaks in the Gospel, serving two masters, and has proved in himself that it will not work; so he takes inwardly and outwardly the attitude of a worldling and he follows the maxims of the world and he repeats with conviction its shibboleths.

It can hardly be said of him that he wants to avoid mortal sin; no, what he wants to avoid is purely and simply eternal punishment. Mortal sin as such has no terror for him, but he fears damnation. His faith avails him at least thus far. Has he still hope? Oh, yes. At least he has a sort of presumptuous hope of, sometime and somehow, reaching heaven, as there is no choice; but he has certainly no keen desire of getting there, and if it were possible to loiter indefinitely here below, he would by far prefer it. Has he still charity? Well, he has yet a spark of it, just enough for him to be still in the state of grace; but the spark is quite out of sight, buried under a mountain of ashes, in perpetual danger of going out for good and forever.

Tepidity is a sort of half-way house between mysticism and its opposite or diabolical life, which is the life of sin. For the Christian who does not resolutely turn to mystical life, the state of grace itself is but a very precarious possession, and no one must be surprised to see him fall again and again into mortal sin. The tepid one falls thus occasionally, but because he manages somehow to rise again by means of attrition and the Sacrament of Penance, he is not a bit alarmed at his own sad state.

The tepid Christian is well satisfied with himself as he is, and is quite determined to remain as he is. In fact, this self-complacency in the midst of the grossest and most alarming imperfections and this firm resolve not to change for the better are the two characteristic features of tepidity. Our Lord rebukes him in these

scathing terms: "Thou sayest, I am rich and made wealthy and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. I counsel to thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be made rich, and mayest be clothed in white garments, that the shame of thy nakedness may not appear; and anoint thy eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see." (Apoc. iii., 18). But the lukewarm takes no heed. He is quite pleased with himself; he lives in a fool's paradise and persuades himself that all will come out right in the end. He is like the foolish virgins of the parable, up to the moment when the cry goes up in the middle of the night: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye forth to meet him!" Then indeed there is sudden trepidation of the lukewarm and confusion and looking for assurance to others who are not able to help him. What if Jesus carries out His threat and when this foolish one knocks at the gate of heaven, answers: "Amen I say to you, I know you not?"

"Behold I stand at the door and knock," says our Lord Himself, still speaking to the lukewarm; "If any man shall hear My voice and open to Me the gate, I will come in to him and sup with him and he with Me." (Apoc. iii., 20). Here we have in these few words a most touching invitation to mystical life and description of it, but the tepid Christian will have none of it. He does not hear, or he does not want to hear, the gentle knocking and the pleading voice of his Saviour and Lover. He will not open to Him.

I may perhaps venture further to illustrate the negative attitude of the tepid Christian in regard to God by a homely similitude. If one were to drop into the sea an empty vessel, say a bottle, the sea water would rush into it at once and fill it to its utmost capacity, would it not? But suppose the empty bottle, instead of being open, is tightly stopped up and sealed, then the whole ocean presses around it in vain; no sea water will get into that empty vessel. The whole strength of the mighty ocean is defied and set at naught by that puny thing. The sealed bottle may be caught up in the currents of the sea or tossed up by the waves or finally dashed against the rocks and shattered to bits, but so long as it remains whole and sealed up, it will also remain empty. The case would be the same with a vessel filled to the neck with some extraneous matter—pitch, for example, or cement; as long as that vessel is thus filled, the whole ocean pressing around cannot force an entrance into it. Behold here an image of the tepid Christian soul.

The Christian is immersed, body and soul, into the infinite ocean of the love of God, into the divine supernatural order. If he be

void of self, and of all worldly, inordinate affection, he will be filled to his utmost capacity with the divine element. He then becomes, so to say, a form of God; every mystic is in himself a form of God.² But if the Christian is stopped up against the inrush of God by self-complacency or filled with inordinate love of created things, no entrance can be made into him.

It seems at times that it would be easier for God to break this human being, the lukewarm Christian, to annihilate him altogether, than to put an end to his obstinacy and persuade him to lay himself open to the advances of divine love. But God does not annihilate. It is repugnant to this transcendent goodness that the end of His act should be nothingness. He has not created His own image and likeness in order to destroy it. What He has made out of love and for sharing His own happiness will have to stand for ever. The whole ocean, then, of the love of God is pressing around this puny vessel in order to fill it with sanctity and happiness; but a time must come at last when the very love of God, defied and set at nought, will compel him to cast away the vessel that will not be turned to the purposes of love—cast it upon the shores of eternity, into the waste and desolate land which is called the hell of the damned.

The bare thought of such a formidable perspective causes souls of good will to shudder, but the tepid one will not be moved nor will he fall into despair, not he! Nothing can move him out of his serene self-complacency. Will he even have had the patience of reading this chapter? Perhaps on reading its title he shrugged his shoulders with the remark: "Oh! that old chestnut! A subject worn out threadbare by all the preachers of retreats!" and skipped over it.

In beautiful contrast with the callousness of the lukewarm stands the anxious sensitiveness of all souls of good will. When they hear the subject of tepidity mentioned they fear that all that is being said applies to them, and this very fear is the best proof that it is not so. A great searching of heart takes place on their part and they find themselves so full of imperfections. I ask one who in his distress applies to me: "But do you love your imperfections? Do you want to keep them?" "Ah! no; I have a horror of them; I am constantly fighting against them, but they always manage to come back." Be of good cheer, my friend; the very fact that you are fighting your imperfections, with whatever measure of success, makes it plain that you are not a slave of tepidity.

Let us never tire of repeating it, the characteristic feature of

² The word is not of my own invention. I have found it in Bishop Gay's treatise on the "Christian Virtues."

the tepid is not that he has imperfections, but that he will not amend them. Even fervent souls may happen to have a good many imperfections. One may not yet be a saint, not yet have attained to a very high degree of perfection; one may be but a raw recruit, a beginner, just emerging from the slough of an impure life and the bondage of sin—provided one be, nevertheless, fervent and zealous, provided one will set to work with fervent love and press on with fervent love and persevere in fervent love; yes, even in the midst of distressing imperfections one will really be a mystic.

There are even souls who are eternal beginners, who seem unable somehow to get any further than the threshold of mystical life, and who yet should not be considered as tepid. Where the trouble lies with them may not be easy to determine; sometimes it is the fault of a wrong spiritual direction. But the very fact that they have the courage to keep beginning over and over again shows them to be of good will. Let them keep on; our Lord will give them, at any rate in heaven, a very great reward for their brave fighting.

Not unfrequently it happens also that a truly fervent soul whilst passing through the ordeal of spiritual darkness and interior desolation will mistake her state for that of tepidity, suffering thereby a twofold distress. Such a soul ought to be tenderly consoled and encouraged. One ought to tell her that all is well with her and assure her that, in the loving God's good time, she will see again the light of His countenance. Meanwhile let her be patient; she is gaining great merits for heaven. It is in the hottest and driest days of summer that the harvest turns to golden sheaves and the fruit comes to full maturity.

To sum up all this chapter, we may say that as tepidity is the unmistakable sign of the non-mystic, so is fervent love the hallmark of mysticism at all its degrees, from its bare beginnings to its very sublimest consummation.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE TEPID CHRISTIAN.

The root of the trouble with the tepid Christian lies in this, that he is satisfied with *simply being* a Christian and will not *act* as one. It is the same disorder as that of a man who should be satisfied with simply existing and should refuse to make use of his limbs or of his other natural faculties, should refuse to play the man, should not, in fact, act as a reasonable free agent. When one has been raised to the supernatural state, one is expected to act up to it. This the tepid will not do. God wants the Christian to think of Him a great deal, and lovingly and tenderly; this the tepid will not

do. God wants the Christian to use creatures as a ladder by which to raise himself into the sphere of the supernatural and not as a snare in which to remain entangled; this the tepid will not do.

It is true that all the human acts of a Christian which are morally good are in themselves supernatural and worthy of an eternal reward; they are, so to say, automatically directed heavenward by the very fact of his being in the state of grace. But this holds good only on condition that he does not introduce into his acts an element positively unchristian, such as an unworthy or perverse intention, either explicit or implicit. Now this is precisely the misfortune of the tepid man, that in his acts the Christian element, the implicit, habitual, pure intention, is positively eliminated and the quite explicit intention of simply gratifying self substituted. This, apart even from any material, sinful disorder, which often creeps in, is enough to take away from one's acts all relish of sanctity, all supernatural meritoriousness.

The whole substance of the Christian, body and soul, has been made one with Christ; the tree, we may say, has been taken bodily out of the sphere of pure nature and rooted in God. Does it not follow that the fruits of such a tree should now be all supernatural? Is it not a disconcerting phenomenon, a monstrous anomaly, when the tree, root and branch and all, is divine, that the fruits thereof are not divine? The explanation is not far to seek. We are two in one. The old Adam, though mortified in the Christian, is not yet dead, and when not kept down with the strong hand of the will, helped by the grace of God, when allowed to raise his head again and have his own way, the old Adam becomes the rival of the new man, Jesus Christ, and supplants Him and becomes the ruling power and the principle of all the acts. Thus his actions will have a bitter earthly taste and will lose the divine flavor. For the old Adam is of the earth earthly, and his natural inclinations are to pride and covetousness, and lust, and envy, and gluttony, and anger, and sloth.

The Council of Trent, Sess. vi., ch. 5-7, declares that in the work of the justification of an adult person two distinct activities concur and coöperate in order to bring that man to the illumination of faith and the Sacrament of Baptism. By Baptism he has been made a new creature, the adopted child of God, brother of Jesus Christ and His living member and the living, breathing temple of the Holy Ghost. The two activities are on the one hand that of God and on the other that of the party interested; God by His grace rousing and strengthening and uplifting and upholding man above his natural self, and man by his will consenting and coöperating in all these divine effects. Such a happy concurrence of

the two activities ought not to end at Baptism; on the contrary, it is more needed than ever henceforth; for to live up to the requirements of the Christian state is no child's play. In the midst of a world of sin and of invisible spiritual enemies, the devils, full of cunning and of malice and with the wounds of the threefold concupiscence in one's nature, man stands in imminent peril without the divine assistance. Not only is the grace of God necessary, but it must be abundant and superabundant, or, rather, let us say, it must be taken by man abundantly and superabundantly; for, on the part of God, grace is proffered with prodigious prodigality. Look at the Sacraments and the treasure of Holy Scriptures and all the other means of sanctification found in the Catholic Church, to say nothing of the countless multitude and variety of interior, actual graces showered constantly upon all, good and bad, without any distinction. Truly, it is not God who ever fails man; it is man who fails both God and himself, when, through tepidity, he will not make use of all the love of God, of all the graces at hand.

The two activities, that of God and that of man, should then go hand in hand, working harmoniously all through the life of the Christian in order to bring out this most marvelous result, the sanctity of a mystical life. God, on His part, is most desirous to do so, and, on the other hand, is free either to coöperate heartily with God or to haggle and drive a hard bargain, yielding himself as little as he possibly can, or even refusing completely his coöperation.

The tepid Christian has everything that God can give him in order to make him a mystic. He has received (to use the words of the Gospel) *one talent*. On the one side of this talent is stamped the grace of the orthodox faith; on the other, the grace of the Sacraments. Now it is required of him that with this he will earn yet another talent. It is required that he will by his own exertion draw out of his orthodox faith the illuminations of divine contemplation, and out of the grace of his Sacraments the practice of all Christian virtues, the three Theological ones and the infused moral ones. The lukewarm Christian is too lazy to do this, or, at any rate, he has not love enough. His first talent he keeps wrapped up, so to say, in a napkin and put away out of sight; he will not earn the second talent, and so he fails through his own fault to become a mystic.

One can sometimes be made a Christian by Almighty God without any actual coöperation of one's own will; this we see in the case of infants when they are baptized; but one can never be made a mystic by Almighty God without one's own coöperation.

"Why stand ye idle all day?" asked the householder in the parable

of those whom he wanted to send to his vineyard. It is not said that they were idle after they went. The tepid Christian is in the vineyard and it is *there* he is idle. He is in the Church of God, in the state of grace, and he makes nothing of his privileges and opportunities. He neglects the exercise of virtues and divine contemplation through mental prayer; this is enough to deprive the sacraments, even if he receives them frequently, of the greater part of their efficacy.

The Israelites in the Desert, cared for and fed, so marvelously, by the constant intervention of God should have been carried beyond themselves with admiration and gratitude, and all the time, alas! they repined and grumbled, calling to memory with loud voices of regret the flesh-pots and onions of Egypt, and they were ever ready to throw themselves into some gross, monstrous infidelity; these Israelites, I say, are not a bad image of the Christian who allows himself to fall into the natural life of the old Adam. He is moving in the midst of a supernatural world infinitely more marvelous than the Desert of Sinaie. He is every day the object of divine favors incomparably more prodigious than those of the Israelites; such, for instance, as Holy Mass, Holy Communion, if he will but make use of them; the real presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, day and night, the presence of love, of God, in him, with the infused virtues and the seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost and innumerable actual graces, if he will only attend to them: but all these most precious favors of God make no impression on him. He looks aside and lusts after the worldly pleasures of those who know not God. The Holy Will of God, even when he is the direct object of all its tenderest cares, has no attraction for him.

How different the attitude of the true mystic, whether only a beginner or already progressing or perfect! With his lips, with his body and soul, with his whole heart, he cries out to God constantly: "Behold, Lord, here I am! Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? Behold, I come, and Thy law is in the midst of my heart! I am Thy servant and the son of Thy handmaiden! Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to Thy word! Father, not my will be done, but Thine! Thy Will be done on earth as it is in heaven!"

THE HOTHOUSE OF PURGATORY.

We must now turn our attention to the ultimate results of tepidity.

S. Mark, xi., 12-21, relates how one day, as Jesus came out with His Apostles from Bethania, He was hungry. And when He had seen afar off a fig tree having leaves, He came if perhaps He might

find anything on it. He found nothing but leaves, for it was not the time for figs. Then He said: "May no man hereafter eat fruit of thee any more forever." And the next day, "when they passed by in the morning, they saw the fig tree dried up from the roots. And Peter said to Him: "Rabbi, behold the fig tree, which Thou didst curse, it withered away."

The fig tree with leaves and no fruit is the lukewarm Christian. He has a certain promising appearance from afar, but never a fruit to slake the thirst of our Lord. It is said of the fig tree in the Gospel that it was not the time of fruit, and therefore it seems at first it was a strange act on the part of our Lord to curse it, but in the tree He cursed the Christian who yields no fruit, because with the Christian there is no time when he is not expected to bear fruit. The swift withering away of the tree is a terrible image of the doom of a barren soul, abandoned by grace and called suddenly to its account.

Is it even this? Does it mean death, physical death, or is it not perhaps purely and simply the death of the soul, i. e., its being definitely abandoned by our Lord, and in consequence falling in mortal sin and remaining in it till death supervenes, whenever that may be? Either interpretation may be accepted.

Sometimes the doom does not overtake one quite so swiftly. In St. Luke, xiii., 6-9, our Lord speaks also this parable. "A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard, and he came seeking fruit on it, and he found none. And he said to the dresser of the vineyard: Behold, for these three years I came seeking fruit on this fig tree and found none. Cut it down therefore; why cumbereth it the ground? But he answering, said to him: Lord, let it alone this year also, until I dig about it and dung it, and if haply it bear fruit: but if not, then, after that, thou shalt cut it down."

Thus we see that if some are lost suddenly, instantly, some also are granted a respite. The parable does not state whether after the year of grace the fig tree hitherto barren did produce some fruit and was saved; but let us suppose it was. The dresser of the vineyard, the guardian angel of that tepid soul, intercedes for it and obtains a respite, and by dint of the most urgent solicitations he wrings from it at last some poor poultry fruits of good works. And, on the other hand, the mercy of our Lord is so unspeakable; He will seize upon the least excuse in order to save even a lukewarm Christian. Very well, he will then be saved, "but so as by fire."

For whom is Purgatory if not for the tepid, unsatisfactory Christian? Who will make a stay there, long and terrible, if not the lukewarm? He would not burn during life here below with the flames of fervent love; he will have to be burnt after death with the

flames of divine wrath. He has wronged God very much; he owes His divine justice and slighted love very great and prolonged satisfaction.

Apart even from the debts to the divine justice, it would seem that the tepid Christian's soul has to be detained in Purgatory also for its own sake. The following comparisons will make my meaning plain.

The tepid Christian whilst on earth makes no progress. He may be compared to a rose-bud which would fail to open out and become a full-blown flower. The light, the heat, the dew and rain, all the atmospheric influences, so to say, of the love of God, surround him, press on him on every side. But by a sad sort of miracle he will not open out under the action of divine Revelation and the grace of the Sacraments. All through life he remains as a rose-bud, shut in himself and self-contained and will not become the full blown spiritual man. In vain does God call him to an active, holy life and the joy attendant upon it. He will not drink in the light and heat of the love of God shining full upon him; he will not rejoice the eyes of God and His angels by putting on the vivid, bright colors of deeds of charity; he will exhale no perfume of supernatural goodness, but rather the rank odor of an almost purely natural life. Now even if such a languid, undeveloped bud of a Christian does not eventually die out altogether on its stem and have to be thrown away on the heap of rubbish, which the fire of hell is to burn for ever, at all events, before it can be transplanted by the divine Gardener into the bowers of paradise, it will have to go through a very violent process of treatment by fire in the hothouse of Purgatory.

I would again compare the Christian who fails during life to become a mystic to a silkworm which has entered its chrysalis state without ever progressing to butterfly's estate. The worm is our old man of sin, as he is before Baptism; the chrysalis is the infant or adult as he comes out of the Baptismal font, wrapped about with the dazzling white cocoon of innocence. He is then a new being, with all the outlines and rudimental beginnings of the splendid supernatural faculties of Faith, Hope and Charity and the infused moral virtues. All these are as so many lovely wings, which must spread out and take their full development before he can wing his flight into the azure of the Divine Essence and bask in the warm light of God's love and alight on His infinite perfections, as on so many bright flowers, full of sweetest honey, out of which he would draw his nourishment. Only he must first of all break through the fetters of spiritual sloth, spread out his wings, that is to say, exercise his faith and hope and charity and other virtues, raise himself

above the earth, and, through mental prayer, fly on high and go in quest of the divine nectar of the sweetness of God, which he will draw into himself by holy contemplation. But all this the tepid Christian leaves undone, satisfied with remaining a stunted, apathetic, motionless and colorless being, until God takes it and thrusts it into the dread oven of Purgatory, where the poor soul cannot help but stir itself at last and become through most severe treatment by fire the perfect butterfly of God, worthy of the garden of Paradise.

But are we not carried away here by our imagination? Yes, but only to a slight extent. It is so difficult to express the mysteries of the next world. The truth is that on the one hand the tepid soul which is finally saved arrives at the end of her life undeveloped, but that the development after death is made *in instanti* and not progressively, whatever length of time that soul may have to abide in Purgatory.

There are two views about the state of a separate soul which has to undergo the punishment of Purgatory. The first view is that which finds favor with the popular mind; the second, that which is the expression of strict theological truth. The first view is equivalent to what we say of the sun when we speak of it as rising and setting and moving, according to the time of the year around us through all the signs of the zodiac; the other is equivalent to the bald statement that it is not the sun which moves, but that it is the whole world of planets which moves around the sun. The comparison, of course, must not be pressed; it is brought here only to illustrate two different attitudes of the human mind respecting an objective, concrete fact of the next world as revealed to us by the light of faith.

The popular mind about Purgatory is that one finishes there gradually to become pure, gradually to become a saint, whilst the truth is that one not a reprobate at the moment of death becomes a full-fledged saint the moment after, whatever be his debts to the divine justice, which indeed will have to be paid to the very last farthing.

It is not every one who can grasp this theological truth, and that is why we need not try to make it prevail in the popular mind. But the greatest theologians assure us that the very first effect of the separation of the soul and body of a man who dies in the state of grace is to constitute that soul in full and absolute moral rectitude. This is due to a certain law of the world of pure spirits in which this soul is now entered. Her very first act in her new condition has all the qualities proper to the acts of pure spirits; it is produced with full intensity and irrevocableness. Now as this

first act is one of adhesion to the divine goodness suddenly manifested to the soul, it is an act of perfect charity, which does away at once with all past blemishes of the soul.

Then, one will be tempted to ask, why should this soul be detained at all in Purgatory when by her first act she is constituted in perfect sanctity? Simply to pay the debts incurred during the days of her vanity. Can we not conceive the case of a personal friend of a King, loving his sovereign perfectly, and still more loved by his sovereign, and yet detained for some time far from him in order to purge in prison some previous condemnation, so that perfect justice be done? This, then, is how the case stands with the poor souls in Purgatory.

OUT OF THE CHURCH NO MYSTICISM.

Truth in whatever order of ideas is uncompromising, intolerant. Thus, two and two make four, means *four* and not three or three and three-quarters, nor again four and a half, or four and one-eighth, or one-tenth of a unit, but four purely and simply and absolutely and exclusively.

Out of the Church there is no mysticism just as "Out of the Church there is no salvation."

This may appear at first sight not only an intolerant, but also a preposterous and unjustifiable proposition, and yet when we look closely into it, we find it to be as sober a scientific statement of the matter in hand as was ever formulated, whether in the abstract sciences or in those of observation.

First of all let us see the meaning of these words: "Out of the Church." They mean out of the one and only Church which God made, out of the Church which Jesus built, out of the Church which is One, and Catholic, and Apostolic, whose visible head is the successor of St. Peter, the Pope of Rome; out of the Church of the seven Sacraments and of the true Sacrifice of the Mass. Out of that Church no mysticism, no mystical life, no salvation.

On the Day of General Judgment all the redeemed will be found to have been whilst in life real Catholics at heart, whether they knew it or not, whether other men knew it or only God. They will be found to have been saved by no other agency than the grace of God through faith in Jesus Christ and incorporation, public or secret, to His mystical body, the Church, which is His Bride; and to have lived the life supernatural, the life of grace: thus and no otherwise shall they be proclaimed worthy of admission to the eternal Nuptials of the Lamb. None but such shall find an entrance there!

Taken in this sense and with this qualification that many who

are not known to men as children "of the household of the faith" are, nevertheless, really so in the eyes of God, are really in the Church and not out of it, these propositions, "Out of the Church no salvation" and "Out of the Church no mysticism," are absolutely uncompromising, uncontrovertible, intolerant of any addition or retrenchment.

Do we then really contend that only a Catholic can be a mystic? Most assuredly so!

Mysticism is a gift of God. Now God is the Master of His gifts and He has laid down His law in regard to precisely that one gift, the intercourse of mutual love between Him and man. It cannot be contested that God is the lawgiver of the supernatural order as much at least as of the natural. Man has there not a word to say. Whenever he has attempted to establish the mystical connection outside of the conditions laid down by Almighty God, he has conspicuously failed, and not unfrequently fallen into monstrous errors.

God has laid down as the supreme law of mystical life that the means of union with Him are FAITH IN CHRIST; before His coming, faith in Him as in the Promised One of God, the Messiah; and after His coming, as in the acknowledged true Son of God and Redeemer of the world. Man has no right, no power to change this ordinance of God, to introduce another name whereby he shall be illumined, whereby he shall be united to God, whereby he shall finally be saved.

These are really axioms and need no demonstration. The wonder is that they should have to be recalled.

Therefore any one in the past history of the world or at the present time or in the future laying claim to supernatural authority to teach and power to unite to God outside the Catholic Church, or, within the Church, outside her sanction, stands convicted of being either deluded or a sacrilegious impostor. Show us the sign of God, we may ask such an one; show us miracles; or, without miracles, show us the sign manual of the Bride of Christ, her approbation. Of course, he cannot.

Thus all pagan, idolatrous worships of one God or many Gods, of devils, of nature, of natural objects, or of the dead are disproved and rejected. False mysticism, all the occult sciences of the past, they could never procure a loving intercourse between man and God. False mysticism, all the ancient *Mysteries*, whether austere or licentious, of Koré, of Eleusis, of Dyonisius, of Adonis, of Attis, of Mithra, of the Celtic religions. False mysticism, that of the Greek and Roman philosophers, "who," says St. Paul, "have known God, but not glorified Him as God, and professing themselves to be

wise became fools (Rom. i., 21-22), as well as that of the neoplatonists of subsequent epochs. False mysticism, the Gnostic heresies of the first centuries, A. G., and of the Middle Ages. Also the Judaic religion after the destruction of the second Temple, since it consists in the rejection of the true Christ and the vain expectation of one of their own invention. Also the religion of the Koran, started by that impostor, Mahomet, and which spread so rapidly well nigh threatening the extinction of Christianity. False mysticism, Pantheism, under all its forms, the religion of the Brahmins, of Buddha, Shintoism, Hinduism, Totemism, whether of the Primitives past or present or of ancient Egypt—all forms of divination, magic, sorcery.

False mysticism, all Protestant heretical worship as such and all emotional forms of religion without any doctrinal foundation, all the pious extravagances of revivalists, whatever be their names and colors, as, for instance, the so-called Salvation Army, of to-day. False mysticism, Theosophy, Spiritualism, Christian Science, Occultism; also the grotesque and abominable rites of Free Masonry in all its degrees, and finally the "farrago of all heresies," branded by Pope Pius X. with the name of Modernism. It is self-evident that none of these human or diabolical inventions can lead a man to God and establish between him and his Maker the sweet intercourse of supernatural love.

One can be very spiritually minded indeed, really and truly spiritual and austere and ascetical in one's mode of life, as was, for instance, Plotinus, the founder of neoplatonism, and yet for all that not be supernatural. The faint shadow of mysticism that is discernible in such a case bears the same relation to true and genuine mysticism as nature to the supernatural order. It is not the thing itself; it is at an infinite distance from it, and yet it shows already an aptitude for it. This aptitude may become the substratum or pedestal for true mysticism to rest upon if it be ever given by Almighty God; that is to say, if that man will ever law himself open to the illuminations of faith and the inrush of the love of God.

The real mystics, known to God alone, that have existed before the time of Christ outside the people of God, and after the time of Christ outside the public membership of the Catholic Church, are such not by virtue of their heresy or schism, but in spite of it. By virtue of their genuine faith, either explicit, or implicit, in Jesus Christ the Redeemer and of their good will, they have been enabled to accomplish the law of God according to their light. "I know," exclaimed the illustrious Patriarch of Idumea, in the midst of his most grievous afflictions. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and

in the last day I shall rise out of the earth and I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see my God. This my hope is laid in my bosom." (Job. xix., 25-27).

We conceive it as very likely that Job stands as the type, the representative of a comparatively large number of righteous men scattered among the Gentiles, of all ages before Christ, whose privilege it was, by the grace of God, to have preserved faith in the primitive revelation and led a pure life, and thus to have laid themselves open to the mystical communication of the love of God. Furthermore, this may have been the case, and may be to this day, and yet in times to come with a number of souls known to God alone from among the wild tribes of the American forests or of darkest Africa, where Catholic missionaries more than once have come upon undoubted remains of the primitive religion, standing as majestic and indestructible ruins in the midst of the most cruel and degrading superstitions. As a matter of fact, before they have heard from the lips of the missionary the Gospel message of salvation, these people seem to me to stand in regard to our Lord in the same relation as the Gentiles before His coming, and consequently to be under the same *régime* as to the economy of divine grace that was vouchsafed to them.

Marvelous indeed are the ways of God and the inventions of His love for the salvation of men of good will wherever found, at all times and under all circumstances, be these ever so unpromising in appearance.

Theologians assure us that even those heretics who have not really received the Sacrament of Baptism, either because it is not administered in their sect or because it is administered so wrongly, or so carelessly, as to vitiate its form, may happen nevertheless to have the Baptism of desire; that is to say, the grace of Baptism, without the Sacrament. The consequent result in such a case is that original sin is blotted out of the soul, and such a soul becomes as truly as other Christians the adopted child of God, the living member of Jesus Christ, a secret member of the Church, and is, of course, enabled to live in the mystical intercourse of love with God.

The Holy Bible, where it is not vitiated and interpolated, as it is the true Word of God, helps a large number of souls of good will whose heresy is but material and not formal to get glimpses of the mystical life, to come very near to it; nay, even to begin to live it, when they read, not in a spirit of contention, but in a spirit of prayerful humility and for the very purpose of seeking God and finding Him.

It is true, at the same time, that they are at a terrible disadvantage, in that being left to their own private interpretation, they may

be led into the grossest forms of self-delusion. The evolution of Protestantism has but too vividly illustrated this grave peril.

Still another terrible disadvantage of heretics is that they are deprived of the Sacraments of Confirmation, Holy Eucharist, Penance and Extreme Unction, the first three of which are such mighty helps unto mystical life. The Greek schismatics and other Oriental churches which have preserved an unbroken succession of duly ordained priests and Bishops are in this regard much better situated.

From all this it must appear how greatly favored we Catholics are, being children of the household of the faith, true children of light and in full participation of all the treasures of grace to be found in the Church. How easy for us to be mystics if we only desire it, and indeed it is incumbent on us to desire it. Oh! what confusion if when we come to judgment, we are found wanting, when some poor savages, some sorely puzzled heretics have succeeded in the midst of most inauspicious circumstances in making their way to God and leading the mystical life! What a horrible judgment, though so palpably just, if the children of the Kingdom have to be ejected when these strangers from the east, west, north and south shall come and be seated at table in Paradise with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and all the saints!

FALSE MYSTICISM WITHIN THE CHURCH.

"Beware lest any man cheat you by philosophy and vain deceit; according to the tradition of men, according to the elements of the world and not according to Christ." (Coloss. ii., 8.) Such is the warning of the Apostle to the faithful of his time at the very outset of Christianity. This same warning assuredly holds good after the life of nineteen hundred years of Holy Church. The manifold and varied experiences through which she had to pass have proved that, among other things, not only is there no salvation for mysticism outside the Church of God, but even within the Church there is no salvation for mysticism but in perfect docility to her teaching.

Every form of spurious mysticism within the Church has proved simply a perversion of the idea of mutual love that ought to subsist between God and the fervent soul.

It is always a palpable, gross deviation on some particular point from the true spirit and express teaching of the Gospel of Christ, a perversion, one way or another, by exaggeration or attenuation, of the Gospel ideal of Christian perfection.

All forms of false mysticism tend to one or other of the two extremes, Rigorism, or what, for want of a better word, we will call Laxism. Either they lay upon the man of good-will who wants to

go to God burdens which our Lord does not impose—a yoke which is not His own, light and sweet; or they proclaim the gate to be wide and the way to be broad that leadeth to life; whereas, our Lord declared these to be narrow and strait. Either they raise gratuitous obstacles between the loving soul and God, Who is the object of its love, or they wantonly do away with the necessary safeguards to perfect love, which are purity, piety and justice.

Whether they are aware of it or not, false mystics derive their peculiar principles from some formally heretical doctrine or from one tending to formal heresy. Rigorism links itself to Jansenism, which in its turn has a close affinity to Calvinism. Laxism, on the other hand, not unnaturally links itself to Quietism, which in its turn has affinities with Protestant Antinomianism and Hindu Pantheism.

It is only fair to remark that much spurious mysticism is not mysticism at all, but only talk, a mere dissertation upon mysticism. "My little children," says St. John, "let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth." (John iii., 18.) True mysticism is all for practice.

It is difficult to avoid the snares and pitfalls of spurious mysticism? Most assuredly not. I would even contend that it is more difficult to be a false mystic than a true one; more science and erudition and skill of a sort are required thereto. One has for this to be able to discourse with great subtlety upon God and man, upon grace and nature, upon free-will and delectation and many other things, and one has to force one's own soul into attitudes which are neither natural nor supernatural.

The plain Gospel is all that one needs in order to enter into the ways of mystical life and to discern true mysticism from false. With much more reason even than the Psalmist can the Christian exclaim: "Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my paths." cxviii., (Ps. 3.) The true mystic guards himself as carefully from Rigorism as from Laxism, testing every suspicious doctrine by the plain teaching of the Gospel, and where doubt may still subsist, referring the matter to the judgment of Holy Church. It is not necessary even to know that there are such spurious forms of Mysticism; all that is necessary is to keep the Gospel in mind and follow the lead of interior grace, just as it is not necessary to know the heresies in order to avoid them, but simply to keep in mind the lessons of the Catechism.

Here one may perhaps be tempted to ask: But if true mysticism is so easy, why should there be any false mysticism at all? I answer by another question: Why should there be any sinners at all? The truth is, there need be no sinners and there need be no false

mystics, but God has placed man in the hands of his own counsel; he is free to do right or to do wrong, to love truth and embrace it, or to prefer error. This is the root of merit, and it is one of the trials of our present condition that a wrong course of action should offer allurements to us. The love of novelty, the pleasure of having a following, of starting, as it is called, a school of thought, of posing before the world, the natural restlessness of some minds, the wish to show one's erudition or skill in dispute—all these causes, (and there are many others) would suffice to account for the existence of so many false opinions in matters where the Gospel teaching is as clear as daylight and where it is of the greatest importance not to swerve from it.

St. Paul says to his disciple Timothy: "The end of the Commandment is charity from a pure heart and a good conscience and an unfeigned faith; from which things some going astray are turned aside to vain talk, desiring to be teachers of the law, understanding neither the things they say nor whereof they affirm." (Tim. i., 5-6.) And again in the same Epistle, vi., 3-4: "If any man teach otherwise and consent not to the sound words of our Lord Jesus Christ and to that doctrine which is according to piety, he is proud, knowing nothing, but sick about questions and strifes of words, from which arise envies, contentions, blasphemies, etc." In his second Epistle to the same Timothy, ch. 3, St. Paul says again: "Know this, that in the last days shall come on dangerous times. Men shall be lovers of themselves, having an appearance indeed of godliness, but denying the power thereof. Of these sort are they who creep into houses and lead captives silly women laden with sins, who are led away with divers desires, ever learning and never attaining to the knowledge of the truth." One might almost fancy in reading these prophetic words that St. Paul had in sight the Abbé de Saint Cyran, with his famous Mother Angelica, and the Barnabite Father Lacombe, with his no less famous Madame Guyon.

The affection of embracing the most rigorous opinions either in matters of faith or morals is usually the failing peculiar to men without experience, such as theologians who spend their whole lives indoors, at their studies, or, again, men, young and rash, who have not yet come into contact with real life and the souls of their fellow-men. Seldom is rigorism found among the evangelical workers, priests and missionaries, who have grown gray in the care of souls. Their zeal, matured by experience, is naturally sweetened with charity and mercy, and their opinions in matters of doctrine, in consonance with the Gospel of Christ, are those that exalt the mercy of God above His justice. They know how necessary it is to comfort the faint-hearted and encourage the poor sinner in his hard struggle

against evil habits, as also the man of good will and the saint himself in their many difficulties. They know how easily weak souls fall into discouragement and despair. And they know the yearning tenderness of the heart of our Lord and of God for all, even for sinners the most wretched and abandoned.

The Jansenists have given us a horrible idea of God, a caricature representing Him not as the Heavenly Father and Divine Saviour and Spirit of Joy that He shows Himself in the New Testament, but as a harsh, whimsical, tyrannical master, unloving and unlovable. They make of the Sacrament of Penance such a difficult process that men finally gave it up in despair. They frightened people away from Holy Communion. They cast such a gloom over all the practices of religion that it is no wonder large sections of Christians practically left the Church and would have nothing to do with it for the rest of their lives.

Could these men have ever read in the Gospel that God is charity? And did they realize that God made us, His reasonable creatures, to His own image and likeness, that is to say, capable, with the help of grace, of loving Him and of deserving to be loved by Him? Is it possible that they ever read the merciful utterances of our Lord, the history of His miracles, the parables of the Good Samaritan, of the Prodigal, of the Good Shepherd and the moving drama of His Sacred Passion? In order to frame their new Gospel so harsh and conducive only to despair, they must have deliberately turned aside from the Gospel of Jesus and from the lessons of divine mercy and tenderness which breathe forth through all the Epistles of St. Paul and the other Apostles, just as the Pharisees of old turned away from the person of our Lord.

A spirit of rigorism persisted long after the main tenets and maxims of Jansenism had been routed. Those of us who have passed the meridian of life may remember having seen in their childhood very saintly priests whose usefulness in the Church of God was marred by their unbending severity. Thanks be to God, this rigorism has at last been exercised from our midst, and Pope Pius X. has dealt its death-blow in his decrees concerning Holy Communion daily for all classes of Christians, and even for little children. It now requires but very little skill to detect and reject any Jansenistic venom which may yet be lurking in some old books of piety. Unfortunately this is not the case with that other form of false mysticism summed up and represented by Quietism, as we shall presently see.

QUIETISM.

There is a great resemblance between laxism and tepidity, but

there is also a difference, and this is that, whilst tepidity makes no pretense at giving itself a theological status and justification, laxism does.

Laxism is the system of so-called spirituality which would conciliate piety with the widest concessions to worldliness, sensuality and self-love. It is a conception of Christian liberty growing beyond all reasonable bounds, even to unlimited licentiousness. It will, for instance, take hold of such a maxim as this of St. Augustine; "*Ama et fac quod vis*," "Love God and do what thou wilt," which, rightly understand, is an affirmation that he who truly loves God can be trusted never to stray away from the faithful observance of His commandments. But people of this stamp twist it and pervert it to quite another meaning wholly foreign to the mind of the great saint who formulated it. Thus a frivolous Christian lady will succeed in forming her own conscience, or rather deforming it, to the point of finding it quite the correct thing to be seen in the morning of a great feast-day, Christmas or Easter, at Holy Communion as modest and pious as an angel, and in the evening of the same day, in the ball-room, *en grand décolleté*, taking part in those fashionable dances which as at present carried on are revolting to every feeling of delicacy and propriety. The world approves of such doings. Now what is our Lord's verdict in the Gospel? "You have heard that it was said to them of old: Thou shalt not commit adultery; but I say to you that whosoever looks on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." (Mat. v., 27-28.) But if it is a grievous sin for a Christian man to look on a woman to lust after her, will it be no sin on the part of the Christian woman who exposes herself to be gazed at and lusted after? "Ah, but there can be no harm in it," is the excuse; "my intention is not evil." As well might the incendiary say he does not want to burn the house when he applies the flaming torch thereto. Is it not evident that these public exhibitions of immodesty offer the greatest possible incentive to both private and public immorality in its worst and most insidious form? It is even said that there are spiritual directors who countenance, excuse and justify such a course of action. Blind are they, leading the blind. If they do not open their eyes in time and do penance, they will together be cast into the pit of hell fire.

Upon the vantage ground of the wrong interpretation of "*Ama et fac quod vis*," these worldly-minded Christians meet with another class of dogmatists who have deluged the world of piety with books about the pure love of God and at the same time have authorized under the garb of mysticism all sorts of licentiousness. Gentle reader, beware of books written "on the pure love of God,"

except those written by saints, if such there are; for I must confess that though I have seen an infinitude of books from the pens of saints on the love of God, under one title or another, I do not remember a single one to have borne the suspicious label of "the pure love of God."

Simple-minded persons may be scandalized at this warning, but whoever knows the history of Quietism will readily understand my caution.

As Jansenism is answerable for the falling away of large numbers of people in Catholic countries from the public practice of religion, so Quietism, with all its vagaries, is answerable for most of the odium and ridicule that has been thrown upon the very idea of mysticism, as also for the prejudices which are entertained against it to this very day. Many persons unite in the same reprobation—genuine mysticism and spurious mysticism. No distinction is made between them. People will put on the Index all books on mysticism, even those written by canonized saints and full of the true spirit of the Gospel. They are afraid of reading such books; they not only will not recommend them, but will even dissuade others from reading them. They prefer to such works pious literature of an inferior quality, written by authors devoid of experience in the ways of God. And thus it is that souls are famished and that modern piety has descended to such a degree of weakness and inefficiency.

This is as yet but an indirect result of the influence of Quietism. Were we now to detail all the direct injuries it has done to religion, were we to track its baleful influence in all the branches of the spiritual life, and to point out how many otherwise good books of piety, especially in the sixteenth century, have been damaged by just one touch of Quietism, it is not one chapter only, but a whole volume and a very large one indeed, which would have to be written in order to do full justice to the subject. It will suffice for my present purpose to state what are the working principles of Quietism. Besides, we shall have more to say on the subject, later on, in Parts ii. and iii. of these "Outlines," when treating at length of Divine Contemplation and Saintly Action.

The capital error of the Quietists is that they propose to the mystic a state of union with God absolutely impossible in the present life. They make perfection to consist in uninterrupted contemplation. But here words are misleading. For every right-minded and unbiased person on hearing the word contemplation would naturally think of an active application of one's mind to the thought of God. Now that is not at all what the sectaries mean. In the state of quiet in which they pretend to plunge the soul, one must cease

to reason, to reflect, nay, even to think on either one's self or on God. One must even cease to perform any of the ordinary acts of faith, hope or charity, the sole function of the spiritual man being, as they say, passively to receive the infused heavenly light supposed to accompany this state of inactive contemplation.

Carried to its logical conclusions, Quietism would infallibly lead to Antinomianism. This error would pretend that to the perfect all things are permitted, they being incapable of losing their spiritual holiness by any act of theirs, be it never such a direct violation of the law of God. In this sublime state of contemplation all external things are held to become indifferent to the soul, because it is absorbed in God. Hence good works, the Sacraments, prayer, are not necessary, nay, they are hardly compatible with the repose of the soul. Hence also in so complete a self-absorption the soul is said to become independent of corporeal sense, to the point that even obscene and licentious representations, impure motions of the sensitive part, criminal actions of the body fail to contaminate the contemplating soul or to make it incur the guilt of sin.

The Spanish priest Molinos (1640-1696), the father of modern Quietism, does not shrink from giving expression to these monstrous tenets, as may be seen in Denziger's "Enchiridion Symbolorum," by the list of sixty-eight propositions extracted from his works and duly condemned by Pope Innocent XI. Madame Guynon, the French propagandist of Quietism, though she protested that she had not read Molinos' works when she elaborated her own system of spirituality, and though she professed to be horrified at the logical conclusions which might be worked out of her own principles, fully deserved the strong denunciations and severe measures of which she became the object, both from the Church and State. Fénelon himself, the otherwise saintly Archbishop of Cambrai, can hardly be absolved of rashness and obstinacy throughout all the controversy which raged around his book entitled "Maxims of the Saints," which culminated in its condemnation by Pope Innocent XII.

Quietism is the very antithesis of Mysticism. Mysticism is, if anything, an active intercourse of the loving soul with the loving God; Quietism, on the contrary, condemns activity as a wicked thing and is all for passivity. Quietists in aiming at the simplification of man do not take into account his complex nature and the present conditions of our life on earth, so removed from the direct intuition of God. Catholic Mysticism takes man as he is at present, and without trying to bring about an impossible simplification of his nature, it simplifies his life in sanctifying his body and soul through the efficacy of the Sacraments and the practice of all virtues, centering all his affections upon God through Jesus Christ.

Our deification as described by Catholic theology and as brought about by true mysticism is not an absorption of our own substance into that of God, for then we would cease to be our own selves, that is to say, we would simply cease to be. God would not (I speak in a human way) gain anything thereby and we would lose all. Nor is our deification a sort of transubstantiation of ourselves into God, as Eckart contended; for this also would be tantamount to a suppression pure and simple of our very existence. The Christian, the true mystic, in his union with God, whether in this life or the next, will always preserve his own identity. He will remain himself for evermore in the individual substance of his own created being, personally distinct from all the rest of the world and from God—a little god by the grace of God and yet not God. The divine transformation which gradually takes place in him through his vital union with Jesus Christ to be consummated in glory is a mighty change indeed, but accidental and not essential; a stupendous change in the quality of his substance and in the habits of his faculties and in the merits of his acts, but his person remains essentially the same human person forever, marked with his own individuality, such as he will have formed it for himself. Adam will be Adam forever. Paul will be Paul forever, and it is in this preservation of their identity that their happiness will be rooted ineradicably.

Therefore when St. Theresa tells us that in her raptures there were moments when she could not distinguish any more her own being from that of God, we must take it in this wise, that though she at the time was unable to discern the distinction, nevertheless her own being remained quite distinct in itself from that of God.

Quietism has a very pronounced leaning towards the monstrous error of Pantheism, whilst orthodox Mysticism has an invincible horror of it.

THE BEST MANUAL OF MYSTICISM.

The Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, the holy Gospel as it has been written by the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, the pure and simple Gospel, is the first and by far the best manual of Mysticism, as high above those written by the hands of men as the heavens are above the earth. And the best commentary upon this first manual of mysticism is, taking them altogether as one book, the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul and the other canonical Epistles and the Apocalypse. Only the commentary is, in places, much more obscure than the text it is made to illustrate, and so it is not every one who can understand it or

profit by it. But every one, even the least cultured and most simpleminded, can understand all that is needful from the Gospel to profit by it without diving below the surface to its very depths. For it is the characteristic of this marvelous book that the most sublime genius will never be able to grasp its full meaning, whilst there is not even a child's mind to which it does not bring the plain message of the love of God in all its splendor.

The Old Testament is also a commentary upon the Gospel, but still more obscure and difficult to understand than the Epistles of St. Paul and the rest of the New Testament, because, though it is the preparation and preface of the Gospel and contains it in anticipation, as the bud contains the flower, still it presents to us a different character and physiognomy. Hence it is a mistake, under the law of Christ, to go back to the terrors and harshness of the first covenant. This mistake has been made by many a false mystic and it is one reason, among many others, why the Church has found herself compelled to put some salutary restraint upon the indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures by any one.

The Gospel is a manual of mysticism at one theoretical and practical, illuminating and moving. All others are borrowed from it and are but echoes and repetitions, commentaries or explanations of it. All must conform thereto most accurately, under pain of failing to be in any way mystical. Some of these so-called spiritual treatises are weak, very weak dilutions of the Gospel—just a few drops of its generous wine, drowned in a sea of meaningless verbiage. Why not have the pure wine? There it is, at your elbow, in the New Testament: "Eat, friends, and drink, and be inebriated, oh my dearly beloved. (Cant. Cantic. v., 1.)

Christians at the present day, as a rule, do not know their Gospel well enough and are not conversant with it. It is small wonder that they are so weak and unstable, so easily upset or led astray. He that reads the Gospel assiduously alone can realize how far short he falls from practising it, and only he that really tries to put it into practice comes at last to understand it.

There are two ways of knowing—the first is by rote, mechanically, without touching the inner consciousness; the second is by a vital process of discovery or rediscovery, as it were, of what before made no impression and a vital process of tasting, enjoying and assimilating the same. Thus, until by much reading and rereading, prayer and meditation, one has made this discovery or rediscovery of the Gospel, one can hardly be said to possess the knowledge of it. When the point is arrived at where it seems we had heretofore not known it, then is the soul flooded with light and inundated with an inexpressibly entrancing spiritual delight.

We must come at last to feel that the Gospel is not a book, a dead letter, but a teacher, a living person and what a person, the very One we sought for in our mystical life, God Himself, our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God! He it is and not the Evangelist who speaks to us from the Gospel page, straight into our very heart, if we only lay it open before Him. Then our Lord will cease to be a stranger, a far-away person, shadowy and unreal; we shall come into touch with Him, we shall live in His company, even as the Apostles did; we shall watch Him lovingly and He will discover to us His secrets.

Alas! some have never read the holy Gospel, not even once, from end to end. They only know the extracts which are read at the Sunday Masses through the liturgical year, always the same, year after year. This is certainly good as far as it goes, only it does not go far enough; it leaves out too many of the sayings and doings of our Lord. These persons have not the complete knowledge of Our Lord that they could and should have and their souls suffer a loss in proportion to their ignorance. The Church does not intend that we should content ourselves with these extracts from the Gospel; she gives them to us as choice morsels and samples of the feast that is in store for us, to tempt our appetite and lead us on to partake of the whole course.

I would therefore suggest that every Christian read one of the many learned and beautiful lives of Christ written of late years by eminent Catholic writers and in which all the events and discourses of our Lord in the four Gospels are fused into one continuous story. This done, I should suggest that he take up the text itself of the Evangelists and read at least one chapter every day. Let him read and reread it until he becomes quite familiar with it, and even then keep on reading and rereading it, for it is the experience of all who have done so that at every fresh perusal new grace is imparted and new light and a new infusion of joy. Of course this is on condition that it is read slowly, thoughtfully and prayerfully. Once a habit has been formed of thus reading the Gospel and tasting the sweetness of it, there is little danger of becoming tired of the exercise. It would be easy to read the whole of the New Testament once a year, as it contains in all but two hundred and sixty chapters whilst it would take a little over three years to read the whole Bible, from Genesis to Apocalypse, at the rate of one chapter a day. Most pious priests make it a practice of reading their daily chapter of Holy Scripture on their knees and of devoutly kissing the Sacred text. This certainly helps to enter into the sitting down at ease whilst reading, pen in hand, in order to follow spirit of reverence and love. Still, one could not be blamed for

up and note down any light received from the sacred page. The pen plied industriously is a marvelous instrument and a revealer of hidden secrets, even of the secrets of God.

If every educated Christian, layman as well as priest, were thus to feed his soul every day with the marrow of spiritual life as it is in the Gospel what a change there would soon come upon the world! How much more enlightened piety and sterling virtue and happiness for men and glory to God there would be! Then indeed we should see Christians worthy of the name, like those of the Middle Ages, or, still better, of the first centuries of the Church.

It is for us, priests and religious, to bring again into the world such a happy state of things. It is in some measure within our power to achieve this desirable result. But we must begin by being real mystics ourselves before we can think of making others such, and for this purpose we must use the means put forth in this chapter.

Every good priest ambitious of entering on the ways of true mystical life and of teaching them to others should make an analysis and a synthesis of the Gospels, breaking them into their component parts and industriously reconstructing their whole scheme for himself upon some kind of a plan. The following would be as good as any: First, all that Jesus is; secondly, all that Jesus did; thirdly, the sayings and discourses of Jesus; fourthly, all that Jesus suffered in order to enter into His glory—bringing all the texts of the separate Gospels under one or other of these headings. Or, again, one could marshall all the texts under the two headings which form the double characteristic of mystical life—first, its uncompromising austerity; secondly, its unutterable sweetness; for our Lord has said: "Narrow is the gate and strait is the way that leadeth into life;" but He has said also: "My yoke is sweet and My burden is light." In these two sayings of our Lord we have the whole Gospel in a nutshell, and it would be a labor of love to distribute all His other sayings and all His acts under one or other of these two fundamental principles of spirituality. It may prove still more interesting to the priest if he uses a plan of his own devising.

Now I feel quite sure that a person will not go far in this kind of work without being struck with the beauty and loveliness of the Gospel in a way previously unknown. He will be led naturally to the loving contemplation of Christ. He will spontaneously set himself with a will to make the Gospel the rule of his every thought and word and desire and act. He will sweetly and irresistibly be drawn into imitating the apostolic of his Divine Master. Jesus will thus become to His priest a living reality and a personal presence and an inspiration beyond words to express. Oh! what fruits

of sanctity may be expected from such a one, and what good work he will do in his Master's vineyard!

A mystic? Yea, and much more than a mystic; for he will be also a father and a teacher and a guide of mystics. All this, thanks to his earnest, unremitting study of the first manual of mysticism, the Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, to Whom be glory for evermore!

S. LOUISMET, O. S. B.

Devon, England.

THE CHURCH IN WESTERN CANADA.

THE PIONEER MISSIONERS.

IN NO country in the world have they been making history so fast as in Canada, and they are certain to add many more well-filled pages to it as time goes on, so vast are the regions and resources to be developed in that wide-stretching Dominion which reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Lake Superior to the Arctic Ocean. The history of Catholicism in this great new country of Catholicism has kept pace with its civil history. Ever ancient and ever new, the Catholic Church has adapted itself to its environment in this most modern portion of the British Empire; for it is always modern in the best sense of the word. It does not retrograde or stagnate; it is progressive; and, while it stands with firm foothold on the ancient ways, it does not disregard the new ways and new methods which advancing civilization puts within its reach. Its goal, its objective, is always the same; but, as all roads lead to Rome, it is ever ready to break new ground and strike out new paths to arrive at its destination.

Father Morice, an Oblate missionary, has related in three bulky volumes the history of the Catholic Church in Western Canada with an amplitude of details which leaves nothing to be desired.¹ It is a succession of acts of heroism, of fidelity to duty under the most painful circumstances, of sufferings patiently endured and moving adventures almost without a parallel in modern times. To ameliorate the moral and material condition of the lowly of this world and gather them into the True Fold, Catholic missionaries have bade an eternal farewell to home in order to labor in the snowy regions of the North, in the sombre forests of the extreme East and in the valleys and broad prairies of the centre. The history of the Church in those boundless regions is practically that of the country itself; for Catholic missionaries can legitimately claim to rank among the makers of Canada. They were the first in the field of explorations and discoveries; Catholics were long the sole representatives of civilization; and people of other creeds, who came after them, were only followers and not pioneers. The first governor of the colony, which was the genesis of what is now known as Manitoba, was a Catholic, as were the missionaries within its circumference. It was Catholics who wrung freedom of commerce from the monopoly, under the yoke of which the country long groaned, and it was they who later played a leading part in

¹ "Histoire de l'Eglise Catholique dans l'Ouest Canadien du Lac Supérieur au Pacifique" (1859-1905), par le R. P. A.—G. Morice, O. M. I.

the direction of the young nation which slowly grew up on the banks of the Red River. It is to professors of the same faith the Manitobans of to-day owe the constitutional guarantees they enjoy and to which they have a legal right.

Catholics were the pioneers even in distant British Columbia. The exploration of the northern part of that country and of its great waterway, the Fraser River, was the work of a Catholic, seconded by a Catholic who was accompanied by Catholic oarsmen. The first whites who settled in Vancouver Island and the portion of the Continent facing it, as well as the missionaries who first preached the Gospel in both, were Catholics. Even coming down to our own days, the first infant born in the commercial metropolis of the Canadian Pacific, Vancouver, was the offspring of Catholic parents and received baptism at the hands of a Catholic priest.

Three hundred years ago the immense region between Lake Superior and the Canadian Rockies was a silent, solitary country, without a trace of civilization. Its only human inhabitants were hordes of primitive Indians who worshipped the *Kitchi-Manitou*, or Great Spirit, whom they regarded as the Master of life, who created the world and all that is good in it, and lived in dread of the *Matchi-Manitou*, or Bad Spirit, the author of all the evils and miseries to which mankind is subject, and whom they sought to appease by incantations and sacrifices. They were divided into four tribes and led a nomadic life, contending with the bison for the free possession of the soil to the south of the Churchie River and the north branch of the Saskatchewan; alternately at peace and at war with one another. Came a day when it gradually dawned on them that, far away to the south, pale-visaged bearded people, who had at their disposal marvelous products and terrible weapons, had made their appearance in the midst of the Indians. Among these were two adventurous Frenchmen, Pierre-Esprit Radisson and Médard Chouart Sieur Desgroseillers, both Catholics. The latter spent his early youth with the Ursulines of Quebec, and the Ven. Mother of the Incarnation speaks of him in the most flattering terms. Later, he became a kind of lay brother, devoting his time and his money to the Jesuit missions. Radisson begins his journal with the formula, "For the greater glory of God," which is reminiscent of the Jesuits who had helped him on his way with their money and their advice. Referring to them in his memoirs, he says: "Their sole desire is the extension of the Kingdom of God. They give proof of a charity truly admirable towards all who work and who by their honest conduct show themselves worthy of being helped. This is the pure truth. It is the reply I make to all those who should ever assert the contrary. I speak here with knowledge of the sub-

ject." It has been claimed by Dr. George Bryce and other writers that they were Protestants, but Father Morice conclusively proves that they were Catholics. They were the first Frenchmen who penetrated into the country of the Crees, one of the aboriginal tribes of Indians. This was in 1659-60.

Radisson, dissatisfied with the way in which he had been treated by the French authorities, turned towards the English in the hope of receiving assistance from them, telling them of the fabulous quantities of valuable furs they could procure if they put themselves in communication with the tribes on the great Canadian plains. This led to the establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, which played such an important part in the early development of Canada. The French fur-traders, who regarded the English as intruders in a domain which they claimed by priority of discovery, redoubled their activity in the West. After many fruitless efforts to discover a passage to Asia through Hudson's Bay and some waterway which they believed intersected the American Continent from east to west, they came to the conclusion that it was to be sought by land. Geographers at that time knew very little of the Pacific coast. They knew that beyond the continent was a sea which extended northward to what one called then the Strait of Avian; with this they imagined was linked a gulf, followed by an isthmus that led to the steppes of Tartary. In 1718 a Vincentian priest named Bobé wrote a learned dissertation on all that one knew or conjectured then touching the geography and ethnology of that part of the world; not forgetting to mention that it was by this isthmus the Tartars and some Israelites had penetrated into America. This document concluded by declaring that the discovery of the "western ocean," as they originally called the Pacific, would be a subject of glory to the King, useful to France and meritorious in the eyes of God. To attain this object it was necessary to pacify and civilize the terrible Sioux, through whose territory they would have to pass, and for that purpose a mission was established among the aborigines on Lake Pepin (1727).

The man who conducted the perilous enterprise of the discovery of the extreme west was a French Canadian, Pierre Gaultier, son of the Chevalier de Varennes, who assumed the surname of De la Vérendyre, or Lavérendrye, under which name he is known in history. He set out from Montreal on June 8, 1731, taking with him as chaplain, Pere Charles-Michel Mesaiger, a French Jesuit, the first priest who ever saw the Lake of the Woods.

A great deal of the early history of Western Canada revolves around the keen commercial competition between the Hudson's Bay Company and their rivals, the French fur-traders, until the amal-

gamation of both companies in 1821. The chief obstacle to the conversion and civilization of the Indians was the drink abuse, which degraded and demoralized them. Whisky, with which unscrupulous traders plied them when they wanted to drive a good bargain with the natives, was very aptly called by the Indians "fire-water," for it inflamed their passions to white heat. "The English and French, by their accursed avarice," wrote one of the missionaries, Father Aulneau, "have given them an appetite for whisky;" adding, "I must say, however, in justice to the French with whom I have traveled, that they have nothing to do with this infamous traffic, and that, despite the reiterated requests of the Indians, they have preferred to reject every deal with the different tribes rather than give them whisky in exchange." A contemporary English writer (1746-47) explicitly declares that the Indians got their strong drinks "from the English, contrary to the wise maxims of the French, who do not sell them."² The zealous Jesuit missionary, above named, and Jean Baptiste Lavérendrye, the eldest son of the enterprising discoverer, were massacred by the Sioux. The priest was found kneeling upon one knee, his left hand resting on the ground and his right raised as if in the act of giving absolution. Towards the close of his life he had a presentiment of the fate that awaited him, for about a fortnight before his premature death, he wrote to Father Degonnor: "Continue to pray to God for me, dear father, and recommend me to the Blessed Virgin. I hope soon to end my career, but fear to end it badly."

When not hunting herds of buffaloes on the plains or warring with one another, the Indians raided the trading forts. An uninterrupted series of hostilities on the part of the Sioux led to the abandonment of Fort Beauharnois and the mission. Lavérendrye, then, resumed his explorations and discoveries along with his son, Pierre Gauthier, who was the first white man to see those important geographical points, Lakes Manitoba, Dauphin, Winnipeg and Bourbon, as well as Lower Saskatchewan, while Father Coquart, a Jesuit, was the first missionary who gazed upon the site of Winnipeg. The chief explorer devoted the last thirteen years of his strenuous life³ to the work of exploration and colonization. He established at his own expense six forts, and not only explored but described on several maps the region situate between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains and from Missouri in the south to Saskatchewan in the north. "Posterity, whose horizon is less limited because it is more distant from the hero," observes Father

² Henry Ellis, "A Voyage to Hudson's Bay," p. 187. London: 1748.

³ He died on December 6, 1749, at the age of sixty-four, and was buried in the crypt of the Church of Notre Dame, Montreal.

Morice, "and which can appreciate at its just worth the solid qualities of this truly great man, this good Christian and true patriot, will doubtless decide that full justice will not have been done to his memory as long as one shall not have raised a statue to him in the territory which was the scene of his glorious deeds."⁴

But the time of French expansion and new foundations on the great Canadian plains was drawing to a close. Canada was about to pass into the possession of England. It was a case of *fruit Ilium*; or, as Father Morice pithily puts it, "*Le Canada français avait vécu.*" It marked the close of the first epoch of the Church's history in Western Canada.

At the time of the cession of Canada to Great Britain (1763), a large number of French priests returned to France rather than serve under the new masters of the country. The result was a great difficulty in providing for the spiritual needs even of regularly constituted parishes. Moreover, by the suppression of the Jesuits in 1773, the Church lost the only missionaries it then possessed in the Northwest. Of the 181 priests who served the immense Diocese of Quebec during the last years of the Seven Years War, only 136 remained in 1760. Even before the official suppression of the Jesuits, the new Canadian authorities condemned them to a slow but certain death by forbidding them, as well as the Recollects, to receive novices. It was no longer a question of the extreme West, abandoned by the civil government. It is more than probable, Father Morice conjectures, that some of the Canadians and French, enamoured of the free, wandering life of the prairies, or who had already contracted marriage ties with native women, preferred to remain in the country than to return to a life which had lost its attractions for them. From them sprang the half-breeds. He thinks the origin of the Metis or half-breeds has been fixed at a date too near to our times. A Metis family named Beaulieu was found in 1778 at the Slave River, when the fur traders reached it for the first time. It cannot then be reasonably doubted that several servants of the French explorers contracted with the natives matrimonial unions which perhaps received the blessing of the Church, and that, burthened with Metis families, they would be in no greater hurry to leave their adopted country than people of their sort were in the sequel. They had the gift of faith and strove to communicate it to their children, and subsequent events proved that they completely succeeded. It is even very probable that to them and their masters redound the merit of certain conversions, commonly placed to the credit of the missionaries. Daniel W. Harmon, a trader in the extreme West, wrote in 1800 that a French priest had his

⁴ Op. cit., Vol. I., p. 55.

residence at the mouth of the River Dauphin and that "there are still Indians who remember the prayers the missionary taught them." Now there never was a priest at the Dauphin River or Lake of that name under the French regime; but in 1741 the Chevalier de Lavérendyre established a post at the latter. The prayers Harmon speaks of would have been taught by that officer or his people, some of whom might have married into the tribe served by the Fort. Prudhomme gives the year 1775 as the possible, if not probable date of the first unions of French with the wild Indians. John McDonnell, one of the most important men in the Northwestern Company, the rival of the Hudson's Bay Company, married a Metis named Poitras several years before 1800. Apart from these pioneers, there were the French-Canadians who migrated towards the "Pays d'en haut," as for a long time they called Manitoba and the other provinces of the Canadian plains. Among those *coureurs de bois* several went thither between the cession of Canada and the organization of the Company of the Northwest. A certain Louis Nolin settled in the Red River valley in 1776. Another Catholic of the same race, Augustin Cadot, was there in 1780.

Before the cession all the Western traders were French, and for more than fifty years French was the language universally spoken in Western Canada. Knowing the preference of the Indians for the French, the Company made it a rule to be represented on the plains by as many of that nationality as possible. Though they could not all be called exemplary Catholics, cut off as they were from the wholesome restraints of a settled civilization, they were not irreligious and were as observant of the laws of God and of the Church as circumstances permitted. Daily prayer was not rare among them; they remembered and kept, as well as they could, the principal feasts of the liturgical year, baptized the children, attended the dying and always recited public prayers at every interment. Thus the Catholics at this period insensibly filled the gap which the absence of the missionaries left. John McDonnell, the Scotsman—an unique figure, strict and conscientious in the midst of a crowd of officials whose lives were a continual defiance of all the laws of justice and decency—was an excellent Catholic, called by his employés "the Priest," on account of his scrupulous observance of the Church's feasts and the Friday abstinence, as well as his zeal to make them be kept by those under him. The historian of the Company of the Northwest, Beckles Wilson,⁵ declares that McDonnell drew out of it because he would not "brave every principle of law and justice;" the most honorable testimony, says Father Morice, to a man in his position. He remained in the West from 1796 to 1815. Ross Cox,

⁵ "The Great Company," Vol. II., p. 118.

who visited him at his hospitable house at Long Sault on the St. Lawrence in 1817, says: "This gentleman was a strict Roman Catholic, and during his residence in the wilds, the Canadians distinguished him from other individuals of the same name by calling him 'the Priest,' on account of the rigid manner with which he made his people follow the different fasts of the Catholic Church. This circumstance, joined to what travelers said of him, led me to expect to find a second St. Francis in Mr. McDonnell. But, in place of the austere monk, we saw in the former trader a satisfied, good-humored hale old man, which proves that true piety is not incompatible with social gaiety."⁶ The influence of religion was most necessary to keep within just bounds people emancipated from every human law and devoured with an ardent greed of gold; and this sterling lay Catholic of strong faith and manly, resolute will well represented the influence of Catholicism as the greatest of all civilizing agencies.

The first organized and continuous missionary work was coincident with the establishment of the Red River colony by Lord Selkirk (1811-1815), a broad-minded, large-hearted and philanthropic Scotsman, much interested in ameliorating the lot of the humbler classes of his fellow-countrymen as well as of Catholic Ireland. Having acquired a large number of shares in the Hudson's Bay Company and purchased 110,000 square miles of excellent land in the Red River and Assiniboine valleys, he entrusted the direction of its colonization to a former officer of the Royal Regiment of New York, promoted in 1796 to the rank of captain in the Canadian militia. This was Miles McDonnell, brother of John McDonnell, who had gone to America with his father in 1773, and at the epoch of the war of independence migrated to Canada with the breadth of view which was his characteristic. Lord Selkirk selected his colonists among Catholics as well as Protestants, appointing as chaplain to the former the Rev. Charles Bourke, of the Diocese of Killala, in the north of Ireland. Among the first batch of emigrants who set out from Stornoway on July 26, 1811, and arrived on September 24 at the York Factory on Hudson's Bay, were several Irish Catholics. Lord Selkirk was of opinion that personal intercourse between Roman Catholics and Presbyterian Highlanders, who had forcibly resisted eviction from their farms, would convince the latter "that a Catholic might be an excellent citizen." The result of this mingling of races and creeds did not altogether correspond with the optimistic views of the Scotch peer, whose ideas were in advance of his time. The total number of colonists he brought out was 280. There were already more than 700 Catholics, French-Canadians

⁶ "Adventures on the Columbia River," pp. 302-303.

or Metis, inhabiting the central plains, who were incited to give them a warm reception, but not in a hospitable sense. The Company of the Northwest, who saw in the colony in process of formation, a danger to their supremacy in the West, disguised a number of their Metis employés as wild Indians, who terrorized the poor Scotch and Irish, not one of whom had ever fired a shot in his life. The hot rivalry between the two commercial corporations led to an armed struggle, culminating in what is chronicled as the battle of the marsh or fen in French-Canadian annals and referred to as the skirmish of the seven oaks by the English. It made it evident to Lord Selkirk that, without the powerful help of religion, the best plans for the success of an enterprise like his were condemned to failure. For six years he had been compelled to do without any minister of worship among his colonists, with disastrous results. The Catholic population had been increased by the arrival of new French-Canadian families and the accession of his Meurons,⁷ mostly of German stock. It, therefore, needed the presence of a priest, if the work to which he had put his hand was to have any stability. In default of one, Miles McDonnell had to fulfill such of the functions of a chaplain as were not incompatible with a lay state. "Last winter," he records, "I married two of our servants to daughters of colonists and, baptized four children born among us" (1814). Then he adds: "I hope the arrival of some minister of worship will relieve me of such a terrible task." Father Morice regards this as evident proof that the first baptisms and marriages in Manitoba were according to the Catholic rite.

Although as yet destitute of any ecclesiastical organization, these immense regions appertained by rights to the Bishop of Quebec, then Mgr. Joseph Octave Plessis. He had already turned his attention to the West and, since 1815, had made overtures to the Company of the Northwest with the object of obtaining facilities for the passage of a missionary from Montreal to Rainy Lake. It was at first his intention to undertake the journey himself, but circumstances compelled him to relegate it to one of his priests. It was to be made in the summer of 1816, but before the prelate could execute his project, Miles McDonnell addressed to him in the beginning of Spring a letter which caused him to change his plans. After thanking God for the preservation of the young Red River colony, McDonnell proceeded: "You know, my Lord, there can be no stability in the government of States or kingdoms if religion does not form the corner-stone. My chief object in accepting the

⁷ A troop of soldiers, whom he had raised and to whom he had assigned holdings. They took their name from one of their officers, Lieutenant Colonel Count de Meuron, a French Swiss from Neufchatel.

direction of this arduous though laudable enterprise was to act in a manner that the Catholic faith should be the dominant religion in our establishment, if Providence deemed me an instrument worthy of carrying out this project. With the liberal spirit which distinguishes him, Lord Selkirk willingly consented to let me bring an Irish priest the first year. Our spiritual needs are increasing with our numbers. We have many Catholics from Scotland and Ireland, and, moreover, the Canadians are always with us, and we are going to have a vast accession to our ranks in the people of that very country. There are hundreds of free Canadians who are wandering around our colony. They have families by Indian wives and are all in a deplorable condition through the want of spiritual succor. A large religious harvest might also be gathered in among the natives who surround us; their language is that of the Algonquins; they are easy to lead and well-disposed, allowing for the corruption of morals introduced among them by rival traders and other demoralizing habits. I have learned with great pleasure that this year you sent two missionaries as far as Rainy Lake. I shall be glad to give passage in my sloop to one of these gentlemen from here⁸ to the Red River, which is only six days' march from there. If he were to remain permanently with us, the company would once a year provide him with means to go and see his brethren in the Lord's vineyard at Rainy Lake." The noble founder of the colony himself, though not a Catholic, did not think it derogatory from his dignity to openly support McDonnell's request in an accompanying communication, in which he said: "I am absolutely persuaded that a zealous and intelligent ecclesiastic could do an immense good to these people (the Canadians), among whom every sentiment of religion seems almost extinct. It would be a great satisfaction to me to coöperate to the full extent of my power in such a good work; and if your lordship is pleased to select a person fit to undertake it, I can have no difficulty in assuring him that I shall supply him with every convenience and give him all the support your lordship may deem necessary." The Abbé Pierre Antoine Tabeau was the priest chosen. His Bishop gave him his credential in these words: "Robust health, solidity of character, remarkable intelligence, zeal and good will. everything is united in this ecclesiastic in favor of the projected work. Estranged from every temporal view, he thinks only of the salvation of souls and great pleasure of seconding the laudable intentions of your lordship towards the poor creatures whose vices must increase in proportion to their ignorance of God and His religion." This priest, after accompanying Mr. McDonnell in an exploration as far as the Rtd River, reported

⁸ Montreal.

adverse to a permanent mission and recommended instead periodical visits. Lord Selkirk, however, persisted and got up a petition in its favor signed by twenty French-Canadians and three Scotchmen, in which they declared that almost all the Christian population, colonists or free Canadians, were Catholics, and begged the Bishop of Quebec "in the name of their hopes of a future life to graciously grant them the succors of a priest of their holy religion, succors which their conduct would have deserved if irreproachable, and which were only the more necessary if it is regarded as faulty." Mgr. Plessis decided in favor of a permanent mission and sent two priests and a seminarist, who were to be the founders of the Church of Saint Boniface; besides establishing temporary missions at Sault Sainte Marie and Fort William. Father Morice thinks it is very probable that the Catholic mission at the Red River contributed largely to the fusion of the two rival companies, which took place three years later.

The man who was the immediate Providential instrument in the establishment of the Church in Central Canada was the Abbé Joseph Norbert Provencher. A grand priest of the old French school, a remarkably handsome man of majestic presence, six feet four inches in height, his personality stands out in bold relief among the group of ecclesiastics who did pioneer work in the now far off days when the only diocese in Canada was that of Quebec. His co-worker was the Abbé Dumoulin. Up to this all authors have been unanimous in admitting that these two priests were the first clergymen to penetrate and reside in what is now Manitoba, since the beginning of the English domination. Father Morice has had no difficulty in disposing of the pretension of Dr. G. Bryce that one Jane Sutherland, a Protestant catechist, was the first person "in orders" who went to Selkirk's colony. John McLeod, in his *Journal*, published in 1908—a year before Dr. Bryce's book appeared—says that he set out from Montreal with forty French-Canadians, "led by my two good friends, the priests, who were the first missionaries in the North since the French régime."

It is worthy of note that the fund raised in 1818 in support of the Red River mission was, as the Bishop's circular states, "powerfully encouraged by a number of Protestants." Lord Selkirk gave the missionaries, before their departure on May 19, 1818, unequivocal marks of his esteem; while Lady Selkirk made herself as serviceable to them as she could, providing them with a beautiful chapel. "I have never seen a lady so well informed, intelligent and obliging as Lady Seklirk," wrote Father Dumoulin to the Bishop. "She has done everything imaginable to procure us all that we might want, and always so graciously that it increases the value of all her

attentions. It seems that his lordship does nothing without consulting her." The future apostles were instructed by Mgr. Plessis to learn the dialects of their neophytes and prepare grammars and dictionaries of them; to regularize union between French-Canadians and their native wives; and to establish schools wherever possible. The prudent prelate struck a distinct note of loyalty to the new rulers: the missionaries were to make known to the natives and others the advantages they enjoyed under British government, and to teach them by word and example the respect and fidelity they owed to the English sovereign. This was returning good for evil. Since the cession of Canada to Great Britain the Catholic Bishops of Quebec had never succeeded in getting their tribes recognized by the English authorities; they were even forbidden to officially use them. Mgr. Plessis, after being nominated coadjutor, preached a famous sermon on the victory over the French forces at sea by Nelson, which was destined to conciliate the English element in Canada. For the first time since the extinction of French rule, he gave his ecclesiastical title to the Bishop of Quebec in a pamphlet which contained that prelate's *mandement* and the text of his own sermon; and, in consideration of the latter, the authorities shut their eyes at this innovation. The missionaries in the West carried out with scrupulous fidelity Mgr. Plessis' loyal instructions. This attitude and action had their after effects when England wisely conceded religious liberty to Canada, a measure which, along the subsequent concession of autonomy, has done much to attach the great Dominion to the mother country.

The two missionaries were joyfully greeted on their arrival at Fort Douglas, Red River, on July 16, 1818. A hastily constructed hut, formed of the trunks of aspens, served the double purpose of a mission house and chapel. **The moral condition of the mixed population they ministered to was deplorable.** The French-Canadians dispersed over the plains had no more religion than the savages who surrounded them; and it was chiefly by the aid of the sacrament of penance or confession—that great regenerative agency which the Catholic Church possesses—that the missionaries were at length enabled to effect a gradual reformation. The portion of Father Provencher's house which was to serve as a temporary chapel having been finished on November, 1818, the first Mass at the Red River was celebrated on that date. This chapel was placed under the patronage of St. Boniface in order through the intercession of their national patron to bring down the blessings of heaven upon their German Meurons, Catholics not over remarkable for their fervor.

They had a hard time of it indoors and out-of-doors. Father

Provencher for long months had not a bit of bread on his table, hardly possessed flour enough to make altar breads, and his provision of altar wine was nearly exhausted. Without taking into account miseries of the material order to which the missionaries had to submit, he had also to endure great moral trials arising from the religious apathy of the Indians, corrupted by contact with unprincipled whites, and the callousness of some Canadians and Germans long habituated to the most unbridled license. It was no easy task to secure the reign of peace and morality in a region where chaos and passion had held sway. "The Protestants here," wrote Father Dumoulin to Mgr. Plessis, "are extremely pleased with the Catholic mission; they appear to take the liveliest interest in it, particularly Colonel Dickson. He says he is enchanted with our work and often writes of it to England. On Christmas Day I gave his first Communion to his daughter and to Miss Powell, born of a Protestant father." This salutary influence of the priest in favor of order in localities which, a short time before, had been rent by the most frightful discord, is the more striking if we compare the new order of things introduced by his ministry with the ceaselessly renewed strifes and affrays, ending too often in bloodshed, which at this very epoch disturbed the distant district of Ahabaska, which the beneficent hand of religion could not yet reach.

Another step in advance was made when, in October, 1820, despite the protests which his humility inspired, Father Provencher was nominated titular Bishop of Juliopolis and coadjutor of the Bishop of Quebec for the Northwest. With increased dignity and responsibility, however, came increased difficulties. The words which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Henry IV., "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," might be paraphrased by many prelates into "uneasy lies the head that wears a mitre." Seeing that the civil authorities still refused to allow the creation of a Catholic hierarchy in Canada, with metropolitans and suffragans, he was simply a vicar general in episcopal orders. By a treaty concluded on October 20, 1818, between the government of London and Washington, all the territory to the south of the 49th degree of latitude was left to the United States, with the result that Pembina was just outside the British possessions in North America. Lord Selkirk having died at Pau, in France, on April 8, 1820, his powers devolved to his executor and brother-in-law, John Halkett, who was not at all so favorable to Catholics and who, in rather stiff terms, summoned Mgr. Provencher to transfer his people from the American territory to the vicinity of Fort Douglas, a proceeding which the prelate declared to be absolutely impossible. Halkett was inexorable and the exodus took place. Father Dumoulin was recalled,

and the flock were urged to transfer themselves to Saint Boniface or its neighborhood. Some acted on this advice; others reascended the Assiniboine and founded on White Horse plain what later became the mission of St. Francis Xavier; and others again went to Lake Manitoba, despite the Scotchman's edict, while thirty-five Canadians petitioned Washington for the protection of the American Government. On July 16, 1823, Father Dumoulin left, after five years spent at the Red River, leaving Mgr. Provencher nominal Bishop of a territory almost as large as Europe, with only one priest to help him to administer, and that priest already revolving the idea of returning to the East.

In the fall of 1821 the Catholics in the Red River colony numbered 800; Saint Boniface, containing 350 with 46 catechumens and Pembina, 450, plus 50 catechumens. These were dispersed over a rather large extent of country, since up to a relatively recent epoch, there was no centre of population, or at least no agglomeration resembling even a village, in what is now Manitoba. In the beginning of 1822 Swiss emigrants, including seven Catholics, arrived. Then, in consequence of the fusion of the two companits in 1821, numerous posts, no longer needed, were abandoned, and the employés with their families, turning their eye towards the Red River, considerably increased the Catholic population in that region where Lord Selkirk had ceded 10,392 acres to the mission. Abjurations of Protestantism though not frequent were a source of comfort to the missionary-Bishop, who, in 1822, chronicled the conversion of a Scotch lady, and, two years later, that of several Swiss wives of Catholic husbands. Father Dumoulin, although he had left the Red River mission, was not unmindful of it, and did all he could to promote its extension. In 1824 he published a little *memoire* destined to justify the creation of a bishopric in that distant country, remarking that on his departure from the West they had already administered 800 baptisms, celebrated or regularized 120 marriages and given first Communion to 150 persons; adding that the country already then contained more Catholics than the Boston district when it was erected into a diocese.

While keeping always steadily in view the spiritual interests of his flock as of paramount importance, Mgr. Provencher did not lose sight of their intellectual and material needs. Though he strove to prepare for the ministry Canadian or Metis youths, neither during his lifetime nor during the greater portion of the episcopate of his immediate successor was any Metis raised to the priesthood in Western Canada. But the great institution now universally known in the West as the College of Saint Boniface, founded in 1821, attests his zeal for education. In 1818 he opened the first

elementary school and in 1822 the first college in Manitoba; while his solitary priest for a good spell, Father Destroismaisons, was the first who exercised the ministry at Lake Manitoba. The good Bishop not only daily catechised the children, but, wishful of changing the wandering habits of the Canadians, Metis and Indians and attaching them to the soil and promoting the prosperity of the colony, he taught them agriculture in a practical way by putting his own hand to the plough. His solicitude for their material well being was recognized, and when the Council of Assiniboia became the legislative body of the country, it placed the Bishop at the head of a committee appointed to encourage by prizes and otherwise manufactures and branches of agriculture connected therewith. The chief governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. George Simpson, kept the headquarters in London informed of "the important services which the mission is rendering to the country," and the annual meeting of the same corporation held at the York Factory officially recognized "the great services rendered by the benevolent and untiring efforts of the Catholic mission on the Red River for the prosperity and moral and religious education of its numerous adherents," and noted with much satisfaction that "the influence of the establishment directed by the Very Reverend Bishop of Juliopolis has always been in favor of the true interests of the colony in particular and of the country in general." As a testimony of its gratitude it accorded the mission an annual subsidy of £50 and a supply of provisions which the poor prelate received with the liveliest satisfaction. Governor Simpson, who greatly esteemed the Bishop, voluntarily subscribed £100 towards the trection of a stone cathedral at Saint Boniface, to replace the wooden edifice put up in 1820. When finished it was the pride of the colony and has been immortalized by the poet Whittier as the edifice with its "turrets twain."

The Red River mission was a very hazardous as well as a very arduous one. Surprises and massacres were the order of the day. American Red Indians, particularly the Sioux, frequently made raids on the Canadian Indians, not sparing either the French-Canadians or the Metis. Father Dumoulin had been twice fired upon, at one time fwhen he was reading his Breviary on the banks of the Pembina River, the redskin wanting to test if the priest was vulnerable or not; and Father Belcourt had a narrow escape from the murderous savages. The latter, whom Alexander Ross⁹ describes as "an active, intelligent and enterprising man "who knew the language of the savages better than themselves," formed an Indian village on the banks of the Assiniboine, to which Governor Simp-

⁹ "The Red River Settlement."

son assigned a piece of land five miles long. There he erected a church and maisonnettes surrounded by small fields, sparing neither fatigue, manual labor nor expense. Harassed by visits from the bellicose tribes, he had to transfer it to a site on the left bank of the river. It is now known as Saint Eustache, although Belcourt called it Saint Paul's, having placed it under the patronage of the Apostle of the Gentiles. He was a man of ideas and projects, but they did not always accord with those of his immediate superior, who put the spiritual before the temporal, conversion before material civilization. "Grace," comments Father Morice, "may transform a depraved pagan into a model Christian, but it has nothing to do with racial characteristics. It makes little in going to heaven whether you are a farmer, fisherman or hunter. To ask an inveterate nomad to become rooted to the soil before becoming a Christian is to go too far and to overturn the normal order of things." Mgr. Provencher would have preferred more of the catechism and less of the plough; and there was occasional friction between prelate and priest. "If I do not shed my blood for the salvation of the infidels," wrote Belcourt, "I shall have shed many tears." He was popular with all classes of society and turned the influence thereby acquired to good account. A Protestant author, Alexander Simpson, testifies to his "indefatigable zeal;" while of the other Catholic missionaries he says. "These men, whose lives are a continual sacrifice, are of exemplary conduct and animated by a zeal which makes no account of fatigue in their efforts for the good of others." He notes the conversion of a large number of Indians due to their persevering efforts. The Bishop's clerical staff was soon afterwards increased by the arrival of Father Jean Baptiste Thibault, a good preacher, in whom he discerned "a valuable subject for missions;" Fathers Blanchet and Demers, who were both to be elevated to the episcopate on the Pacific coast; and Father Mayrand, who was to spend seven years on this mission.

In 1838 Father Belcourt, at the price of what are described as superhuman efforts, founded a mission at Wabassimong, at the confluence of the English river with Winnipeg. It was another attempt to civilize before Christianizing, and only lasted twelve years. Its church was under the invocation of Our Lady of Mercy. In the same year he prepared a dictionary and grammar of the Sautaux dialect and in the year following published in Sautaux a reader, catechism and prayer book combined as well as a pamphlet on the "Principles of the Sautaux Idioms." in French; deferring till later the publication of his dictionary.¹⁰

After a brief absence he returned to Canada in June, 1839, at the

¹⁰ It still exists in manuscript at Archbishop's house, St. Boniface.

request of Monsignor Provencher, who wished him to finish his dictionary, "which might be useful to those who would come after him." His heart and soul were in the work, notwithstanding their divergence of views. To him redounds the credit of having been the first priest to baptize one of the aborigines of the Arctic regions.

During twenty years the Red River colony had developed under the government of a single man. In 1832, when its name was changed to Assiniboia, it was placed under a quasi-legislative council. In the beginning the religious authorities were not officially recognized in the formation of this assembly. It was only on February 12, 1835, that the Catholic clergy were permitted a share in its deliberations in the person of Mgr. Provencher, and then in pursuance of a special invitation and not in the exercise of a right to representation. On June 16, 1837, five years after the inauguration of the new form of local government, he was formally sworn a member. His public services had already been recognized. A further testimony to his worth and work was an increased allocation of £100 to the mission, voted by the committee of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The advent in 1840 of some Methodist ministers and the traffic in souls which they introduced, purchasing so-called "conversions" by gifts and bribes; restrictions imposed upon the missionaries by the Hudson's Bay Company, and the greed, drinking habits and superstition of the natives raised serious obstacles to the spread of Catholicism. But although the sectaries employed all the artifices of the professional proselytizer, they did not make headway. One of the Wesleyans stationed at Rainy Lake said: "We have labored there for the last eleven years and have followed the ordinary system without having been able to establish a single school or work a single conversion." This clashing of creeds had only the effect of confusing the natives and confirming many of them in their own crude beliefs. The Protestants were well supplied with money; the Catholics had little or none. Alexander Ross says of the latter: "It must be confessed that this poverty redounds much to their honor. When it is proposed to establish a mission and its incumbent is nominated, the Bishop gives him £10 to outfit himself; then he adds his blessing, and the affair is settled." Ross is not the only Protestant author who noted the disadvantage which impeded the action of the Catholic missionary. "The Catholic priests," wrote Alexander Begg, "had to surmount numerous difficulties and, on account of their poverty, could not extend the sphere of their labors so rapidly as the Protestant missionaries. But what they lacked in material resources was compensated by a perseverance full of devotedness, and

they gradually cleared a way for themselves through obstacles and disappointments.”¹¹

The epoch from 1841 to 1843 was marked by an extension of Catholicism in the West. The Indian missions were about to enter on a new phase, a gradual development to more distant regions. The important trading base, Fort Edmonton, where the employés with their families numbered not less than 130—the nucleus of the present archiepiscopal city of Edmonton—had then at its head as Chief Factor, John Rowand, whose name is writ large in the early history of Canada and who was known in the West as “the Governor.” He had received the direction of the districts of Saskatchewan and Athabaska, and his territory extended as far as Fort Cumberland. A tower of strength to Catholicism in Western Canada, he informed the authorities that the Protestant minister made no progress in the conversion of the natives, the majority of whom were Crees, who appeared disposed to lend a willing ear to the “true praying men,” that is, the Catholic priests, and thus was the means of introducing Monsignor Provencher’s missionaries. Rowand was a Dublin man, a typical fur-trader; “an emperor in miniature,” Father Morice says. He was also a typical Celt, Catholic and Irish to the backbone, a strong, militant Catholic, who manfully stood to his guns and would not lower the flag to please anybody. One incident shows the manner of man he was. He was present one day at a grand dinner, where most of the guests were anti-Catholic. As a toast was being given, one of them was so ill-advised as to sing a song, the words of which were an insulting reference to the Pope. It was more than Rowand could stand. “I am a Catholic,” he exclaimed impetuously, “and I shall never let any one in my presence insult the head of my religion;” and in the twinkling of an eye he flung the contents of his glass at the speaker. Father Morice notes that he has left the reputation of a man¹² who shone more by his indomitable energy than by Christian meekness. But it was such sturdy and strenuous Irish Catholics who won for their co-religionists in Ireland the civil and religious liberties they now enjoy, and have made themselves abroad a power and an influence to be counted with.

Father Thibault, who knew the Crees’ language, was sent to Fort Edmonton in the spring of 1842, making a journey of some 2,200 miles across the great prairies of Western Canada. With the conveniences which civilization has put within the reach of the modern traveler, it is difficult to form an exact idea of the fatigues and per-

¹¹ “History of the Northwest,” Vol. I., pp. 281-282.

¹² Born between 1775 and 1780, he died suddenly at Fort Pitt in 1854. His grave is in the Catholic cemetery at Montreal.

ils inherent to such a journey. Without mentioning the dangers due to savage hordes of Indians in the state of nature—ever ready to rob, pillage and massacre—the missionary had many times to ford rivers with the water almost up to his neck or cling to the mane of his swimming horse. And then, how is one to realize the inexpressible weariness of a ride of six months, under the rays of a burning sun, with no shadow to temper it but that of his horse, monotonous and often insufficient nourishment and numberless accidents and difficulties of all sorts? As regards the march, the missionary was scarcely more than the humble servant of those whose guidance he had to follow, willingly or unwillingly. And the journey was hardly less painful when the saddle gave place to the excessively primitive Red River cart in a country almost destitute of roads, with vehicles in the construction of which not a scrap of iron was used.

When Thibault, through the intermediary of an interpreter, announced the good news to a band of Blackfeet, "the wickedest savages in those countries," he was listened to with the greatest respect. Then the Indians bade him a solemn farewell after their manner—that is, by passing their hands over his head, shoulders, breast and arms. Affectionately clasping his hand, they left him one by one, expressing the good resolutions they had formed for the future. "Thy words are engraven in my heart; I wish to follow thy way," said one. "I have not been a very wicked man; I wish, however, to become better," said another, adding that he had bore the missionary in his heart because he had had compassion on him and taught him the way of life. A third was oppressed at the thought of his past wild life, or was perhaps more scrupulous. "I have had a bad heart," he confessed. "I have been a wicked man. I am shamed in thy presence; but have pity on me; I promise thee to live otherwise, now that I have seen and heard thee." The missionary gave them a paper on which were marked the days of the week, so that they might know when Sunday came round and sanctify it.

"All the Metis and most of the savages have abandoned the Methodist ministers to listen to the Catholic priests," wrote exultingly Monsignor Provencher to the Bishop of Quebec. "Despite the falsehoods and calumnies which fanaticism and hatred have circulated against him and the doctrine he came to teach, he has succeeded in causing the truth to triumph." This, we are told, did not assuredly mean that all the savages were thenceforth Catholics, and that nothing remained to be done but to keep them up to it. The Indian is by nature impressionable. In presence of the new and the unheard of, he is easily persuaded, particularly when the habit, the kind of life, the spirit of prayer and, above all, the celi-

bate, are there to show him that he is in contact with the representative of the Divinity. But these first impressions are too often fleeting, although they may sometimes have enduring and more salutary effects.¹³

A tragic event, which marked the climax of Protestant opposition to the Catholic mission, took place in 1844—the murder of Father Darveau, a zealous priest, who had undergone great physical suffering in the course of his ministry. To render the Catholic missionary odious in the eyes of the Indians, they likened him to “the windigo,” which, to Indians of the Algonquin race, is a person possessed of an evil spirit, a demoniac, a cannibal, or both combined, who might be killed at sight. To give this name to a priest, and they knew it, was like passing sentence of death upon him; the execution or slaughter of the doomed man might be left to the native fanatics, and was a foregone conclusion. “Hell,” wrote the missionary, “has here employed every wile at first to drive me away and then to render all my efforts useless. They have come to warn me, no doubt to intimidate me, that they were going to hunt me out if I didn’t go. When they saw me determined to remain until they should drag me out of the mission, bound hand and foot, presents were lavished on the savages and their wives and still more promised.” The Indians were led to believe that the priest was the cause of the epidemic that a short time previously had decimated the tribe; his exhortations were disregarded and his fate was decided. During a journey he was making in company with a Metis and a little boy of the Muskegon tribe, the former was first shot for fear the contemplated crime should be reported to the whites, the latter being spared because he was one of their own. Three miscreants lay in wait for him and the fatal shot was fired by a savage named Vizena. The body was afterwards found in a decomposed state, a bear having partly devoured one of the limbs. The murderer afterwards, at his execution, confessed to the crime. The two other wretches ended their lives miserably, one being burned alive. “The death of M. Darveau,” says Father Morise, “was due to the malice of man, and not the result of an accident, as has been said up to this. It is also very probable, if not certain, that his premature end was occasioned by hatred of the Catholic name and a superstitious fear of the priest inspired by the representative of a Protestant sect.”¹⁴ His remains were conveyed to St. Boniface, where later they were deposited alongside those of his own Bishop.

Up to this time the titular Bishop of Juliopolis had only been an auxiliary, or, as has been pointed out, practically vicar general of

¹³ Morice, Vol. I., pp. 237-238.

¹⁴ Morice, *op. cit.*, Vol. I., p. 266.

the Bishop of Quebec. On April 16, 1844, his vast district was, by a Papal bull, detached from that ancient diocese—ancient as things count in the New World—and constituted into a distinct Vicariate Apostolic of the Northwest. By this measure Monsignor Provencher became independent of Quebec, which had been erected into an archbishopric. Material ameliorations, the arrival of the Grey Nuns or Sisters of Charity,¹⁵ along with Fathers Laflèche and Bourassa, and the creation of the vicariate were to the Church of St. Boniface the dawn of a new era in its history.

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¹⁵ Founded in 1738 by Madame d'Youville, sister of Jemmeraye, nephew of Lavérendrye and his lieutenant in his explorations. The foundress used to send to the Indians in the West clothes made with her own hands. Her daughters had a presentiment that one day they would follow their "uncle" to the country where he died.

THE ROSARY TRADITION DEFINED AND DEFENDED.

"Justitia et pax osculae sunt
Veritas de terra orta est."
Ps. lxxxiv. 11-12.

"**W**HAT, the Rosary again!" the reader may possibly feel inclined to exclaim; "really, what difference does it make to whom we owe this devotion?" But that is just the point; it makes a very great deal of difference indeed. Not only is the name of St. Dominic in question, not only is the wisdom of seventeen Sovereign Pontiffs at stake—nay, even the very common sense of at least five of them—but the fair name and fame of our Blessed Lady herself are also, as must be admitted, most deeply involved. For if the Rosary does indeed come to us from her, if it really is a gift from her virginal hands, surely the very least we can do is gratefully to acknowledge it. Nay, on the supposition that our Lady did deign to reveal this devotion to St. Dominic, it would be all but an insult on our part deliberately to ignore it. For this reason, therefore, in the first place, and also on account of the unfounded statements on the subject which occasionally appear in the Catholic press, I propose to examine in the following pages the truth of this old Tradition.

"But it cannot be proved historically that St. Dominic instituted the Rosary," the reader may again object. Well, what of that? Let us suppose that it cannot be. Why, for that matter, it cannot be proved historically that our Blessed Lady was assumed into heaven. Indeed, the only differences between the tradition that our Lady was assumed into heaven and the tradition that she revealed the Rosary to St. Dominic, are, first, that the former rests on the authority of Greek and Latin Fathers, the latter to a great extent on that of the Sovereign Pontiffs; secondly, that whereas we have no historical evidence whatever in favor of our Lady's Assumption for over five hundred years—no words, no pictures, no monuments of any kind,¹—the two hundred and fifty years between the death of St. Dominic and the date (1471) when the Rosary Tradition is admitted on all hands to have existed, supply us with a considerable amount of evidence—words, pictures, monuments, etc.; thirdly, that whereas the tradition of the Assumption belongs to Christian Doctrine, so that no Catholic may openly refuse to believe it, without at least the sin of pride, the tradition of the Rosary,

¹ There are certain obscure apocryphal writings a century earlier, but although certain theologians take them to be at least signs of the true tradition, the remainder deem it safer and more becoming to ignore them altogether. Cf., Vacant-Maugenot, "Dictionnaire de théologie catholique," Paris, 1903;

on the other hand, concerns merely the origin of a devotion, so that everybody is at perfect liberty to accept or reject it.

"But the Assumption has always been unanimously accepted," the reader might, reasonably enough, interpose, "whereas the truth of the Rosary Tradition is even now called in question." Turn, then, for comparison to the Immaculate Conception.

Before that dogma was defined, there were not a few discordant voices, as there had been for centuries, including those of men illustrious for their learning and holiness, and only the infallible decree was able to hush them. The Rosary Tradition, on the other hand, not being matter of Christian Doctrine, can never be defined as "of faith," and we shall always, as I have said, be at perfect liberty with regard to it, and always, no doubt in consequence, find people who will choose to reject it. Nevertheless, we must be careful to remember that Rome has not been altogether silent, and it will not perhaps be out of place to recall here the circumstances of the decision to which I refer.

When, in 1715, Clement XI. made the feast of the Rosary obligatory for the whole Church, the lessons of the second nocturn at Matins were simply taken from some work of St. Augustine's, and did not (as did those in the Dominican breviary) relate the Rosary Tradition, the churches in Tuscany alone receiving permission to recite the Office of the Friars Preachers. A few years later, however, (1725), a petition was presented to the Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XIII., himself a Dominican, that this privilege of Tuscany might be extended to the universal Church. We need not pause to speculate what the Holy Father would have done had he allowed himself to be guided by his personal convictions; he was Christ's Vicar on earth and had to act in that capacity and to proceed with the prudence which is characteristic of the Holy See. Moreover, the antiquity of the Rosary and the circumstances of its institution had already, it seems, been called in question, so that some sort of enquiry was obviously necessary. Benedict XIII., therefore, put the matter into the hands of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The members of that Congregation studied the whole question, I may say probed it to its very roots, and the result was that in 1726 the lessons which are now recited in the Office for Rosary Sunday (or one day following) and which record the Rosary Tradition, *were made of obligation and remain of obligation for the whole Church*. This, I take it, was the utmost the Holy See could do. We have no need of further decrees or declarations, though as a matter of fact five succeeding Pontiffs have vouchsafed them; and we may now proceed to examine the tradition itself.

In what, then, precisely does the Rosary Tradition consist? Sim-

ply in this: that our Blessed Lady revealed to St. Dominic, and bade him preach, the devotion as we know it to-day, excepting that the three sets of Mysteries were probably not more precisely defined than as concerning the Incarnation, Passion and Glorification respectively, excepting as well, of course, the second part of the "Hail Mary," which was not then in vogue, and possibly also the "Glory be to the Father," which certainly does not belong to the essence of the devotion. When and where² this revelation took place, whether it was made by means of an exterior vision or whether by means of an interior manifestation, whether St. Dominic preached the devotion holding in his hands the fifteen decades, or only one decade, or no part of the rosary at all, whether finally, he instituted the Rosary Confraternity with formal rules, or merely bade the people, or certain people, arrange to recite the mysteries together (which, however, constitutes a true confraternity³)—none of these things matter in the very least, for they do not in any way whatever affect the essence of the Tradition. The case is exactly the same with regard to the Assumption. When and where it took place—whether at the very moment of our Lady's death (whenever that may have taken place) or only after several days, or even after some still longer space of time, whether at Jerusalem or elsewhere, whether the voices of angels were really audible to those on earth, whether the Apostles were present at our Lady's death and whether the arrival of St. Thomas three days later was the occasion of their opening the tomb and finding it empty—all these details are quite secondary to the great fact of the Assumption itself, which alone we are asked to believe.

So much then for what the Rosary Tradition is; it remains for us to investigate something of its history. Now all admit that the Tradition was in existence in 1141, and since that date it has been treasured and handed down in a manner quite without parallel in the Catholic Church. Sixteen Sovereign Pontiffs have explicitly declared St. Dominic to be the Founder of the Rosary—Leo X., St. Pius V., Gregory XIII., Sixtus V., Clement VIII., Alexander VII., Clement IX., Clement X., Innocent XI., Clement XI., Benedict XIII., Benedict XV., Clement XIV., Pius VII., Pius IX. and

² Clement VIII., in his Apostolic Letter, *Ordo Fratrum Praedicatorum*, 1602, says that "St. Dominic first instituted and promulgated the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary" in the Church of St. Xistus, in Rome; and the editor of the *Bullar. Ord. Praed.*, but not the Pope, adds the date 1216. The opinion of the learned editor may be respectfully acknowledged; the words of the Holy Father still leave us fairly free as to the when and where of the vision.

³ Alexander VI. and Leo X. are, I think, the only Popes who explicitly state that St. Dominic founded the *Confraternity*, but Sixtus X. and Benedict XIV. as well obviously imply it.

Leo XIII., the last five being particularly noteworthy because their declarations were made in the full knowledge that certain eminent priests and scholars rejected the Tradition as spurious. In exhorting the faithful to the practice of this devotion, in enlarging upon its immense advantages, in lavishing upon it the most extensive indulgences, they need have made no reference whatever to the question of its origin; but as a matter of fact, it would seem that they have deliberately gone out of their way to render testimony to St. Dominic. Modern research, moreover, far from tending to discountenance the Tradition, produces periodically further evidence in its support. For notice well, it is not proof that is wanted, but justification. If we had proof positive that St. Dominic founded the Rosary, the Tradition to that effect would at once cease to exist and we should have history pure and simple. As it is, we have the tradition, and all that we want is some justification of our thesis that this same Tradition was not invented in the middle of the fifteenth century, but is traceable to the very times of St. Dominic himself. We have no material justification, remember, for the Assumption, since for the first five hundred years it rests entirely upon oral tradition; but as a question of doctrine it has been accepted by the whole Church, and that is enough. The Rosary Tradition, on the other hand, does not affect the doctrine of the Church. Moreover, it belongs to more modern times, and one would naturally expect to find at least some traces of it. These traces we have in abundance, since for the first two hundred and fifty years St. Dominic's connection with the Rosary rests upon both oral and written tradition.

But, first of all, let us see something of what the critics say. And here let me remark that a great many questions have been hotly discussed in the past which, to my mind, cannot affect, much less upset, the Rosary Tradition in any way whatever, such questions, for example, as whether St. Aybert (+1140) was in the habit of reciting 100 *Aves* with genuflections and another 50 with prostrations, or, whether a holy Carthusian named Henry Egbert had a vision in 1390 of 150 *Aves* divided like our Rosary into tens by *Pater nosters*, or whether in 1458 another Carthusian, Dominic of Prussia, invented a species of Rosary; for, whatever one thinks about them, they cannot be said to constitute objections to our Rosary Tradition. What then are the objections? If the reader makes any study of the controversy, he will find that there is really only one objection, which is that the Tradition is a tradition and not a fact historically demonstrable. This is the whole *crux*, and this is why the critics are so powerless, for no amount of purely negative evidence, with whatever scholarship it be arranged, can

destroy a tradition that has anything at all to say for itself; clear positive proof to the contrary is necessary, and this the critics have failed, and failed absolutely, to produce. What they can do, and what in fact they have done, in the interests as they say of science and truth, is to deny the authenticity of the documents, pictures or monuments quoted by the Popes and advocates of the Tradition, or if their authenticity be unassailable, to deny the interpretation placed upon them. To-day, happily, not only are we in possession of further evidence, but the question of interpretation also has received additional light.

There is, however, one negative argument urged in objection, which, under the pen of a skillful writer, can be made to assume gigantic proportions. It is that of the silence of the first biographers of St. Dominic. "The revolutions which at different times swept over Europe," write the critics, "the Black Death which carried away one-third of the human race, the Reformation and consequent destruction of 1,150 convents of the Dominican Order, everything, in fact, which could contribute to the loss or destruction of manuscripts and monuments—all this may account for a great deal, but it does *not* account for the silence of the writers whose works we possess. If the great St. Dominic really instituted the wonderful devotion of the Holy Rosary, Jordan of Saxony, the saint's successor as general, would surely have mentioned it, but in point of fact, he says not one word about the Rosary in his *Life of St. Dominic*, nor anything like it, and the later biographers are on this point equally dumb." But, in answer, it must be pointed out, first, that to make this argument of any value it would be necessary to prove that Blessed Jordan's silence is inexplicable, and this proof will never be made out; secondly, that the objection in this case is open to the accusation of being an attempt to play upon the ignorance or credulity of the reader, for the explanation and answer are to be found by referring to Jordan's "*Life of St. Dominic*" itself. Go in search then of this work and you will find not the bulky tome you expected, but a tiny little pamphlet, in which, I might almost say, a multitude of other incidents, and very remarkable incidents and miracles, in the life of St. Dominic are also altogether omitted. Having made this first discovery, continue the enquiry and you will find that Jordan of Saxony, far from being intimate with St. Dominic, only saw him twice in his life, once at Paris in 1219 (that is before he was even a member of the Order), when he went to confession to him and heard him preach (we are not told what St. Dominic preached about⁴, and once again at

⁴ We have not a single one of St. Dominic's sermons, and the tradition is precisely that he *preached* this devotion to the people.

the General Chapter of 1221! This being the case, it is even conceivable that B. Jordan did not know anything at all about the devotion now called the Rosary, had perhaps never heard of it, for St. Dominic no sooner gathered followers around him than he scattered them to the four winds; or, if he had heard of it, had forgotten about it when he wrote his "Life" some ten years after St. Dominic's death. Supposing then that he was ignorant on this point, how can we expect those who came later to have been better informed who knew perhaps less of the holy Patriarch than he did? And if the silence of the whole fifteen biographers (so to call them) be urged and insisted upon in objection, we may answer that even the whole fifteen have omitted several other facts in connection with St. Dominic which we learn from altogether other sources.⁵ But what to the present writer seems by far the most reasonable view to take with regard to B. Jordan in particular is that he knew indeed that St. Dominic had preached this devotion, but that along with many other important things he did not think of mentioning it. At the same time this raises the interesting question, which we come to now, as to what proportions the Rosary assumed in the eyes of St. Dominic's immediate followers.

He who would prove too much proves nothing, and I am of opinion that on this point zealous advocates of the Tradition—but *not* the Sovereign Pontiffs—have often asserted and striven to in-

⁵ e. g. (1) The Dominican Congregations of Our Lady; i. e., Confraternities, the origin of which is unknown and the existence of which thirty years after St. Dominic's death is only revealed to us by briefs of the Holy See and letters of the masters general. (2) The foundation by St. Dominic of the Militia of Jesus Christ, i. e., the Third Order, which is generally accepted on the authority of the celebrated Raymund of Capua (†1399), who refers to what he had himself read and heard. (3) The writings of St. Dominic, which are accepted as having probably existed even by the Bollandists, on the authority of St. Antoninus (†1459), who refers to these writings as having been seen by men worthy of belief. These examples are given by Père Mézard, to whose work full reference is given below, p. 18. With regard to the Rosary, it is not so much a question of loss of manuscripts as what has been called the "negligence" of the early Dominicans about the history of their holy founder and their apparent desire rather to hide his fame than to publish it, to "hush up" the miracles rather than to make a parade of them. The facts are well known. It may be added that the General Chapter of Cologne (1245), recognizing that the lives of St. Dominic were sadly incomplete, ordered the brethren to search for more miracles (St. Dominic had already been canonized) and to send them up the next Chapter, but the ordination does not seem to have had altogether successful results; at all events, it was repeated ten years later. Compare also Father Cuthbert's interesting account ("Life of St. Francis," Longmans, 1914, pp. 477-485) of the silence of the early Franciscan writers with regard to the Porziuncola Indulgence. Perhaps I may be permitted to adapt the author's conclusion and say that the rejection of the Rosary tradition raises questions as difficult to answer as does its acceptance.

sist upon far too much. We must not forget the indubitable historical fact, also testified to by Pope Leo X., that the devotion of the Rosary had almost died out by the middle of the fifteenth century. This decline is easy to explain if we allow that although St. Dominic himself preached the Rosary to the immense good of souls, the devotion itself was not taken up universally in the Order. And why should it have been? If St. Dominic chose to keep all but absolutely secret the fact that he had received both the devotion and the instruction to preach it from the Virgin Mother of God—and we know that he could keep a secret⁶—if he considered, moreover, that this injunction had been addressed primarily and principally to himself, why should he speak about it or insist upon his followers preaching as he did? That some of them did so we may well believe⁷, but that it became the universal practice is, in the opinion of the present writer, an untenable proposition; for not only, in that case, should we naturally expect more evidence than exists, but it would also render the decline of the devotion much more difficult, if not indeed impossible, to explain. After all, if you conceal the fact that the Rosary *was revealed*, the devotion itself (I do not say its effects) is not so very remarkable, and would not have been considered very wonderful at the time of St. Dominic. The *Pater noster* was the common prayer, the first part of the *Ave* was also at least known, and the three sets of Mysteries contain simply the chief truths of our religion. It was the union of these three ingredients in their special sequence which was divinely inspired and which made it, and still makes it, such an incomparable prayer. The union itself, however, offered nothing very particular to strike the imagination, and the very string of beads seems to have been nothing new. The fact again, as attested by the Sovereign Pontiffs, that the preaching of the Rosary by St. Dominic was the

⁶ I refer, of course, to the well-known fact that he concealed the history of the origin of the White Scapular until after the death of B. Reginald of Orleans.

⁷ Father Thurston, in the fourth point of his definition of the Rosary tradition, says that "St. Dominic and his followers prized the Rosary as one of their greatest privileges and treasures, and preached it throughout the world, establishing also Confraternities of the Rosary," and then adds in a footnote: "This last fact is distinctly affirmed in the Bull *Ordo Praedicatorum* of 1601." (Cf., the *Month*, January, 1901, p. 69). First of all, however, the document in question should be referred to *Ordo Fratrum Praedicatorum*; secondly, its date is not 1601, nor 1603, as Father Thurston writes later (*Ibid.*, March, 1901, p. 288), but January 19, 1602; thirdly, it distinctly affirms nothing of the kind, but merely, as I have already quoted, that St. Dominic first instituted and promulgated the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Church of St. Xistus, in Rome. However, taken in a general way, and as relating to the history of at least the first four centuries of the Order of St. Dominic, Father Thurston's words, whatever their source, may well stand for the truth.

occasion of miracles—miracles of nature and miracles of grace—was not enough to make it an altogether unforgettable thing. St. Dominic attracted crowds by his preaching and worked miracles wherever he went; a multitude of his miracles went unrecorded, and apart from what the Tradition tells us we know nothing of what he preached about.

Again, look at the effect the preaching of the Rosary will have had upon the people—nothing outwardly very striking.⁸ If they followed St. Dominic's advice, they would have recited the mysteries privately or in common, at home or in church, counting the *Aves* on their fingers, if they had not a chaplet; for, it must be remembered, there was no question of indulgences in the beginning, and it was not necessary to possess beads blessed by a Dominican Father or any beads at all for that matter.⁹ Even nowadays, be it noted, when the Rosary is recited in common, it is only required for all present to gain the indulgences that the leader of the devotion should have a blessed rosary, the remainder need not (I do not say should not) have or hold any rosary at all. Finally, a chaplet of one decade or of three was almost as good as one of the whole fifteen, for, as I say, there was then no question, as there is now—

⁸ A kindly critic after reading these pages in manuscript suggested that the objection urged against the tradition on the ground of the alleged silence of the witnesses of St. Dominic's canonization should not be altogether ignored. Let us deal with it here, then, and examine the true facts of the case which are given us by Père Mézard. There were thirty-five witnesses of the canonization—nine bore testimony at Bologna, twenty-six at Toulouse, and the testimony of the latter was accompanied by more than 300 signatures. The depositions of the witnesses, although distinct, are exceedingly brief, and appear to have been made in answer to questions asked by those who were holding the inquiry. Besides many interesting details, there are a very great number of gaps or omissions which are decidedly difficult to account for. Not one of the witnesses, for example, speaks of St. Dominic's devotion to the Mother of God. Are we to conclude that he had none, that he did not recite Our Lady's Office with the rest of the brethren, or that he did not pray to her specially at all? Fortunately, we know otherwise. Again, not one of the witnesses speaks of St. Dominic's miracles. Can these people have been unaware that the Saint wrought the most striking wonders? Not one speaks of the purpose of his preaching, nor of the conversions which he made, nor of the extraordinary graces which he received; e. g., the gift of prophecy and discernment of hearts—nay, the very Albigenses are not mentioned, and St. Dominic's labors among them are summed up in the two words *persecutor haereticorum*. The reader will realize that the thirteenth century is not the twentieth, and that this *prima facie* sound objection must on examination fall to pieces.

⁹ Even when indulgences were first granted they were granted, it would seem, to the recitation pure and simple, not as nowadays to the recitation on blessed beads. Take, for example, the certainly authentic indulgence granted by Innocent VIII. to members of the Rosary Confraternity in 1488. Cf., Procter, *The Rosary Confraternity*, C. T. S., 1915; App. II.

adays, of blessings and indulgences restricted to chaplets of five, ten or fifteen decades.

With these general *data* before him, then, the reader will perhaps be able to see how very easy it must have been in course of time first, for changes to creep in, in the matter of forgetting the mysteries altogether and simply reciting the *Aves*, or of varying the titles of the mysteries to a very considerable degree; secondly, partly due to this circumstance and partly (as I take it) to the fact that the Rosary was not taken up universally in the Order for the devotion to fall into disuse.

A few facts justifying the Tradition.¹⁰

I. OUR LADY'S PSALTER AS SAID BY THE BEGUINES.

St. Dominic died at Bologna in 1221. In 1227 we have the first mention of the *Psalterium Beatae Mariae Virginis* to be recited by the Beguines at Ghent. A Dominican influence is apparent in that the document, an act of foundation, is signed by the Prior of Ghent and two other Dominicans.¹¹

Indeed, the Beguines at Ghent seem to have been placed under the direction of the Dominicans from the very first, and they remain so to-day.

In their rule, which goes back to 1236, there is an article which runs: "*Quaelibet porro Beghina ad eum modum recepta debet quotidie tria sarta orando persolvere, quae Psalterium B. Virginis dicuntur, neque hunc ritum, nisi justa gravique caussa, praetermittat.*" (i. e., each Beguine has to recite daily three chaplets which are called the Psalter of the Blessed Virgin.)

Doubts, of course, have been raised as to the authenticity of this text, the manuscript being no longer extant. But these doubts must be laid to rest by Alan de Rupe, who in 1475 bears witness to the fact that at Ghent and elsewhere the Beguines had said the Psalter of our Lady in place of the Canonical Office for nearly two hundred years.¹²

¹⁰ Cf., Mézard, *Etude sur les Origines du Rosaire* (a reply to Father Thurston's articles in the *Month*, 1900, 1901, one volume in 120., VIII.-492 pp.), to be obtained for 3 fr. 80c., from the author, Couvent de la Visitation, Caluire (Rhône), France, and Etcheverry, *Le Saint Rosaire et la Nouvelle Critique*, 240 pp., Dupeyrac et Cie., Boul. Notre Dame 81, Marseilles, France.

¹¹ Mézard, pp. 97, 98.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 98.

¹³ Alan's words are: "Est sacrarum Virginum monasterium Gandavi in quo ab annis fere ducentis istud habent psalterium quotidie, in canonicarum horarum vicem, persolvendum, inde usque a majoribus sic traditum et acceptum. Pervetusti codices evidentissime testantur ipso facto *me* vera memorare, sicut in Gaudensi Ordinis nostri conventu allisque multis terrarum in locis probari potest." *Apolog.* Cap. VIII., *apud* Mézard, p. 98.

Now was this Psalter of our Lady the same thing as our Rosary? We have the explicit testimony of, for example, St. Pius V., Gregory XIII., Sixtus V. and Clement VIII.¹⁴ The Rosary was called our Lady's Psalter in Alan de Rupe's time, and the name has been preserved in the lessons for the feast of Rosary Sunday. We have, moreover, all but absolute proof that the two things were identical. What was the Psalter and how was it to be recited? Even the critics admit that the Psalter consisted of 150 *Aves*, divided into three groups of 50,¹⁵ and, as will be seen below, it sometimes included also a number of *Paters* and the meditation on certain mysteries. For how were the Beguines to recite it? Their Rule itself did not say; but there was an appendix to the rule, the *Psalterium*, which explained precisely how the Psalter was to be recited. It said: "At each Our Father and at each Hail Mary let the head of the Beguines read and recall some mystery of the Life of Christ or of the Blessed Virgin."¹⁶

Now this is a very clear piece of evidence, so clear indeed that the critics, naturally enough, are at pains to prove that the *Psalterium*, which contains it was added at a later date to the old rule of 1236. They point to the fact that the rule of the Beguines was *augmented* and approved in 1354, that it was examined and approved also in 1531, and finally in 1623. But the words in question, if allowed to remain, were certainly not added in 1531 or 1623, long after the time of Alan de Rupe and when there were few who did not know that one of fifteen mysteries had to be called to mind before each *decade*. Therefore we may well suppose that they were added¹⁷ in 1354. But 1354 is quite an early date for what we want,

This evidence must, I think, be deemed uncontrovertible, whether the reader chooses to regard Alan as a saint, a rogue or a hoodwinked simpleton. Nor can the estimated date of the Flemish of the rule as now preserved to us affect the question in the least. Antiquated words and expressions may well have been modified and altered when any fresh copy of the rule was made in later days.

¹⁴ Cf., Mézard, pp. 410-411.

¹⁵ Cf., Etcheverry, p. 27.

¹⁶ "Beguina praeses ad singula Pater Noster et ad singula Ave Maria, mysterium aliquod vitae Christi aut Beatae Virginis legat et praemittat." Cf., Echard, *Scriptores Ord. Praed.*, in Supp., Vol. II., p. 6. Some authors read *legebat et praemittebat*, which if it shows that the passage was added, shows equally well how the Psalter was recited of old.

¹⁷ It is astonishing that Father Thurston (cf., the *Month*, November, 1900, p. 514) can urge against the antiquity of the *Psalterium* that the use of the term *mysteries* is posterior to the fourteenth century. Father Mézard refers him to St. Thomas, *Contra Gentes*, IV., 54, *Summa* 2a 2ae. Q. 82, art. III., obj. 2a, and *In Psalm VIII.*, to the Preface for Christmas in the Missal, and to Hugh de St. Cher *In Psalm L.*, and *In Ezech I.*, where the word *mysterium* or *mysteria* is used, and used in the ordinary sense. Nor is the practice of the Beguines by any means a solitary instance (as Father Thurston would seem to believe, *Ibid.*) of meditation accompanying the recitation of *Aves*. Cf., Father Mézard's instructive chapter VI.

and indeed this constitutes so strong an argument that the critics will have next to set themselves to prove that the description of the Rosary (a mystery at each Our Father *and* Hail Mary!) is not nearly accurate enough to be of any value. But there again they will find themselves mistaken. Some people, indeed, in view of what has been said above (page 136) may see in this manner of reciting the Psalter a corruption of the true Rosary which the Beguines had practised in the beginning. It is possible that they had got into the way of hurrying through their Psalter and neglecting the mysteries when some good superior came into power, who, seeing the abuse, went to the opposite extreme and ordered the separation of even each Hail Mary by the mention of a mystery. The fact, however, on the other hand, that those who examined and approved the rule in 1531 and 1623 allowed these words to remain is a conclusive proof, it seems to me, that they considered them a sufficiently accurate description of the rosary, which it was the duty of the Beguines to recite. Nay, more, not only have we ourselves known of at least one priest in England who advocated this method of reciting the Rosary, but it is actually in vogue to-day in the Diocese of Le Puy, in France. There the women lace-makers recite the Rosary in common while at work, and they say before each Hail Mary some words, learnt in their childhood, which remind them of the individual mystery. These formulas, very brief, are printed *in extenso* in their catechisms.

If the reader reflects upon these indisputable facts, as I take them to be, he will find it difficult to believe, in view of the old Tradition, that the Psalter of our Lady as recited by the Beguines was not what we now call the Rosary of our Lady. The Beguines, moreover, go back almost to the very time of St. Dominic, and the fact that they have always been under Dominican direction is strong presumptive evidence in support of the Tradition that St. Dominic instituted the Rosary.

II. THE CONFRATERNITIES.

1. In 1254 the Rosary Confraternity at Placentia was indulged by Pope Alexander IV. This fact is attested by Pope Benedict XIV.,¹⁸ but it is rejected by the critics because in Alexander's brief neither rosary nor chaplet was mentioned. But, first, the name rosary did not exist; secondly, we do not know that the Rosary itself had any fixed name—indeed everything points to the contrary; and, thirdly, as an example of the same sort of thing, St. Pius V. after the battle of Lepanto *purposely avoided*, for his own reasons, instituting the feast of the Rosary under the *title* of the

¹⁸ *Uf.*, Etcheverry, pp. 183-184.

Rosary; the title he chose, "Our Lady of Victories," was changed by his successor.

2. In 1255 there was a Congregation of the Glorious Virgin Mary at Bologna, to the members of which Humbert, the fifth Dominican master general, addressed himself, conferring on them all the privileges of the Order.¹⁹ Why? For the same reason that Father Excuria, provincial of Holland, granted to members of the *Rosary* Confraternity participation in the good works of the province in 1470?²⁰ Nor is it accurate to say in objection that Humbert in his plans of sermons for confraternities (there are only two such plans) describes *seriatim* all their pious practices, yet makes no mention of anything resembling the Rosary.²¹ He simply mentions in a general way such practices as might well be common to almost all kinds of confraternities, e. g., Mass on days of meeting, conferences or sermons, offerings and almsgiving, suffrages for the dead and prayers to be said, which last point, of course, would cover Rosary and all.²²

3. Between 1261 and 1264 the Rosary Confraternity was indulgenced by Urban IV. This fact is attested by Pope Sixtus V.,²³ but is rejected by the critics for the reasons given in No. 1, or rather because Urban's documents no longer exist.

Later we find Confraternities of our Lady under more restricted titles, e. g., those of Blessed Mary of the Annuntiation, B. Mary of Consolation, B. Mary of Pity and B. Mary of the Redemption of Captives.²⁴ Of course, these confraternities may have had nothing to do with the Rosary; but on the theory that a chaplet of one decade was nearly as good for practical purposes as a chaplet of the entire fifteen decades, would it not have been natural enough, seeing that the Rosary had no fixed name, to call the confraternities after various mysteries? And if some of the titles just mentioned seem right out of the circle of our fifteen, may not this also be explained by what has been said above, viz., that nothing could have been easier than for individuals wittingly or unwittingly to vary the titles of the mysteries to a very considerable degree?

4. In 1272 there was a Congregation of our Lady at Lucca, to the members of which Blessed John of Vercelli, the sixth general, extended all the privileges of the Order.²⁵

¹⁹ Cf., Mézard, pp. 232-233. In 1252 John the Teuton, the fourth general, had acted in much the same manner with regard to another confraternity of the same kind at Bologna. *Ibid.*, p. 233.

²⁰ Cf., *The Month*, December, 1900, p. 622, n.

²¹ *Ibid.*, January, 1901, p. 72, n.

²² Cf., Mézard, p. 253.

²³ Cf., Etcheverry, p. 182.

²⁴ Cf., Etcheverry, p. 189; Mézard, p. 235.

²⁵ Cf., Etcheverry, p. 191.

5. In 1288 a similar favor was granted to Congregations at Viterbo and Orvieto by Munio de Zámora, the seventh general. Munio described the congregation at Viterbo as that of the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Dominic. Now this circumstance is of particular interest, for when in 1470 Alan de Rupe established the Rosary Confraternity at Douai and asked for the participation of privileges, etc., the vicar general, in granting them, called the confraternity not the Rosary Confraternity, nor even the Confraternity of the Psalter of our Lady, but the Confraternity of the Virgin Mary and St. Dominic.²⁶

6. In 1316 there was a Rosary Confraternity indulged by John XXII., attested to by Pope Sixtus V.,²⁷ but rejected by the critics for the same reasons as Nos. 1 and 3.

7. In 1403 Father Thomas de Firnio, the twenty-fourth master general, granted the participation of privileges to a confraternity of the Blessed Virgin erected in the Dominican church at Utrecht.²⁸

8. In 1439 Eugenius IV. in his Constitution *Advesperascente* so speaks of the Society of the Blessed Virgin that Leo XIII. quotes it as referring to the Rosary.²⁹

9. (a) In 1475 Father James Sprenger composed rules for the ancient and very holy Confraternity of the Rosary at Cologne.³⁰

(b) Alan de Rupe speaks of restoring an old confraternity: "*Confraternitatem dudum collapsam, rursus ad observantiam pristinam instaurare.*"³¹

(c) In 1476 Alexander, Bishop of Forli and Legate of Pope Sixtus IV. in Germany, is even more explicit: "*Ut igitur ejusdem beatissimae Virginis laudabilis Fraternitas de Rosario nuncupata . . . salubriter instituta, imo potius renovata, quia per beatissimum Dominicum legitur praedicata.*"³²

(d) In 1478 Luke, Bishop of Sebenico, said similarly that the Friars Preachers of Lille had founded a confraternity (viz., as all admit, the Rosary Confraternity) in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary; or, rather that they had restored one, founded, as it was said, by St. Dominic.³³ And a year later Father Michael Francis, of Lille, speaks of the same confraternity as having existed of old.³⁴

²⁶ Cf., Etcheverry, pp. 191, 195, 202-3.

²⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 182.

²⁸ Cf., Mézard, p. 234.

²⁹ Cf., Bullar. Ord. Praed. and Lescher. *St. Dominic and the Rosary*. Washbourne, 1902, p. 13.

³⁰ Cf., Etcheverry, p. 180.

³¹ Cf., Mézard, p. 238-9.

³² *Ibid.*

³³ *Ibid.*

³⁴ *Ibid.*

(e) In 1495 Alexander VI. expressly attributed the Rosary Confraternity to St. Dominic.³⁵

(f) In 1500 Father Stephen, of Milan, dedicated his edition of a book on the Psalter of our Lady, i. e., the Rosary, in the following terms: *Universis fratribus atque sororibus fraternitatis beatissimæ Matris Mariæ per totam pene Italiam sparsis, salutem supernique roris solatium.*³⁶ This again should go to prove that even where there were large or numerous Rosary Confraternities, the title of Rosary or Psalter was by no means necessarily employed.

(g) In 1520 Pope Leo X. wrote: "*Prout in historiis legitur a S. Dominico quaedam Confraternitas . . . instituta et in diversis mundi partibus prædicata fuit,*" etc.³⁷

10. Finally, we have one case in which the recitation of our Lady's Psalter is specifically mentioned, for we read that certain members of the Confraternity of our Lady of La Treille, founded in 1237, used regularly to recite the two Psalters, the Davidic Psalter and our Lady's,³⁸ though how far back that custom prevailed it is impossible to ascertain.

These, then again, are the facts. One or more of them may need further sifting, and I by no means claim that all the confraternities named were necessarily Rosary Confraternities. Two points, however, do seem to stand out indisputably. First, there was something existing right back to the thirteenth century, connected with the Dominican Order, which might well correspond to our Rosary Confraternity and which the Sovereign Pontiffs down to Leo XIII. have taken for that confraternity. Secondly, there is abundant fifteenth century testimony that the Rosary Confraternity was very ancient, St. Dominic himself, in many cases, being claimed as its founder.

III. THE PATERNOSTER.

Before 1261 Dominican lay brothers used to wear *Paternosters*, for in that year the General Chapter of the Order forbade them to wear valuable ones. Was there any difference between these *Paternosters* and those that we read were used by priests and people in the world?³⁹ Very likely there was, though by no means neces-

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 405.

³⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 241.

³⁷ *Uf.*, Mézard, p. 240.

³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 246-7.

³⁹ *e. g.* In 1270 Father Nicholas of Dacia, O. P., gave the *Paternoster* which he had worn (*portaverat*) for four years to Blessed Christina of Stommeln. In the thirteenth century, the nuns O. P., of Toesz, used *Paternosters*. St. Agnes of Montepulciano, O. P. (†1317), did the same. In 1314 Blessed Ventura of Bergamo led a throng of pilgrims to Rome bearing each a *Paternoster* in their left hand. In 1354 Humbert, a Dauphin

sarily so. The evidence at hand seems to show that *Paternoster* was a generic term and was applied to chaplets of very different length. It is true that the lay brothers had and have to recite a fixed number of *Paters* and *Aves*, but if of old they counted them on a *Paternoster*, to-day they use an ordinary rosary, so that it is not unreasonable to suppose that a chaplet of one decade or of three or more decades, was found equally convenient in the thirteenth century. Blessed John Dominici records as a remarkable fact that a fellow Dominican Blessed Marcolino of Forli (+1397) had a *Paternoster* of 100 beads, and albeit a priest, used to recite the *Paters* and *Aves* like a lay brother.⁴⁰ I do not think, however, that any one will want to maintain that lay brothers always used *Paternosters* of 100 beads. The very nature of their Office would suggest objections; for, apart from the 150 *Paters* and *Aves* (*divided up as they chose*) which they had to say privately when a member of their convent died, they were never obliged to say more than 40 or 43 at a time, often indeed only 28 or 31, viz., for Matins, Lauds and *Prestiosa*; for Vespers they had to say 14 and 7 apiece for each of the remaining five Hours. The whole Office together, then, gave a total of not more than 92 *Paters* and *Aves*, often indeed only 80.⁴¹ The question then may remain open.

The point at issue, however, is this: if the *Paternoster* included pretty well every kind of chaplet, have we anything to show that it ever meant what we should now call a rosary of one, or five, or more decades?

Firstly, then, in 1332, we have the instance of the devout woman who touched the dead body of Blessed Francis Fabriano, O. F. M., with her *Paternoster*. *Accipiens signa Paternoster, id est Coronam Beatae Virginis, posuit in manu Sancti, . . . putans suam coronam, sive signa Dominicae orationis et coronae Virginis, ex tactu Sancti facere sancta.*⁴² ("Taking her *Paternoster*, that is, the chaplet

of France, entered the Order of Preachers. He used a *Paternoster*, and on his tomb two diminutive figures of Dominicans are represented with beads in their hands. St. Catherine of Siena (†1380) had a *Paternoster*. In 1407 a *Paternoster* of gold was presented to the Prior of Poissy. In 1417 Blessed John Dominici gave some nuns, O. P., *Paternosters*. St. Antoninus (†1459) finally speaks of *Paternosters*. (Cf., Mézard, pp. 257 to 265.)

⁴⁰ Cf., Mézard, p. 258.

⁴¹ Cf., *Constitutiones Ord. Praed.*, D. II., num. 1159 and 1167. Another instance of a one-hundred bead *Paternoster* is much clearer, for St. Catherine of Siena instructed the recipient to recite on it daily one hundred *Paters* and *Aves*. (Cf., Mézard, p. 262.)

⁴² Cf., Etcheverry, p. 60, quoting the *Acta SS.*, April; Vol. III., *ad diem* 22, p. 996. (In the edition 1738, which I consulted, p. 988.) Father Mézard's account is as follows: "Accessit pia femina sanctum corpus veneratura, et rosario, ut solet tactura, haerentis cingulo rosarii extremam ele-
vavit et super sancti viri manum collocavit. (*Act. SS.*, t. iii., April, p. 92.)

(or crown) of the Blessed Virgin, she placed it in the saint's hand, thinking by the touch of the saint to sanctify her chaplet, namely, the signs of the Lord's Prayer and of the chaplet of the Virgin.") This certainly seems to be a clear piece of evidence.

Secondly, the Rosary is still called *Paternoster* in certain parts of the world. "Besides the names derived from the Latin," writes Father Zaniovic from Ragusa, "*rosarium* and *corona*, in vogue in some places in Croatia and Dalmatia (in the neighborhood of Spalato, for example, and on the island of Curzola) our people also use the word *Ocenasi*, i. e., the plural of *Oce nas* or *Paternoster*. In some places, again, they say *brojenice*, i. e., literally, counters or reckoners, from the verb *brojiti*, to count; also *cislo*, a name mentioned in old documents signifying a large number to be counted, and finally *patrice*, derived, as is obvious, from the Latin *Pater*. In Croatian vocabularies, as well, all these words are to be found."⁴³

This evidence, then, would seem to show that in early days as in modern times, the Rosary, sometimes at least, fell under the generic term *Paternoster*.

IV. THE ROSARY IN EFFIGY, REALITY AND BY NAME.

1. In the Church of Saint Maria at Florence there is a tombstone of the Dominican tertiary Monna Tessa (+1327), showing the chaplet or rosary with proper decade.⁴⁴

2. (a) There is an illustration in Mamachi of a monument (1354) in which a Dominican is represented holding a three decade rosary.

(b) There is another illustration in Mamachi of the monumental brass (1355) of Humbert, formerly Dauphin of France. Two diminutive figures of Dominicans are seen to be holding beads.

(c) A third illustration in Mamachi shows a perfect⁴⁵ fifteen decade rosary, the cross hanging not from the end of a decade, as customary nowadays, but from the middle of a decade. The date of the tomb illustrated is 1353.⁴⁶

"The author of this life is Father Dominic Scevolini, who lived about the same time. This would be the first time that the name of Rosary appears as applied to the instrument of the Psalter and also to the devotion itself." Mézard, p. 201.

⁴³ Cf. The letter published in the *Année Dominicaine*, January, 1914.

⁴⁴ Cf., Mézard, p. 260.

⁴⁵ It is slightly imperfect as reproduced in the *Month* (April, 1901, p. 401) — a curious fact, for in the volume of Mamachi which I consulted it is quite accurate. However, considering that even down to modern times accuracy of such detail is often not aimed at in art, whether it be sculpture, painting, glassmaking or metal work; e. g., in the illustration of Alan and the Rosary in the *Month*, March, 1901, p. 290, the illustration, even as reproduced in the *Month*, is quite near enough the mark.

⁴⁶ Cf., Etcheverry, pp. 53-55, and Mamachi, pp. 227, 229, 326.

3. We have the five decade rosary of St. Vincent Ferrer (+1419) preserved at the Providence Convent, Nantes.⁴⁷

4. Blessed Clara Gambacorta (+1419) used to recite *the Rosary* on her knees, when only a child.⁴⁸ The critics finding themselves obliged to accept this fact as vouched for by contemporary evidence seek to belittle its value as having nothing to do with Clara's life as a Dominican. Surely the truth is that, whereas it would be a fact not worth recording that a nun used to say her rosary, the fact that a little girl took to the devotion while still quite young is something which might well be mentioned in the life of a saint.

5. (a) Father Conrad Gross, O. P., (+1426) preached the *Rosary* in Germany, according to a manuscript of the convent of Colmar preserved in the archives of the master general.

(b) Father Bernard Maia, O. P., (+1438) preached *the Rosary* in Sicily, at least by his pen—a fact quoted by Echard (t. i. p. 791) on the authority of Mongitorius.

(c) Father John Augustine, O. P., (+1476) preached *the Rosary* in Spain, according to the "History of the Province of Aragon" published in 1599.⁴⁹

6. Alan de Rupe (+1475) the Restorer of the Rosary, bases his testimony that St. Dominic was its founder on both *Writings* and *Tradition*.⁵⁰ (N. B.) The Archives at Ghent, where Alan lived for many years and where is situated the great Beguinage, were burned and destroyed by the Protestants in 1566.⁵¹

Alan relates that "in the Order of Preachers, especially in England, when any one is either clothed or professed, along with the habit and belt the Psalter (i. e., the rosary beads⁵² of the mother and queen of the preachers is also put on, according to the old custom continuing down to the present day."⁵³

"It is certainly true," writes Father Thurston, "that at the close of the fourteenth and the beginning of the fifteenth century, we hear more of the Rosary in England than almost anywhere else, and it is particularly true that that form of our Lady's Psalter in which the *Aves* are divided into decades by *Paters* seems first of all to have become general in England.⁵⁴ A passage illustrating this has already been quoted from Sir John Maundeville (c. 1400), and

⁴⁷ Cf., Mézard, p. 264.

⁴⁸ *Ibid.*, pp. 201-202, and *Acta SS.*, t. II., April, p. 506.

⁴⁹ Cf., Etcheverry, p. 120-121, or the *Acta S. Sedis Pro. Soc. SS. Rosarii*, Vol. II., p. 1259-60.

⁵⁰ Cf., Mézard, p. 296, quoting Alan's *Apolog.*, vap. xv.

⁵¹ Cf., Etcheverry, pp. 117-118.

⁵² Cf., the *Month*, November, 1900, p. 256, n.

⁵³ Cf., Mézard, p. 265.

⁵⁴ Would it not have been more accurate to have said that we first have historical evidence of its becoming general in England?

amongst the materials so diligently accumulated by Father Bridgett and Mr. Edmund Waterton, I would appeal especially to the statutes of Eton College dating from about 1440, which require the scholars to say daily 'the complete Psalter of the Blessed Virgin, consisting of a *Credo*, 15 *Paters* and 150 *Ave Marias*.'"⁵⁵

7. Finally, Sixtus IV. issued two bulls in favor of the Rosary, declaring Our Lady Psalter to be a very ancient devotion, in use of old among the faithful in different parts of the world. It is interesting to note that in describing the Psalter with its 150 *Aves* divided into decades by 15 *Paters*, the Pope makes no mention of the mysteries, his point being rather to emphasize the resemblance of this Psalter to the Psalter of David. I think that even the most hostile critics will allow that the Rosary, or Psalter, the use of which Sixtus was encouraging, most certainly included meditation on the mysteries, for the Pope wrote three years after the death of Alan de Rupe.⁵⁶

CONCLUSION.

As to the sincerity and trustworthiness of Alan de Rupe, both these things are well proved by Mezard and Etcheverry. Quite apart from this point, however, the historical facts which have been mentioned in the foregoing pages are, I take it, more than sufficient to *justify* the Tradition attributing the institution of the Rosary to St. Dominic. We have, firstly, what reads exactly like a genuinely old-fashioned description of the Rosary, I mean our Lady's Psalter as recited by the Beguines almost from the very time of St. Dominic's death. Secondly, we find traces of what, on the testimony of many fifteenth century ecclesiastics of repute, were old Rosary confraternities. Thirdly, there are the significant facts which seem to show that the *Paternoster* was the name sometimes given to what we now call the Rosary, and the monuments, as well, connected with the Dominican Order, with rosaries engraved upon them or placed in the hands of figures representing Dominicans. Finally, we have the facts that members of the Order preached the Rosary, and that we find the Rosary existed, and existed under that name, long before the time of Alan de Rupe. Whereas, then, we have no historical evidence to ustify the Tradition of the Assumption, we have abundant evidence to justify the Rosary Tradition. The very fact that the Rosary Tradition spread so swiftly and so swiftly and so successfully throughout the entire world seems in itself to be a repudiation of the idea that it had its origin in the false words of an author or of a preacher unworthy of credence.

⁵⁵ *Cf.*, the *Month*, November, 1900, p. 522.

⁵⁶ *Cf.*, Mézard, pp. 403-404.

If the Tradition be rejected, this fact of its rapid spread, as well as all the evidence adduced in its favor, must be satisfactorily explained away, and I confess that I do not see how that is possible.

We began these pages by supposing that the Rosary Tradition was true. Now that we have seen that the Tradition really rests upon solid foundations, let us for a moment suppose it to be false. If, then, the whole thing was a myth, if it was after all but the invention of an untruthful or demented or hoodwinked friar, surely it would be highly displeasing and repugnant to the Blessed Virgin, who is the Mother of Truth. And when the great shrine was being built at Lourdes in honor of her who, rosary in hand, had there appeared to Bernadette, do you not think that she would have breathed a word into the ear of her Son and God to prevent the false fable from being perpetuated just there, of all places, whither men would flock to pray to her from every quarter of the globe? Do you not think that it would have hardly been allowed to enter into the heart of man to erect just there, besides the Lourdes statue, a second image precisely to represent this fable, and thus to illustrate at once the victory of a lie and the ignorant folly of so many Pontiffs? Yet the contrary is the case. There at Lourdes, in a most conspicuous place, is a grand image of Our Lady bestowing the Rosary on St. Dominic, thus teaching the whole world the truth of the Tradition. The faithful, certainly, are not bound in any way to believe in it, but at least there is now no fear that the Tradition will ever be destroyed. If it was destructible, it would have perished long ago when the first great attacks were made upon it by its adversaries; and I say this deliberately, for, with all respect to both them and their motives, recent critics have really adduced no more evidence against the Tradition than did their predecessors two hundred years ago.

Nor can the argument *ad hominem* be turned against the defenders of the Tradition, or it be asked: Why, if the Tradition be true, did not our Lady secure that the evidence in its favor should be plainly incontestable? Because that would be paramount to a demand that no tradition should be tolerated, and that history pure and simple should always be given us, whereas, in point of fact we have the contrary case of the Assumption under our very eyes. But see, on the other hand, with what care the Tradition of the Rosary is guarded. An image representing the rosary being bestowed by our Lady upon St. Francis and St. Clare was² condemned by the Holy See in 1663. A similar image, a few years later, representing this time two Jesuit saints (I am sure the good Fathers of the society were not responsible for this image) was

also condemned in 1683. It is the Dominican image alone, illustrating as it does the true Tradition, which is sanctioned and blessed and which alone is found throughout the world.

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ABBOT SAMPSON.

(FROM AN OLD CHRONICLE, BY JOCELYN, OF BRAKELOND.)

THE Chronicles of Jocelyn of Brakelond, a monk, at the celebrated monastery of Bury St. Edmond's in the twelfth century, were translated from the original Latin by the Camden Society in 1844 and then published in England. They contain an account of one Abbot Sampson and his monastery and incidentally throw most interesting and curious sidelights on monastic and social, but particularly monastic manners and customs in that most interesting of the Middle Ages, the twelfth century. The writer, one of the Abbot's subjects and for eight years his chaplain and therefore in a position to know him intimately, describes himself as "an insignificant person of no repute" but judging from his Chronicle he hardly does himself justice. He had certainly a sense of humor and he had one great qualification for a biographer—he admired his subject very much if he did not love him, although he does not scruple to mention some of his faults, and he had not a few. Jocelyn was something of a scholar, for his Chronicle is profuse in Latin quotations generally from the Bible, but frequently from the classics also. He is particularly fond of Horace, but he also quotes from Ovid several times, Cicero once or twice, Lucan, Virgil and Terence. It is true his quotations are for the most part familiar, as for example, "So many men, so many opinions,"¹ from Terence's; "Nothing is altogether blessed,"²—from Horace, but they are mostly very aptly introduced, sometimes rather at the expense of his Abbot, as when speaking of Sampson having sent a present of some dogs to propitiate King Richard I., he quotes Ovid's line, "Jupiter himself is appeased by gifts given."³ Another time he quotes ironically from Isaias, "Hear, O heaven,⁴ the thing that I speak, 'listen, O earth,' to what Abbot Sampson did."⁵

¹ Terence, "Phormio," Act II., Scene 3, 14.

² Nihil omni parte beatum. Carm. lib. II., 16.

³ Placatur donis Jupiter ipse datis. Ovid. Art. Am. v. 653.

⁴ Isaias, I., 2.

⁵ Ib'd.

The Chronicle begins with an account of the famous monastery of Bury St. Edmund's from the year 1173, and describes briefly the unsatisfactory state under the rule of the predecessor of Abbot Sampson, particularly with regard to secular and financial affairs, for Jocelyn is careful to insist that the religious observances were always strictly fulfilled under Abbot Hugh's governance. From the Abbot's election, which is described at some length, in 1182, Jocelyn becomes more diffuse, but his biographical sketch of Abbot Sampson terminates abruptly in 1202 with the departure of the Abbot on a highly important mission. This sudden ending is most tantalizing, and the reason for it is not apparent, for the Abbot lived nine years longer and Jocelyn survived him.

The subject of this sketch was evidently a born ruler and a most capable manager of the estates of the abbey, a great stickler for the rights of the monastery, not afraid of opposing the Bishops or even the King himself, if these were in jeopardy, and occasionally showing himself guilty of sharp practice, if not actual deception, but, as Jocelyn might have said, but did not, "other times, other manners."

Abbot Hugh, the predecessor of Sampson, was an old man, and, says Jocelyn, "his eyes were dim," like Jacob's; he was "a pious and kind man, a good and religious monk, yet not wise or heedful in worldly affairs. To be sure, good governance and religion waxed warm in the cloister, but outdoors affairs were badly managed; in fact, every one serving under a simple and aged lord did that which was right in his own eyes, not that which ought to have been done."

When the riches and power of a great monastery in those days are remembered, it is not surprising that under these circumstances the affairs of the Abbey were in confusion. The cellarer whose office was so important that he ranked next to the Abbot, got into debt to the Jews, who charged usurious interest, and he was deposed from his office. The monk Sampson was then appointed sub-sacristan, but although he was often unjustly accused by his enemies, he was chosen to fill one office after another—now he was sub-sacristan, then guest-master, then pittance-master, then third prior and then sub-sacristan again. He would never condescend to flatter the Abbot as the other monks did and already showed himself a man of strong character.

In the month of September, 1180, the old Abbot Hugh went on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas, who had been martyred just ten years previously, but during the journey he fell from his horse and sustained a somewhat remarkable injury according to Jocelyn, who says that his "knee-pan was put out and lodged in the ham of his leg. The physicians tortured him, but they healed him

not." On the contrary, the poor old man was brought home to his Abbey, where his thigh mortified and he died on November 15. His servants robbed him of almost everything he possessed, leaving him with only two ragged quilts and a coverlet, and not a penny was found in his house. The Abbot did not live in the monastery in those days, but in one of his manor-houses, with a large staff of servants, horses and hounds; the house Abbot Hugh died in appears to have been close to the monastery, but Abbot Sampson frequently went and stayed at distant manors.

After the burial of the late Abbot, Sampson and another monk, named Rufus, were sent by the prior to France to announce the death of the Abbot to King Richard I. On their return the other monks, especially William the sacristan, showed great jealousy of Sampson and thwarted him in his project of building the choir and the tower of the church, an enterprise very near to his heart. He overlooked the builders and saw that neither "breach, chink, crack or flaw" occurred in their work. The section of monks who opposed him, headed by William the sacristan, plotted against him and succeeded in getting the building stopped so long as the seat of the Abbot was vacant.

Great discussions went on in the monastery at the spring blood-letting among the monks as to who the new Abbot would be, objections being raised by some one to every monk proposed. Jocelyn reports that he watched Sampson while the others were talking and saw him "sitting with the other quietly chuckling and noting the words of each." At length the prior and twelve of the monks were summoned to appear before the King to elect a new Abbot.

On the day after they received the letters from the King commanding their presence, the monks met in chapter and solemnly charged the prior to name **twelve of their number** to accompany him to court. He named six monks from one side of the choir and six from the other side and among them were Sampson the sub-sacristan, William the sacristan and Roger the cellarer. This being settled, some one asked what was to be done in case the prior and these twelve monks could not agree as to the Abbot's successor. Sampson the sub-sacristan then suggested that they should elect three monks who were most eligible as Abbot before they left and write their names secretly on a piece of parchment and seal it up and take it with them to Waltham and let it be opened in the presence of the King. And in case the King refused to allow one of the Edmondsbury monks to be elected, this packet was to be brought back and the contents kept secret on the peril of their souls. All agreeing to this proposal, it was carried out, the electors being chosen from among the older monks, and the next

day the thirteen started for Waltham. Jocelyn thus describes the departure. "Last of all was Sampson, the purveyor of their charges, because he was sub-sacristan, carrying about his neck a little box, in which was concealed the letters of the convent—as if he alone was the servant of them all—and without an esquire, bearing his frock looped under his elbows, who going out of the court-lodge, followed his fellows afar off."

In their absence one of the monks named William, of Hastings had a dream, in which he saw Sampson standing before the high altar, between two other monks, than whom he was head and shoulders taller, and St. Edmond the Martyr appeared and pointing with his finger to Sampson, said, "He shall veil my feet." This was interpreted by Jocelyn as being fulfilled by Sampson, after he was Abbot, completing the building of the tower of the church begun a century earlier. Several other monks also had dreams about the election which were published in the cloister and outside the monastery, and various prophecies as to the new Abbot were afloat both in the monastery and in the town.

On February 21, 1182, the prior and the twelve monks stood before the King and when the sealed packet was opened, the three names in it, in the following order, were Sampson the sub-sacristan, Roger the cellarer, and Hugh the third prior. Now Hugh had been one of the electors, so Jocelyn says, "the other monks flushed and marveled that he was also one of the three selected as one of the most eligible candidates," but they thought it wiser to keep their own counsel on the matter and say nothing before the King.

A long discussion followed, in which King Richard took part and in the end Sampson the sub-sacristan was chosen as Abbot, and his reception of the news is thus described by the chronicler: "Sampson being thus chosen, and falling down at the King's feet and kissing him, hastily arose and forthwith went towards the altar, singing, 'Miserere mei Domine,' together with his brethren, erect in gait, and with unmoved countenance. The King observing this, said to the bystanders; "By the eyes of God, this one that is chosen seems to himself worthy of keeping the abbacy.' We gather from this that Sampson was a man of fine presence and dignified in his bearing and possibly not disposed to underrate his own qualifications for the honor conferred upon him.

The news of the election was received at the monastery with joy by "all or nearly all of the monks and some of the officers also, but only a few." He was received on his return to the monastery with great solemnity by all the monks, who went to meet him at the gate of the cemetery, the bells ringing loudly both inside and outside the choir. The new Abbot as soon as he arrived in sight

of the Abbey dismounted from his horse and at the threshold of the gate took off his shoes and was received barefoot and conducted by the prior and the sacristan into the church, where he prostrated before the high altar, while part of the office was sung by the choir. He was then led to the Abbot's throne by the precentor, who then began the "Te Deum," which was sung by the choir, while the Abbot received from and gave the kiss of peace to all the community.

After these ceremonies were concluded in the church, the Abbot entertained more than a thousand guests at dinner.

Jocelyn was now made prior's chaplain, and four months later chaplain to the Abbot, which was promotion.

The day after his installation the new Abbot, who did not let the grass grow under his feet, called the prior and two or three other monks together, ostensibly to consult them about making a new seal for himself with a mitre engraved on it, a thing none of his predecessors had ever had, but Jocelyn considered the consultation superfluous, for, said he, "he himself knew what he would do." Then Sampson set his house and his stables, which contained twenty-six horses and his servants and his commisariat in order, commanding that there should be no lack of food or drink for his guests, and requiring no help from any one in all this, which displeased his knights, who condemned him as arrogant. Disregarding all criticism, he began at once a series of reforms in the management of the convent and its estates, collecting rents which were overdue, building new chapels where needed, repairing old halls and tumble-down houses, enclosing numerous parks, replenishing them with game and engaging a huntsman and setting up a back of hounds. He frequently sat with some of the monks watching the hunting and coursing, but Jocelyn never saw him taste of the game.

Finding that William the sacristan had been pledging, unknown to the rest of the convent, the ornaments and vestments of the church, and had also been tampering with the rents of the monastery, he deposed and inhibited him, and put Hugh the sub-sacristan in his place as sacristan. He tempered his severity with mercy towards William, who seems to have richly deserved punishment, for he concealed from the other monks the real reason of his deposition. Furthermore, he ordered the houses of William, which had been the scene of winebibbings and other revels to be pulled down level with the ground.

At Easter he went over all his manors and also over all the farms belonging to them and to the Abbey, and wherever he went, says his chronicler, "there came about him Jews as well as Christians, demanding debts and worrying and importuning him, so that he could

not sleep, and thereupon he became pale and thin and was constantly repeating, 'My heart will never rest until I know myself to be out of debt.'"

At Michaelmas he took the management of all the estates of the monastery into his own hands, and soon showed himself a most capable manager, though his enemies slandered him on that account.

Seven months after his election the Pope sent letters making him a judge to determine causes, for which office Jocelyn says he "was incompetent and inexperienced, although he was endowed with liberal learning and divine knowledge," but apparently knowing his own weakness, he appointed two clerks learned in the law of the land to assist him, at the same time studying the law and the decretals till in a short time he became celebrated as a most discreet judge. And because, says Jocelyn, "his aspect was acute and penetrating, with a Cato-like countenance, rarely smiling, it was said that he inclined to severity rather than to kindness, and when it came to receiving money, he seldom remitted what by law he was entitled to take."

Sampson's next important step was to order that all the seals in the convent, and there turned out to be no less than thirty-three, should be given up to him. This was to prevent the monks from incurring any debt above the sum of twenty shillings without the consent of the convent; he returned the prior and the sacristan their seals, but he kept the rest. Then he ordered all the keys to be given up and forbade any one to have any locked chest or box or to possess anything which the rule did not permit, but he generally allowed each monk to have as much as two shillings in his possession.

Jocelyn thus describes him: "The Abbot Sampson was of middle stature, nearly bald, having a face neither round nor yet long, a prominent nose, thick lips, clear and very piercing eyes, ears of the nicest sense of hearing, lofty eyebrows and often shaved; and he soon became hoarse from a short exposure to cold. On the day of his election he was forty-and-seven years old and had been a monk seventeen years, having a few gray hairs in a reddish beard, with a few gray in a black head of hair, which somewhat curled, but within fourteen years after his election it all became white as snow."

He was always very temperate, and after the news of the fall of Jerusalem reach the monastery, he wore haircloth and abstained from meat, though, that it might be given to the poor, he always had it placed on the table before him. He was very eloquent, both in French and Latin, and at the same time a silent man, hating talkative people. He seemed to Jocelyn to prefer an active life to one of contemplation, and when he heard of any one resigning his pastoral office to become an anchorite, he never approved of it.

One thing that strikes us particularly in reading this chronicle is the devotion of the monks to their patron, St. Edmund, and their faith in his protection, not to mention their fear of offending him. This peeps out again and again in the course of the narrative. Once when Sampson was only a monk, he was sent on a mission to Rome, which failed owing to the Papal schism which was then disturbing Christendom and to no fault of his. Nevertheless, when he returned, his Abbot was so angry with him that Sampson had to hide in the shrine of St. Edmund as the safest place he could find, and no choirman or layman dare bring him food or drink except by stealth. He was then exiled to Acre and imprisoned in chains.

On one occasion William of Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, slighted St. Edmund by refusing to help Abbot Sampson to protect the privileges of his church and abbey, to which the monks all clung most pertinaciously, whereupon Sampson appealed to St. Edmund, assuring the Bishop that the saint would get justice done to him. Jocelyn records that within a year of this threat the Bishop, who was also lord chancellor, was driven from the kingdom. Once the Bishop on his return to Germany sent word to the Abbot that he was coming to hear Mass in the abbey, but the Bishop of Norwich sent word to the Abbot that William Longchamp was excommunicated, and that on no account were they to allow any of the offices of the Church to be performed in his presence. Accordingly, on his arrival in the church, all the priests who were saying Mass, including the one at the high altar, all stopped when he entered and remained standing until he had left the church.

In the year 1196 a fire broke out in the church, which is attributed by Jocelyn to St. Edmund, who, he says, "was pleased to strike terror into our convent and to instruct us that his body should be kept more reverently and observantly than it had hitherto been"—a lesson that seems to have been sadly needed from the description of the state of the shrine. The fire broke out on some flooring between the shrine of St. Edmund and the high altar and was caused by two tapers which were always kept burning, having been stuck on to the remnants of the old burnt-out ones, insecurely, so that they fell to the ground and set light to the floor and to a lot of rubbish which had been allowed to accumulate under the boards. The keepers of the shrine fell asleep on the night before the feast of St. Ethelreda and were awakened by the flames. It fortunately happened that the rood-screen and the beam on which it stood had been removed to be repaired or that and the figures would have been destroyed. The monks were all roused and succeeded in putting out the fire before any very serious damage was done.

The shrine was evidently very richly decorated with gold and

silver, as Jocelyn mentions that the nails fell out of the silver plates which decorated it, and they were left hanging loosely, but as for the gold of the holy of holies, that was brighter than before, being pure gold. Abbot Sampson was absent when the fire occurred, and on his return was very much grieved, but improved the occasion by lecturing all the monks in chapter, declaring that a **greater** danger would befall them if they did not repent of their sins, and especially refrain from complaining of their food—a fault for which he had no sympathy, being himself indifferent as to what was set before him. In fact, says Jocelyn, he blamed the whole convent rather than the keepers of the shrine. He then gave all the gold in his possession to repair the damage done.

Dreams were considered of much and grave import in those days, and a rather amusing account is given of the different interpretations of a dream of a certain person of quality, who told the Abbot he had seen a vision in which the holy martyr St. Edmund was lying outside his shrine despoiled of his clothes and his body wasted away by hunger and thirst. This dream the Abbot related to the monks, interpreting it to mean that St. Edmund complained that he was naked because they defrauded the poor of their old clothes and that he was hungry because they reluctantly gave them what they were bound by their rule to give in meat and drink. The convent, says Jocelyn, looked very grave on hearing this and, meeting together, proceeded to put their own interpretation upon the vision, which was that they and the convent were the naked members of his body, and that this was because the Abbot had everything, the sacristy, the cellary, the chamberlainy, all under his control. The Abbot was away when this interpretation was reported to him, and he was very much annoyed and said: "They will wrest that dream against me, will they? By the Face of God, when I get home I shall restore to them the customs that they say are theirs, and I shall withdraw my clerk from the cellary, and I shall leave them to themselves, and I shall see how wise they will be at the end of the year." Nevertheless, although he kept his word, he humbled himself before them because, says Jocelyn, he had the intention of translating the body of St. Edmund.

A longer account follows of this translation, which, as we have said, is ushered in by Jocelyn in the words of Isaias (we are not sure that he does not employ them ironically): "'Hear, O heaven,' the things that I speak: 'Listen, O earth,' to what Abbot Sampson did."

Three days before the feast of St. Edmund a solemn fast of three days was proclaimed to the people of St. Edmondsbury, as a preparation for the elevation of the shrine of the holy martyr to the high

altar, where a new marble pediment had been made to receive it. Now the Abbot, who had a great devotion to his patron, had always desired to see him, so he decided to have the coffin opened, and chose two of the monks to view the body with him and twelve others to carry the coffin to its new resting place. All this was done secretly at night without the knowledge of the rest of the convent. The twelve monks and the Abbot and his two chosen companions were all vested in white albs for the occasion, and Jocelyn describes minutely the wrappings of the body when the coffin was opened, which was done with great reverence and devotion. A document in parchment signed by the twelve monks and the Abbot was enclosed in the coffin before it was closed up again, testifying to what had been done. It was then raised to the new resting-place. News of what was going on had oozed out, and one monk, John of Dissy, witnessed the proceedings from the roof of the church, together with the servants of the sacristan.

But when the monks all came to matins and saw what had been done, they were all very sorrowful, saying, reports Jocelyn, among themselves, "We have all been deceived." The Abbot after matins made a speech to them, telling them it was not fit that all should have been present, and then, with tears, they sang a solemn "Te Deum." This took place on the 20th of November, 1198, St. Edmund's feast.

The devotion to St. Edmund at this time was very great in England; King Richard I. had had a great devotion to him and was most generous in gifts of money, and Sampson had taken care to do everything in his power to curry favor with him, so that he might support the convent in all its undertakings, and "now," says Jocelyn, "all his labor and pains were lost," for the King was killed in battle the following year.

King John, immediately after his coronation, came down to St. Edmund's to fulfill a vow and pay his devotion to the saint. The monks expected him to make an offering of regal magnificence, but all he gave was a silken altar-cloth, which he borrowed of the sacristan and had not paid for when Jocelyn wrote this chronicle.

Some years previously, when in 1193 King Richard was captive and his brother, then Prince John, had raised a rebellion against him, Abbot Sampson opposed him and excommunicated the knights who were associated with him. Shortly after Sampson went into Germany to visit King Richard, as a truce had been proclaimed, and he took him many presents. Later, when King Richard was a prisoner there, the Abbot refused to allow the church or shrine of St. Edmund to be despoiled to help pay for his ransom, says Jocelyn, "there was no treasure in England but was either to be given up

or redeemed." Abbot Sampson was very firm on this point, and standing up before all the Justices who came to claim some of the gold and silver, threatened any of them to dare to approach the shrine, and so great was their fear of St. Edmund, that all of them swore they dared not touch the shrine.

An amusing incident is recorded of a certain windmill which Herbert the Dean dared to erect on one of the convent's manors, which, when the Abbot heard of it, he was so angry that for a day or two he would hardly eat or drink or speak. Then he ordered the sacristan to send and have the mill taken down, and the wood carefully taken and put aside. The dean, hearing of this, he went to remonstrate with the Abbot, saying that the wind, at any rate, was free to all, and that he only wanted to grind his own corn, not to do any damage to neighboring mills. The Abbot, however, was inexorable and swore he would not touch food till the mill was taken down, and ordered his carpenters to go and remove it. The dean, however, was before him, for he himself sent his own men to remove the offending structure, and when the Abbot's men arrived there was no mill to remove.

On another occasion the Abbot outwitted the Bishop of Ely in regard to some timber the Bishop wanted for building at Clemesford. His messenger made a mistake in the name of the wood from which this timber was to be cut, and called it Elmswell instead of Elmseethe. The Abbot wondered, but with a bad grace he granted the request, as he dared not refuse. Then Richard, the forester, informed him that the Bishop before sending his messenger had marked all the best trees in the wood at Elmseethe with his mark to be cut down for him. The Abbot thereupon went into the wood with his carpenters and had all these trees and a hundred more marked with his mark, and before the Bishop had had time to send his messenger back to correct his mistake, all the timber in Elmseethe wood was felled and taken by the Abbot for the building of his church towers.

In all things pertaining to the rights of the convent, Abbot Sampson was obdurate. When the Pope's legate, who was also Archbishop of Canterbury, desired to make a visitation of the abbey, which was exempt from Papal visitation, Sampson not only outwitted him, but, meeting him between St. Edmundsbury and London, withstood him to the face, and in a long and bitter altercation, in the course of which the legate told the Abbot he knew he was a keen wrangler and a better clerk than he himself, to which Sampson replied that he was a man who would never suffer the privileges of his Church to be shaken, if it cost him his life or involved his banishment.

Finally the Abbot lowered his tone and induced the legate to abandon his intention, and they parted on good terms.

The cellarers were always a trouble to Sampson, as they were always getting into debt, and although he deposed them one after another, ten years after his election it was the same story. At length in 1192 he appointed a clerk to act with them, which displeased the convent, the monks grumbling and saying: "He distrusts his monks, he trusts clerks, he consults clerks, he loves them and we are made a byword to our neighbors."

The appointment of a clerk, however, did not mend matters, for at the end of a few years the cellarer was again in debt, and then the Abbot took charge of the cellary himself, to the annoyance and disgust of the monks, who considered themselves to have become a laughing stock to their neighbors and to be disparaged in the eyes of the townspeople.

The Abbot also at this time took upon himself the offices of guest master and the stewardship of everything, indoors and out of doors, and appointed a clerk to assist him in purveying food for his guests and for the convent. This action appears to have caused a great deal of gossip, both inside and outside of the convent, some saying the Abbot was the only one among the monks capable of managing their affairs without getting into debt, others complaining that he took too much upon himself. In fact, the Abbot's throne was by no means a bed of roses, and he might well have said with Pope Adrian IV., "that he was always between the hammer and the anvil."

The day after Christmas Day, 1197, the Abbot's servants and some of the Burgesses of the town were guilty of sacrilege, holding wrestling matches and a regular sort of orgy, which ended in fighting and bloodshed, in the churchyard. The Abbot, whose custom it was to invite the Burgesses to dine at his own table during the octave of Christmas, did not do so in consequence, and moreover he summoned all the rioters before him, and, having heard the evidence against them, told them he should publicly and by name excommunicate all those who had been guilty of this sacrilege. Accordingly, the same day the monks put on their robes and lighted the candles and the Abbot excommunicated the offenders, beginning with his own servants. Then they all went out of the church, and presently some one came and told the Abbot that more than a hundred men were lying prostrate and half naked outside the door of the church, whereupon he wept. The offenders were then whipped and absolved, and they swore to abide by the judgment of the church. The next day penance was assigned them and the Abbot restored them "to unity and concord" and threatened them with terrible punishment if they ever offended in this way again. He

also forbade any public shows or meetings to be held in the churchyard. Jocelyn concludes this episode thus: "The Burgesses feasted on the following days with their lord, the Abbot, with great satisfaction."

Not very long after King John's visit to St. Edmund's a terrible dispute between the convent and the Abbot arose in the monastery—a veritable storm in a tea cup, for the cause was a slight one. It seems Ralph, the porter, had been maintaining some causes, to the detriment of the Church of St. Edmund and the convent, and when this came to the knowledge of the chapter the prior, in the absence of the Abbot, decided to punish the porter by stopping some of his perquisites which the cellarers allowed him without the knowledge of the whole convent. On the Abbot's return, Ralph complained to him, misrepresenting his case, and Sampson believed him and, says Jocelyn, "in otherwise than became him, was excited, affirming that Ralph was innocent, and that what had been done was done to his prejudice and without his consent."

The prior then said that what had been done was done by him with the consent of the whole convent. Abbot Sampson was, says Jocelyn, confused at this, saying, "I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against me." He then ordered the cellarer to restore all that had been taken from Ralph fully and wholly and forbade him to drink anything but water until he had done so. The cellarer for that day chose to drink only water rather than obey the Abbot, who on hearing of it forbade him meat or drink until he had restored all, and having given this order, he immediately went away and remained away eight days.

Directly he had gone, the cellarer gave up the keys of the cellars and said he would rather be deposed from his office than do anything in opposition to the convent. Then, says the chronicler, "there arose such a tumult in the convent as I had never before seen." This disturbance appears to have lasted for some days, the elder monks taking the part of the Abbot and counseling obedience to him, the younger ones being for opposing him, even going so far as to refuse to sing the psalm "Verba Mea" for the dead, as was the rule, at the close of the chapter. In the end the counsel of the elder monks prevailed, but not before the Abbot had sent several messages to them and refused to return home, as he said they were plotting against him and threatening to kill him with their knives. However, at the end of a week he did return, "and sitting in his inner chamber gave orders that one of the brethren whom he vehemently suspected should come to him, but he, fearing to be taken and bound, refused to come, and was therefore excommunicated." Three other monks were punished in a lesser degree, and then the following day

the whole convent submitted and said they were willing to humble themselves before him, and this being done, the Abbot, weeping, declared he had never grieved for anything so much as for this scandal before in his life, and that he had gone away on account of being so angry until his anger had cooled, and then he arose still weeping and embraced them all with the kiss of peace. He then absolved the monk whom he had excommunicated and "there was a great calm." But he had his own way, for he gave private orders that all that Roger had been deprived of should be restored to him.

Jocelyn thus comments on this finale: "But of this we took no further notice, being at last made to understand that there is no lord who will not bear rule, and that battle is perilous which is undertaken against the stronger and is begun against the more powerful party." Certainly Abbot Sampson, although apparently a tender-hearted man, was born to rule and would not stand any resistance to his authority, nor would he suffer the slightest derogation from his own dignity, although he appears to have been humble enough, even though he would oppose the highest in the land if they attempted to defraud either him as Abbot or the abbey of any of the rights and privileges belonging to them.

When the Abbot of Cluny came to St. Edmund's and was received by the monks with befitting honor, Abbot Sampson would not give place to him, either in chapter or in the procession on Sunday in the church, but took care always to sit or stand in the middle, with the Abbot of Cluny on one side of him and the Abbot of Chertsey on the other. In the year 1200 the prior died and there was another difference of opinion between the Abbot and the convent as to who should succeed to the priorship, the Abbot choosing the monk Herbert, who was young and not at all learned, and the convent preferring the sub-prior, Hermer, who was both eloquent and learned; but the Abbot had his way and chose Herbert, who is described as "a very amiable man, handsome and comely, always in good temper, of a smiling countenance, be it early or late; kind to all, calm in his bearing and grave in his demeanor, pleasant in speech, possessing a sweet voice in chanting, young, brave, of a healthy body and always in readiness to undergo travail for the need of the church, skillful in conforming himself to every place and time, liberal and social, not spiteful in correction, not suspicious, not covetous, not drawling, not slothful, expert and fluent of tongue in the French idioms, a man of moderate understanding, whom if too much learning should make mad, might be said to be a perfectly accomplished man."

Thus does Jocelyn sum up the qualifications of the new prior, and comes to the conclusion that although such a man might become

very popular, he had better "wait and see" what sort of men he chose for his counsellors and be sparing in his praises of the Abbot's choice.

In the year 1201 the monks of St. Edmundsbury had a contest with the monks of Ely about a market which the Ely monks wanted to set up at Lakenheath, and did set up to the prejudice of the market at St. Edmundsbury. After protesting in vain against this market, Abbot Sampson went to London and, after taking legal advice, commanded his bailiffs to abolish this market by force, so in the dead of the night six hundred men, well armed, proceeded to Lakenheath to do so. They succeeded in abolishing the market, but they had to restore the cattle and sheep which they seized, the Bishop of Ely, who was a very eloquent man, protesting loudly against the arrogance of the Abbot in doing this. On St. Agnes' day, in this same year, Abbot Sampson and the Bishop of Ely were both ordered to attend the King, to make inquiry about some knights who had taken the Cross in order to join the Crusade, and whom the King wanted to be discharged, as he needed them for the safety of his kingdom.

The poor Abbot was not allowed to depart in peace, for before he went his monks endeavored through the prior to get him to restore certain of their liberties, and especially they brought up the old grievance about the cellarer and the sacristan. At first Sampson was very angry, saying that as long as he lived he would be the master. But repenting, he talked more mildly to the prior, and the next day in the chapter he told them that he had paid all his servants and made his will just as if he was going to die, and when the monks pressed for a redress of their supposed grievances about the cellarer and other matters, he promised that on his return he would coöperate with the monks in everything and render to each what was justly his. Upon this there was calm, but, says the chronicler, "the calm was not very great." We greatly fear that on the Abbot's return the storm broke out again, for they most probably got into debt in his absence, but the chronicle⁶ ends here abruptly. It is considered to be one of the most entertaining of the mediæval chronicles, and it certainly gives us an excellent picture of the monastic customs of the time, as well as a striking portrait of Abbot Sampson.

DARLEY DALE.

⁶ "Chronicles of Jocelyn of Brakelond," translated by T. E. Tomlins from the original Latin as printed by the Camden Society, London, 1844.

GLENGARRY.

FOLLOWING on the account of the life and labors of Bishop Hugh Macdonald, first Vicar Apostolic of the Highlands of Scotland, which recently appeared in these pages, it is hoped that the following account of Glengarry will prove of interest. The episcopate of Bishop Hugh Macdonald was begun and was ended in Glengarry. It was a district which figured very largely in the Catholic life of the Highlands for fully two hundred years, and the name is an honored one wherever the traditions of those days still linger, as they linger in so many Highland families of the New as well as of the Old World.

The earliest account which we have of the mission of Glengarry, and also the most detailed, is contained in the very interesting report on the Highland mission made by Mr. Alexander Leslie in 1677. He had come to the mission about 1670 and was thus a very young man to be entrusted with so important a duty. Yet his report shows great determination and a charming gaiety of disposition which enabled him to overcome all difficulties. He later went to Rome, whence he returned in August, 1681. In 1689 he was thrown into prison and was not liberated till 1691. In the register of priests for 1673 he is entered as Alex. Leslie, "Hard-boots." He served in succession the missions of Enzie, Strathbogie, Banff, and dying in 1702, on the 14th of April, he was buried in the Enzie. He had been forty years on the Scotch mission.

After stating his surprise at being appointed visitor and giving details of certain preparatory arrangements, he continues: "I stayed in Banffshire until the middle of Lent, 1678, and then started for Inverness, through the country of Moray. From Inverness I wrote to Mr. Robert Munro, a Highland missionary, asking him to meet me at the bog of Gight, in the Enzie, sometime in April. This he did and I must confess that I could not have visited the Highlands without him.

"Whilst I was in Inverness I ministered to many Catholics, who had not seen a priest for a long time. This was especially the case with one gentleman and his wife, who had come a distance of forty Scotch miles, about eighty Italian miles, to see if perchance they might find a priest in Inverness, not having seen one for over two years. They came across me quite accidentally and were so filled with joy that they could not restrain their tears. It was indeed with difficulty that I could restrain my own emotion, all the more when I thought of the rest of these poor Catholics, so neglected that one might say they were entirely abandoned. This consideration forced me to remain in Inverness longer than I had

intended. My stay was, however, a great consolation to those most excellent and devout Catholics who flocked in from all the surrounding country, making their confessions, receiving Holy Communion, hearing Mass and giving themselves up entirely to devotions and prayers. Such was their fervor—indeed, such was the fervor of all the Catholics in the Highlands—that it was difficult to say Mass without distraction. Their sighs and their ejaculations interrupted the celebrant to such an extent that it was often necessary to speak sharply to them and to check them if one would finish the Holy Sacrifice.

“Leaving Inverness, I betook myself to the bog of Gight, the property of the Marquis of Huntly. This castle is on the banks of the River Spey, which is here the boundary of the County of Moray. On my arrival I found Mr. Munro, the Highland missionary, and for the space of eight days we rested, discussing the work before us. We then started direct through Moray to Inverness, where we had to lay hid for some days whilst we made provision for our journey into the Highlands. In particular we had to provide ourselves with clothes after the fashion of these people. They dress quite differently from the Lowlanders and more in the style of the ancient Romans, as far as one can judge from the statues of the latter. We all had to dress in this style, even our servants and guides.

“When our preparations were completed we set out along the bank of the River Ness until we came to the beginning of the lake from which that river flows and here we fell in with Mr. Francis White, with whom he had a long consultation, and arranged some further details regarding our journey through the Highlands and island.

“From here we sent on our horses by a longer road, whilst in order to shorten the journey, we ascended a mountain so steep that often we had to climb on hands and knees. We now entered the district called the Aird, fourteen long and weary miles from Inverness. We were received at the house of Sir Alexander Fraser, of Kinnaries, and treated with great kindness. Sir Alexander had once visited Rome and had there made the acquaintance of my brother, and on this account was highly pleased to meet me.*

*Mr. William Mackay kindly writes as follows: “Colonel Fraser, of Kinnaries—or Kinerras, as the name now appears on the valuation roll—was proprietor of that estate in 1678. Kinerras is in the parish of Kiltarlity and has for generations formed part of the Lovate estates. Fraser also owned Kinmylees, near Inverness, which he sold to David Polson in 1688. He was also proprietor of Abriachan, which he sold to the Laird of Grant. He was alive in 1695. I did not know that he was entitled to be called Sir Alexander Fraser. He does not appear as such in the valuation roll of the County of Inverness of the year 1691 or in any other references which I have come across.”

"Two days afterwards we passed through mountainous tracks into the district of Strathglass. The chief here is a most zealous Catholic and so are practically all his vassals, having been reconciled to the Church by the missionary, Munro. I stayed here eight or ten days to obtain full information, and what I learned was most satisfactory. At this stage of our journey we had to leave our horses behind, as our road for the future was over precipitous mountains and almost impenetrable forests. Further, we here put off our Lowland dress and donned the Highland costume.

"From Strathglass we continued our journey in the direction of Invergarry. The weather was very adverse, the wind blowing like a hurricane and the snow falling in blinding showers—this, too, when we were well on in May. We found that we could not reach Invergarry in one day, so we stopped at Pitmains, some miles short of our destination. Next day we arrived at Invergarry, and there I stayed five days in order to receive many reports from the chief, a most zealous Catholic of tried prudence, faith and constancy. Here I fell ill and remained very feeble with a continuous fever for fourteen days. Though I then began to feel better, yet I was still so weak that I could scarcely stand on my feet, much less travel in a country where it is all ascending or descending precipitous mountains.

"Lady Macdonel, a most pious Catholic, tried to persuade me to go back, saying that I should be a dead man before I reached the islands. Indeed, many of the Catholics had prophesied the same before I reached Inverness. But Lord Macdonel encouraged me and persuaded me not to give in, saying that in six days I should regain not only my health, but my strength as well. He then reprimanded those who were persuading me to the contrary, and especially her Ladyship, telling them that it was far better for me and for them if I did die on the way rather than turn back. If I went back, Rome would conclude that the country was the inaccessible haunt of rude savages and would send no priests to them at all. He had no difficulty in persuading me to follow his advice, as I had already made up my mind rather to risk a hundred lives than fail in my duty to the Holy See. Over and above the motive of obedience there was the compassion I felt for these poor people. Every day something new came to my knowledge—their great need of priests and how well they had deserved that Rome should send them some, their great piety and their insatiable thirst for the Holy Sacraments and for religious instruction. All this redoubled my courage and filled me with constancy in the prosecution of my mission. My weakness, however, was so great that for the first week our day's journey was but short; indeed, the first stage from In-

vergarry was only five miles. By the grace of God my health improved, as Lord Macdonel had foretold, and as it improved our stages also lengthened."

So much for the report of Mr. Alexander Leslie. Glengarry was the spot selected by Father White as his principal residence and he there established a Catholic school, with a teacher named Ewan McAlastair. This was only possible by reason of the protection afforded by Lord Macdonel, who at that period aspired to be the most powerful chief in the Highlands and whose property extended from the village of Aberchalder, five miles east of Invergarry, to the west coast of Scotland, a distance of over forty miles. It was in the very year after the meeting of Mr. Leslie and Father White that the latter died after twenty-three years of most devoted labor in the service of religion in the Highlands.

Regarding the school in Glengarry, some very interesting letters exist proving the strange fact that as early as 1650—only one hundred years after the Reformation and when its influence had scarcely begun to be felt in these outlying districts—no vocations to the priesthood were forthcoming even in so Catholic a district as Glengarry. One cannot but wonder, if this was due to the martial spirit which pervaded the clans, how did they obtain vocations previous to the Reformation, when that spirit was surely equally strong?

In 1668 the prefect of the mission, Mr. Alexander Winstler, writes to the agent in Rome: "I sent five youths this year to our college in Paris, of whom three have already received the tonsure and are studying philosophy. But in the Highlands matters are quite different, for during all these years of those educated in our school in Glengarry we could not persuade one single youth to go abroad to study. This is due to the opposition of the parents, for I have tried my best. Of the necessity of procuring some youths, I was fully persuaded myself, and I was further urged thereto by the superior of the said college at Paris and by Mr. William Leslie, our procurator in Rome. The parents, however, consider their children sufficiently educated when they have learned the first elements of grammar. They then take them away from school and have resisted all the attempts of Mr. Francis White and myself. Still I have great hopes of better success in the future, when they will have become a little more refined (*aliquantulum mitiores*) by education and religion." Elsewhere in the same report it is stated. In some parts of the Highlands schools with Catholic teachers are tolerated under the protection of the pious and influential Lord Macdonald. Still it will not be easy to find teachers in future, for with the exception of Ewan McAlastair—who has an allowance

from Lord Macdonald—who would be willing to stay in a district so wild and so uncultivated? He could expect nothing from his pupils and would therefore need some attraction in the shape of a handsome salary. Certainly, thirty scudi per annum would not be sufficient.

In 1677 the prefect of the mission reports: There are two schools in the Highlands the masters of which receive the same stipend as the missionaries; but so far are they from receiving anything from the parents, that these are hardly able to support their children when absent from their own homes. This arises from the fact that all their substance consists in flocks, which afford them meat and dairy produce for food and wool for clothing. One master, Ewen McAlaster, who is married, has been teaching for many years. Another has just left because he could not stand the hard life. The two schools are under Mr. Francis White.

In 1678, according to Mr. Thomson, who for many years was agent in Rome and left notes for a history of the Church in Scotland, the school was transferred from Glengarry to Barra. No doubt the increased vigilance of the military made the former district unsafe, for about this period government soldiers were actually quartered in Invergarry Castle.

Closely connected with the subject of vocations from amongst the Highland youths is that of the Irish priests who at the urgent request of the superiors of the mission and also of such lairds as Lord Macdonel, Clanranald and McNeil, of Barra, came over to give their services to the Catholics of the Highlands and western islands. Fathers White and Dugan have already been mentioned. Mr. Hugh Ryan came to Scotland in 1680; in 1688 he was in Strathglass; in 1696 he was taken prisoner and died in November of that year.

Father Francis Macdonell, Franciscan, came to the mission in 1668; in 1671 he sent a report on the Highland mission to the Archbishop of Armagh, who transmitted it to Rome. It is worthy of note that at that date Rome proposed placing the Hebrides under the jurisdiction of Armagh. In 1677 Father Macdonell was still in the Highlands. Father Peter Mulligan, an Augustinian, was brought from Rome by Bishop Gordon and they arrived together in Aberdeen in July, 1706. In 1722 Bishop Gordon writes to Rome: "Mr. Mulligan has left us after sixteen years in the Highlands. He wished to serve his own countrymen and during the many years he has been on the mission he has reaped most abundant fruit of his labors, having reconciled over seven hundred persons to the Church."

Father Peter Gordon, Recollect, also served sixteen years on the

Highland mission and left it in 1722, "at the command of his superiors, who advanced him to a post of dignity in the order." Many other Franciscans accepted the invitation of the superiors of the mission, but as they were largely under their own superiors, they do not appear in the annual lists of clergy. For Father Antony Kelly, Bishop Hugh Macdonald had a special regard. He had been recalled by his superiors, but Bishop Hugh made every endeavor to get him back. "If poor Antony Kelly should come, I would willingly dispense with all the rest," and in his letter to Propaganda he calls him "a most worthy and truly apostolic man, who was on this mission for many years and did an immense amount of good."

To return to the series of priests who attended the Glengarry district. Mr. Robert Munro, mentioned in the foregoing report as the indispensable companion of the visitor, was another of those wonderful men whom no adversity could conquer. He was three times imprisoned and sentenced to death if he again returned from his banishment; but on each occasion he at once came back to his field of labor. In 1704 whilst lying prostrate with fever in a miserable hut in Glengarry, he was discovered by some English soldiers, who carried him off to the Castle, where he was thrown into the dungeon and where, after receiving the vilest treatment, he was allowed to perish. He had been thirty-four years on the Highland mission and during the greater part of that time his principal residence was Glengarry and its neighborhood.

Father McGregor, a Benedictine, was priest in Glengarry in 1728. He had come to Scotland in 1724, but only remained till 1730. Father William Grant, also a Benedictine, was in Glengarry in 1734, whilst in 1735 Mr. Peter Grant had this mission, but he, too, was here only two years when he was sent as agent to Rome. Mr. James Leslie followed and he was still here in 1741. After him came Mr. Aeneas McGillis, who accompanied the expedition of Prince Charles Edward Stuart as chaplain to the Glengarry men. These numbered over six hundred, under the command of Lochgarry. The chaplains with the Stuart army all wore the Highland dress, with sword and pistols, and went under the name of captain.

It is a strange coincidence that Prince Charlie slept at Inver-garry on the 26th of August, 1745, one of the first days of his campaign, and returned there two nights after the fatal battle of Culloden. On the devastation wrought in the district after that most unfortunate undertaking there is no need to dwell. Situated as it was midway between the hostile garrisons of Fort Augustus, Fort William and Bernera, it suffered even greater barbarities than any other district.

Mr. Aeneas McGillis returned again to Glengarry and was priest there from 1759 to 1767, when he reckoned that he had 1,500 Catholics under his care. He also at this period had the ministration of Lothaber, with its 3,000 Catholics, at first on account of the great age of Mr. John Macdonald, and later—on the death of this most holy priest—until a new appointment was made. In 1763 Abbate Grant, the agent in Rome, described Mr. McGillis in his report as a “learned, prudent and devout man, who had studied at the Scots College, Rome, and is now about forty years of age.” In 1775 the Bishop’s report to Rome: Alexander Macdonald and Roderick Macdonald had just arrived on the mission; one had been placed in Uist and the other (Mr. Roderick) in Glengarry, in place of Mr. Aeneas McGillis, who was entirely invalided by gravel. In the previous year the Bishops had greatly praised Mr. McGillis; “he had often served several missions at one time, and these most difficult ones by reason of their size and the number of their Catholics. He suffers so much from gravel that it is only with great pain that he can do any work. If he is called to attend the dying, as not rarely happens, he never refuses, but he is prostrate for several days afterwards.” Mr. McGillis died in 1777, when the annual report states “for thirty-five years he had labored with great zeal, and had given great satisfaction.”

About this period Bishop Hugh Macdonald resided at Abercalder, on the eastern boundary of Glengarry. He gave such assistance as he could, having chosen this district on purpose to be able still to do something in his old age. He died at Abercalder on the 12th of March, 1773, and was buried at Kilfinnan, in Glengarry. Bishop Macdonald seems at one time to have intended making Glengarry his principal residence throughout his episcopate, even as it had been that of Mr. White and Mr. Munro. His first letter to Rome far wrong in writing to Propaganda: “The priests in the Highland 1732.”

The hope expressed by the prefect of the mission in 1668 that vocations to the priesthood would soon come from the Highlands was at this time amply fulfilled. Although the number of priests in the Highlands district never came up to the needs of the people, as the letters of the Bishops clearly show, still the supply was fairly adequate. Of these, the clan Macdonald supplied a remarkable majority, often to the great confusion of the authorities in Rome, since in 1777 there were no less than four Alexander Macdonalds out of the twelve priests. The lists for 1786 and 1794 are interesting in this connection and go to prove that Austin Macdonald was not far wrong in writing to Propaganda; “the priests in the Highland district will soon be all Macdonalds.”

Priests in the West Highland in 1786: Samalaman, Bishop Alexander Macdonald; Lochaber, Angus McGillis; Glengarry, Ranald Macdonald; Moydart, Austin McDonald; Arisaig, Alexander Macdonald and Norman Macdonald; Samalaman, Allan Macdonald; Knoydart, Alexander Macdonald; Morar, Ranald Macdonald.

Priests in the West Highlands in 1794: Samalaman, Bishop John Chisholm; Lochaber, Angus McGillis; Glengarry, Ranald Macdonald; Kintail, Christopher McRae; Arisaig, John Macdonald; Moydart, Norman Macdonald; Morar, Ranald Macdonald; Knoydart, Austin Macdonald; Lesser Isles, Antony Macdonald; Barra, Allan Macdonald; Uist, Alexander Macdonald, Ranald Maceachan.

One other list may be inserted here. It shows how at this period the Scots College, Rome, was almost the sole source of priests for the Highland district.

Nomen	Ordinatus	Nomen	Ordinatus
Hugo MacDonald, Scalan ...	1726	Jacobus Leslie, Roma	1729
Aeneas MacLauchlin, Parisiis .	1712	Alexander Forester, Roma ...	1732
Joannes Macdonald, Roma	1720	Jacobus Grant, Roma	1735
Alanus Macdonald, Roma	1723	Petrus Grant, Roma	1735
Nilus MacFie, Roma	1727	Guilelmus Harrison, } Roma..	1737
Aeneas MacGillis, Roma	1741	Henderson	
Alexander Macdonald, Roma ..	1746	Joannes Macdonald, Roma ...	1753
Aeneas Macdonald, Roma	1752	Alexander Macdonald, Roma..	1753

Mr. Roderick Macdonell remained in Glengarry until 1783 when he went to Canada. He had taken the mission oath with the express stipulation that he should be free to go to America, whither all his relations had already preceded him.

It will not be out of place to insert here some account of the new Glengarry in Canada, where many of the families of distinction found a new home and where Greenfield, Scotus, Abercalder, Leek and other names familiar in the history of Glengarry are perpetuated in that of the daughter colony. The first settlement was in Prince Edward's Island, then called St. John's Island, but this not proving very successful, many of the emigrants moved to the mainland of Nova Scotia, where the present county of Antigonish has many inhabitants whose forefathers came from Glengarry. By far the largest emigration, however, was that which followed Father Alexander MacDonell, after the disbandment of the Glengarry Fencible Regiment, about which a word must be said.

Father Alexander MacDonell, who proved so great a benefactor to his fellow-clansmen, was born in Glen Urquhart, Invernessshire, about the year 1760. He probably spent some years at the school of Bourblach near Loch Morar, then under the care of Bishop Macdonald. The greater part of his student life was passed at Scots College, Valladolid, which he entered in 1778 and where he

was ordained in 1787. His first parish was that of Badenoch and here he remained till 1792. He then went to Glasgow, in charge of the Highlanders who had been evicted from their holdings and had accepted the offer of the leading Glasgow merchants to settle in that city. To them Father MacDonell was everything—their priest, father, lawyer and protector.

But the trade of Glasgow declined rapidly at the outbreak of war between France and England, consequent on the French Revolution, and the Highlanders lost their employment and their means of livelihood. Father MacDonell then conceived the idea of utilizing them by forming a Catholic regiment. In 1794 a meeting for this purpose was held at Fort Augustus, at which Mr. Maxwell, of Terregles, presided. It was attended by Bishop John Chisholm, the chief of Glengarry; Mr. Fletcher, of Dunans; Father MacDonnell and many others. The meeting unanimously resolved that a Catholic regiment be formed, with a Catholic commander and Catholic chaplain. The uniform was a close-fitting scarlet jacket, kilt and plaid of Macdonell tartan—dark green, blue and red. The officers had each the broad-bladed, basket-hilted claymore, a dirk and Skene dhu in addition to the long Highland pistols.

The regiment numbered over eight hundred men, half of whom came from the neighborhood of Glengarry, and they were described at their first parade as “a most handsome body of men.” That undoubtedly they were. The following is the list of officers:

Colonel—Alexander Macdonell, of Glengarry.

Lieutenant colonel—Charles MacLean.

Major—Alexander MacDonell.

Captains—Archibald M'Lachlan, Donald MacDonald, Ronald Macdonell, James MacDonald, Archibald Macdonell, Roderick MacDonald, Hugh Beaton.

Captain lieutenant—Alexander Macdonell.

Lieutenants—John MacDonald, Ronald MacDonald, Archibald M'Lellan, James Macdonell, James M'Nab, D. M'Intyre, Donald Chisholm, Allan M'Nab.

Ensigns—Alexander Macdonell, John MacDonald, Charles MacDonald, Donald Macdonell, Donald MacLean, Archibald Macdonell, Alexander Macdonell, Andrew Macdonell, Francis Livingstone.

Adjutant—Donald Macdonell.

Surgeon—Alexander Macdonell.

Quartermaster—Alexander Macdonell.

Chaplain—Rev. Alexander Macdonell.

The regiment at once gained the good-will of the War Office by volunteering for service anywhere in Great Britain or the Channel Islands. They were accordingly sent to Guernsey in 1795, where

they remained till 1798. They were then removed to Ireland, and here they saw the rest of their period of service, being disbanded after the peace of Amiens in 1802, along with most of the other Fencible regiments. Father MacDonell had followed the regiment to Guernsey and to Ireland and was now sorely perplexed what to do with the good fellows. After many difficulties he in 1803 literally extracted from the Government "a grant of land under the sign manual of the King" for every officer and soldier of the late Glengarry regiment whom he might induce to settle in Upper Canada. Thus was formed the County of Glengarry, Ontario, which in 1848 numbered 15,00 inhabitants and in 1900 over 50,000.

Father MacDonell remained still with the emigrants, who on more than one occasion showed their loyalty to the British Government. In 1812 the Glengarry Light Infantry Regiment was raised mainly through his exertions. They took part in no fewer than fourteen engagements and on all occasions where fighting had to be done, "Maighster Alastair" was at hand to see that it was well done. In 1819 he became Vicar Apostolic of the newly created district of Upper Canada and in 1826 Bishop of Kingston. He died in 1840, at Dumfries, while on a visit to Britain in connection with his emigration projects.

At the time of the raising of the Glengarry Fencibles in 1784, Bishop Hay wrote: "I am much edified with Glengarry. He is an amiable young gentleman and I hope will one day be an honor and support to his country and to religion." He certainly maintained the character of the "last of the chiefs," appearing at Holyrood Palace with his "tail" of retainers which surprised George IV. by its extravagance. He was intimate with Sir Walter Scott, whose Fergus MacIvor, in "Waverley," is none other than the chief of Glengarry. He was drowned in the sinking of the Sterling Castle in 1828, when his son, a youth of twenty, succeeded. But the extravagances of the late chief and of his predecessors had so encumbered the estates that they had to be sold and for many years now the chiefs of Glengarry have owned no portion of the glen of their fathers.

To return again to the series of priests, Mr. Lamont was in Glengarry for some years between 1800 and 1815. Mr. Donald Forbes, the veteran of Lochaber, spent the first seven years of his life as a priest in Glengarry (1819-1826). Bishop Ranald MacDonald in his report for 1822 says that the Catholics of Glengarry then numbered eight hundred, under Mr. Donald Forbes, a young priest of great piety, but delicate health, an alumnus of Samalaman. He also had charge of two hundred Catholics in Glenmoriston and of eighty in Stratherrick. In view of the fact that Mr. Forbes was

priest in Lochaber for the almost unprecedented period of fifty-two years, the remark about his delicate health is certainly interesting.

The chapel at this time was at Newton, Abercalder, where the foundations may still be seen. There would often be five hundred people in church here. The altar was against the south wall, in the centre of it, and there was one entrance for the Kilcummin or Fort Augustus people at the east end of the building, and another for the Glengarry folk at the west end. Half a mile distant, just below the bridge over the Aberchalder Burn, is the site of the house where Bishop Macdonald died.

A hundred yards distant in the "chapel field"—the point between the canal and the river where these flow into Loch Ooich—is an ancient burial ground now measuring no more than thirty-six feet by twenty-seven feet. Each year more and more is taken into the field which surrounded it. The Frasers, of Foyers were buried here, and it is not very long since there was an interment. An ancient chapel existed twenty yards from the cemetery, but of this the last remains were removed when the canal was being made. There have always been two exclusively Catholic cemeteries in the district—the one at Munerigie, five miles up Glengarry; the other at Auchterawe, formerly a most central position for Fort Augustus, Aberchalder and the east end of Glengarry, but now separated from the two former by the Caledonian Canal.

The Ettrick Shepherd, James Hogg, visited Glengarry in 1803 and recorded his impressions. "On reaching Glengarry, the first place we came to was Greenfield, possessed by Mrs. Macdonald. The house was really a curiosity. It was built of earth and the walls were all covered with a fine verdure, but on calling we were conducted into a cleanly and neat looking room, having a chimney and the walls being plastered. The ladies, Mrs. Macdonald and her sister, were handsome and genteelly dressed, although unapprised of our arrival unless by second sight. They were very easy and agreeable in their manners and very unlike the outside of their habitation. The family are Roman Catholics and kept a young priest among them, but he had lately been obliged to abscond for some misdemeanor in marrying a couple secretly. He was much lamented by the whole family."

The Macdonalds, of Greenfield had been amongst the largest tackmen in Glengarry, but at the time the above letter was written they were holding prominent in Canada. The first large emigration was in 1773, for in the following year the Bishops reported that "the prosperous settlement of emigrants from South Uist under Glenaladale encouraged a large emigration from Canada, con-

sisting chiefly of Catholics to the number of three hundred, including most of the leading country gentlemen. They sailed from New York in the autumn of 1773, attended by Mr. McKenna, missionary priest in Braelochaber."

Thirty years later Dr. Macdonald, of Taunton, received an interesting account of the Glengarry emigrants from his friend, Mr. D. McPherson. I give it almost in full as it occurs in "Memoir of Macdonald, of Keppoch."

"Chambly, Canada, N. A., 26th December, 1814.

"My dear Sir: Having just returned from a visit of a month to the new county of Glengarry, I cannot help endeavoring to give you some account of it, as well as of the present condition of many of our countrymen who were driven from their native land and who directed their course to America in search of better fortune. The county is a square of twenty-four miles, all of which and the greater part of the next county (Stormont) are occupied by Highlanders, containing at this moment from 1,100 to 1,200 families, two-thirds of them Macdonalds. More able fellows of that name could be mustered there in twenty-four hours than Keppoch and Glengarry could have done at any time in the mother country.

"You might travel over the whole of the county and by far the greater part of Stormont without hearing a word spoken but the good Gaelic. Every family, even of the lowest order, has a landed property of two hundred acres, the average value of which, in its present state of cultivation, with the cattle, etc., upon it may be estimated at from £800 to £1,000. However poor the family (but indeed there are none can be called so), they kill a bullock for the winter consumption; the farm or estate supplies them with abundance of butter, cheese, etc.,)etc. Their houses are small but comfortable, having a ground floor and garret, with a regular chimney and glass windows.

"The appearance of the people is at all times respectable, but I was delighted at seeing them at church on a Sunday; the men clothed in good English cloth and many of the women wore the Highland plaid. . . .

"The chief object of my visit to Glengarry was to see an old acquaintance, Mr. Alexander Macdonald, a priest, who has been a resident in this country ten years. I believe you know him or at least you know who he is. A more worthy man is not in Canada. He is the mainstay of the Highlanders here; they apply to him for redress in all their grievances, and an able and willing advocate they find him. He is well known from the poorest man to the Governor and highly respected by all. Were he ambitious of enriching himself, he might ere now be possessed of immense property,

but this appears not to be his object; his whole attention is devoted to the good of the settlement and the great and numerous services which he has done, cannot well be calculated. . . .

Colonel John Macdonald, of Aberchalder, died some years ago and left one son. The colonel's sister, Mrs. Wilkinson, died a few months since and left a son and three daughters. Mr. Macdonald, of Greenfield, who was married to the other sister, has a very considerable property here; he is lieutenant colonel of the Second Regiment of Glengarry militia. One of his sons, Donald, is also lieutenant colonel; his second son is a captain in the same corps. . . . Mr. Macdonald, of Lundi, died in this settlement some time since, but his brother, Allan, now upwards of ninety, is still alive and well. . . . George Macdonald, son of Captain John Macdonald, of Lulu, who died **captain of invalids**, at Berwick, recruited the Glengarry regiment of light infantry, and is now lieutenant colonel commanding in this district and inspecting field officer of militia. **The good conduct of the Glengarry light infantry, as well as the militia regiment of the county, has been so frequently noticed and thanked in public orders that it is unnecessary for me to say anything in their praise. They have on every occasion, when placed before the enemy, supported the character of Highlanders.**

"The emigrations of 1773 and of subsequent years left but few of the older families in Glengarry; and at the present time there is only too much truth in the lines of W. Allan." (Celtic Magazine; October, 1885):

"The glen of my fathers no longer is ours,
The castle is silent and roofless its towers,
The hamlets have vanished and grass growing green
Now covers the hillocks where once they had been;
The song of the stream rises sadly in vain,
No children are here to rejoice in the strain.
No voices are heard by Loch Oich's lone shore;
Glengarry is here, but Glengarry no more."

Moreover, it happened in Glengarry, as is so often stated with regret by the Bishops in their annual letters, that the families of substance emigrated and left behind few but those whose circumstances did not permit of their following. Time after time the Bishops complain of the poverty of the priests at this period, so that we cannot be surprised to find Mr. Donald Macdonald, who was priest in Glengarry from 1826 to 1835, inserting the following appeal in the "Directory" for 1832.

"At present the place of worship is a most miserable hovel, incapable of defending the people, when assembled, from the in-

clemency of the weather. It is in so ruinous a state that it can scarcely be used with safety. To this may be added that the clergyman has no house of his own and is under the necessity of living with such families as are willing and able to receive him."

Mr. Macdonald was succeeded by Mr. Donald Walker, who remained till 1840, when he was in turn succeeded by Mr. Alexander Gillis (1840-1842). Mr. Gillis built the church and presbytery, which were in use till 1883, and are now incorporated in the convent of Benedictine nuns. Though the chapel was thus moved three miles further from Glengarry, the good people still continued to attend it with striking regularity, whilst those living in the distant portions of Glenquoich were known to come the thirty miles to Fort Augustus, starting four o'clock in the morning. Indeed, it is noticeable that in the early directories, Glenquoich is mentioned as served occasionally from Fort Augustus, but no mention is made of Glengarry, as though the seven miles were no objection to its being considered as part of the one parish. In 1888, however, the Benedictine fathers at Fort Augustus began to say Mass in Glengarry itself and in 1891 a small chapel was built at Mandally, where Mass is said every second Sunday. On the greater festivals, however, and especially at Christmas, the people of Glengarry still attend the church at Fort Augustus.

Mr. Alexander Gillis was succeeded by Mr. Valentine Chisholm (1842 to 1852), Mr. Donald Mackenzie (1854-1860), Mr. John Macdonald (1860-1871), Father Coll Macdonald (1871-1883), when the venerable mission of Glengarry and Fort Augustus was taken over by the Benedictine Fathers.

The late Prior Vaughan was a man of great enthusiasms and also of great ideals, and the circular which he issued at the time of the building of the Monastery of Fort Augustus forms interesting reading now, after a period of nearly forty years. The Benedictine Order, he wrote, is about to return to Scotland after an exile of some three hundred years and the monks of the Benedictine congregation have accepted the large quadrangular buildings of Fort Augustus, Invernessshire, offered them by Lord Lovat.

The fort was built to accommodate a garrison of between two and three hundred soldiers and has fallen into disuse as a military station since the Crimean War. Dr. Johnston, who visited the fort in 1773, says of it that "the situation was well chosen for pleasure, if not for strength." It is indeed eminently beautiful, commanding towards the east the long picturesque stretch of Loch Ness and to the west the grand rugged range of the Glengarry mountains. The fort was erected in 1729 to overawe and subdue the Highlanders; and the Duke of Cumberland, who established his headquarters

there after the battle of Culloden, used to send forth parties to disarm and desolate the country, who did their work so ruthlessly as soon to cause the place to be held in general execration. * * * The fort was purchased from the Government by the late Lord Lovat as recently as 1867, with a devout hope of his being able some day to find a religious order who would venture to establish themselves therein.

The pious desire of the late Lord Lovat will now be fulfilled. Not only will this spot—once the scourge and terror of the Highlanders—become the source of many spiritual and even temporal blessings to be surrounding neighborhood, but here also the old English monastery of Lamspring and the Scotch College of Benedictines which formerly existed at Ratisbon will be restored and the old Scottish line of monks perpetuated. Of these there is still one venerable father surviving, destined to be the connecting link between the monks of the past and those of the future, and whose life appears to have been preserved thus far that he may at length see the day he has desired and prayed for so long. Dunfermline and Melrose, Coldingham and Arbroath, Paisley and Dundrennan, Kelso and Iona, with some twenty other abbeys observing the rule of St. Benedict, will live again, and the old chants which have been silent for so many years will be heard once more in the land. How great and wide an influence the new monastery is destined to exercise over the people of Scotland we cannot venture to predict.

Whether the Abbey of Fort Augustus has realized all these hopes it is not for me to say. I cannot but feel, however, that if the good Bishops and priests of old, who had such an uphill struggle in their day, were to be asked for their opinion, they would look with as great pleasure and pride on the work being accomplished to-day as we look with admiration on the work which they themselves accomplished. To the men of their day and to themselves, they seemed to be doing little; to us who look at it from a distance their achievements were great and lasting. May it be so, too, with the work of the present generation and of the abbey of which so much was hoped by its founders.

FRED ODO BLUNDELL, O. S. B.

Fort Augustus, Scotland.

Book Reviews

A STUDY IN SOCIALISM. By *Benedict Elder*. 12mo., pp. 328. St. Louis: B. Herder.

As Socialism is an active movement, ever varying and presenting new claims for the attention and support of the multitude; as men have needs to be satisfied and grievances to be redressed for which Socialism claims to supply the only adequate remedy; and as the advocates of Socialism and its defenders never tire setting forth its claims and its merits in book, pamphlet and newspaper, on the platform and in the market place, so those who oppose its claims must be ready to answer its arguments through all their shifting changes, with the same means of propagation, in order to reach the same ears and the same minds.

This is probably the best explanation of a new book on Socialism from the negative side. It might be said, with much truth, that we have enough books of the more pretentious kind on this subject, and that we need more short, clear, fitting appeals to the masses. The excellent treatises of Cathrein, Goldstein, Ming and Ryan, not to mention others of equal excellence, seem to answer all the needs of the man in the library, but what about the man in the shop? The golden promises of the Socialist are thrust under his door in the morning, dinged into his ear during the day and placed in his hand at night, and the answer must come to him as frequently, as persistently and as clearly. It may be said in defense of the fuller treatise that it furnishes material for the briefer, and this is true; but the multiplication of the ready answer is a real need.

This is brought home to us if we consider the very first question that arises when we approach the subject, namely, what is Socialism? The writer of books will sometimes devote pages to this question and will give much more space to telling us what Socialism is not than to telling us what it is. The result is doubt, uncertainty and a scattering of forces. The Socialist, on the other hand, will present a brief, clear, attractive definition which catches the ear at once and tickles the fancy. The writer of this notice saw a striking illustration of this at a public debate on Socialism between the

most prominent defender of the system in this country and the professor of social sciences in one of our leading universities. The Socialist began with Schaefflé's definition that "Socialism is Collectivism," or the ownership of the means of production by the people, and the distribution of the fruits of production to the people. Now there was a clear, concise thesis from which its defender valiantly went forth, and to which he victoriously returned, according to the popular verdict, for it was clearly evident that, in spite of the philosophically correct though laborious efforts of the professor, the crowd was with the Socialist.

But we have wandered far afield. Mr Elder knows Socialism and his book is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject. He divides it into three parts: "The Principles of Socialism," "The History of Socialism" and "The Aims of Socialism."

He tells us that this book is the first of a contemplated series which will treat of modern social evils and their correction. The numbers of the series which are to follow will deal more directly with the principal social ills, pointing out the chief causes as well as the occasions for their existence, and suggesting possible means of getting rid of them. The list of authorities at the end of this volume is a valuable part of it, and the appearance of the other numbers of the series will be awaited with interest.

A MANUAL OF APOLOGETICS. By *Rev. F. J. Koch*. Translated from the revised German edition by A. M. Buchanan, M. A. Revised and edited by the Rev. Charles Bruehl, D. D. 12mo., cloth, net, 75 cents. New York: Joseph F. Wager.

A concise handbook of apologetics, for the use especially of the classroom, has been greatly needed. Eminent schoolmen are in these days pointing out the vital importance of equipping our young Catholics with at least an elementary knowledge of apologetics before sending them out into the world. This book will be found to meet in a most satisfactory way the requirements of such a handbook.

In this age of magazines, short stories and short cuts to everything, including the learned professions, it is difficult to get men to sit down and think seriously on the one thing necessary, or to

realize that it is still true and will always be divinely true that man must seek first the kingdom of heaven.

If they could be induced to read and study the subject of religion they might with prayer and the grace of God come to the knowledge of truth. But serious study of any subject is becoming rarer every day, and the question of religion receives hardly passing notice.

We are told in the most flippant manner that the age of dogma has passed and science has given the lie to the fundamental truths which we supposed were founded on an impregnable rocky foundation. A more audacious declaration of this kind, often made by impossible teachers in the halls of our secular universities, seems to be sufficient to upset the learning of the ages, and the weak intellects that are fed on this blasphemous pap give up in a moment, without so much as a word of protest or a call for credentials, the whole scheme of creation, for which their ancestors fought and bled and died throughout the centuries.

At such a time and under such circumstances a study of apologetics ought to work wonders. But it is hopeless to get the rank and file of busy Americans to devote themselves to a lengthy treatise on the subject, and hence the value of a manual like the one before us. It has already proved its worth in the original German, and it should be no less effective in the excellent English dress which the translator has given it.

Dr. Bruehl, who has revised and edited it, says:

"The present volume wishes to meet this want of our times. Its pages contain a systematic, yet withal sufficiently popular vindication of our faith. In a concise and lucid form it presents a summary of fundamental theology. Avoiding purely technical phraseology, it is addressed to the student and the average educated Catholic desirous of rounding out his religious knowledge. Though mainly adapted to the requirements of a seminary course, it can be perused with profit by any one who is willing to give serious thought to the most tremendous issues of human existence."

THE MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES OF CALIFORNIA. By *Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.* Vol. IV., Upper California, Part III. General History. San Francisco: The James H. Barry Company, 1915; pp. xxvii.-817.

This volume closes the series on the general history of the Cali-

fornian missions by Father Zephyrin, which is undoubtedly the standard work on that subject. It contains a continuation from the preceding volume of the general history of the Franciscan missions in Upper California and is divided into three sections. The first of these (pp. 1-192) comprises ten chapters and deals with the administration of Father Narciso Durán, Comisario-Praefecto (1836-1840). The second section of the volume (pp. 193-537) covers twenty chapters and treats (1) of the administration of the Right Rev. Francisco Garcia Diego y Moreno, Bishop of California (1840-1846), and (2) of Father Narciso Durán, Comisario-Praefecto (1840-1846). The third section (pp. 538-771) embraces twelve chapters and has to do with the Very Rev. Father Gonzales Rúbio, O. F. M., administrator (1846-1851), with the Most Rev. José Sadoc Alemany, O. P., Bishop of Monterey (1851-1853) and Archbishop of San Francisco (1853-1884), and finally with the Right Rev. Thaddeus Amat, C. M., Bishop of Monterey (1854-1878). There is an ample Appendix, in which the author discusses various interesting questions raised in the course of the work. Among these latter special attention may be called to what is said under the title of "Mission Tales in Word and Picture" (pp. 804-815), with a view to correcting and refuting the misrepresentations of the mission enemies, past and present. Like the other volumes in the same series, the book is very handsomely produced and is illustrated by good reproductions of portraits, views and facsimiles. There is also a valuable list of "Additional Authorities." Taken as a whole, the present volume yields nothing in interest or importance to those which preceded it. Father Zephyrin is as much at home in the later as in the earlier period, in the byways as in the highways of the history of the California missions. Of all the works that have yet appeared on this subject there is none which can compete with that of Father Zephyrin for fullness, accuracy and clearness. The author has not only a complete grasp of his subject, owing to his deep and diligent personal researches, his extensive reading and his thorough familiarity with the country, but he has also a striking element of fairness in handling the succession of difficult and delicate questions which pass over his pages. Father Zephyrin deserves our best congratulations on having discharged with such conspicuous success the arduous task he was so admirably

and, indeed, exceptionally qualified to undertake. In making such a rich and permanent addition to our previous knowledge of the missions and missionaries of California he has rendered a service for which he will, we trust, receive the full credit and recognition which are his due.

P. R.

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